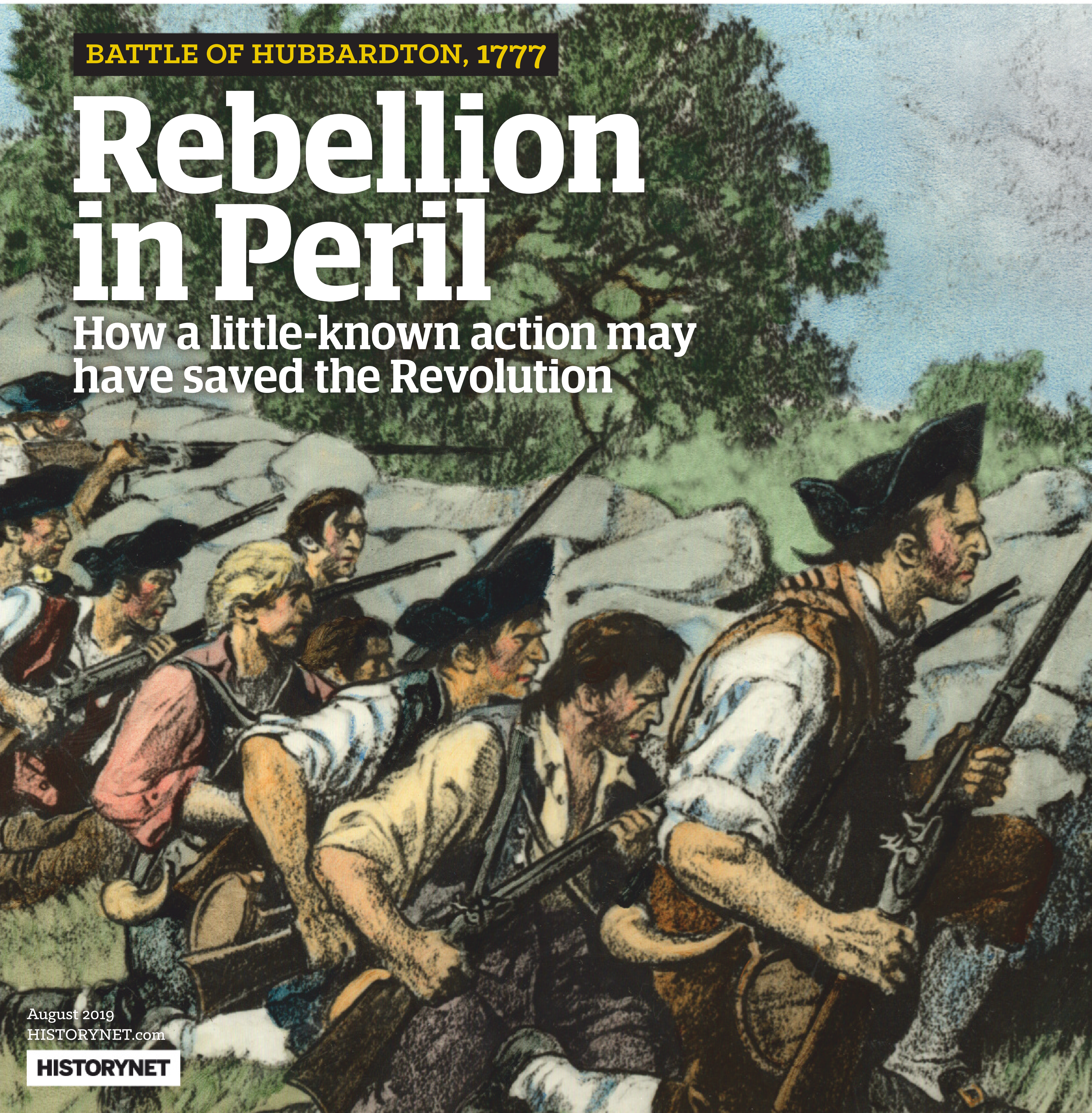
American History

Leo Fender's Thump of Genius

Historical Hooch: Tippler's Catalog

Meteoric Start of American Science

Granddaddy of All Rockefellers



BATTLE OF HUBBARDTON, 1777

Rebellion in Peril

How a little-known action may have saved the Revolution

August 2019
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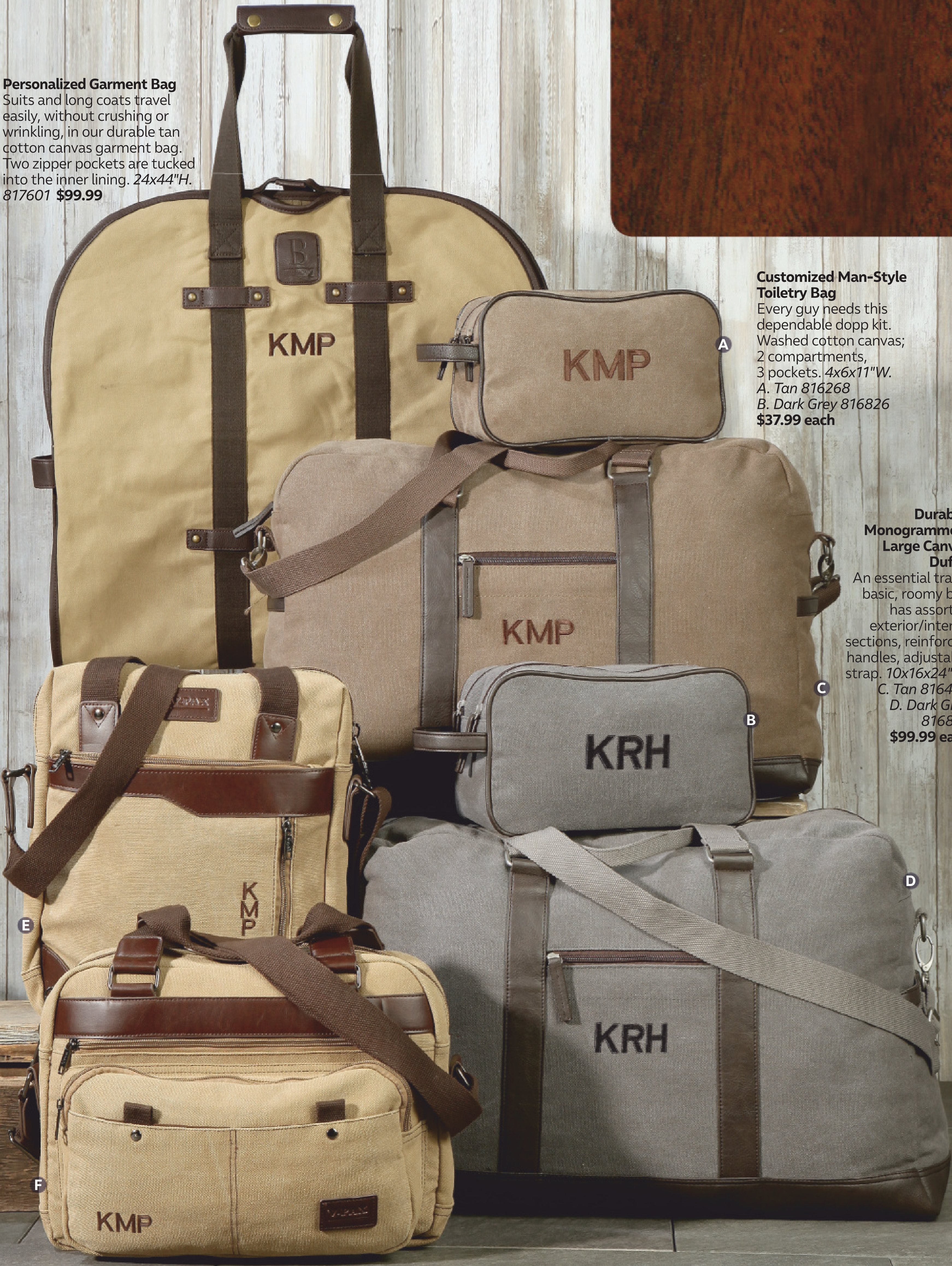

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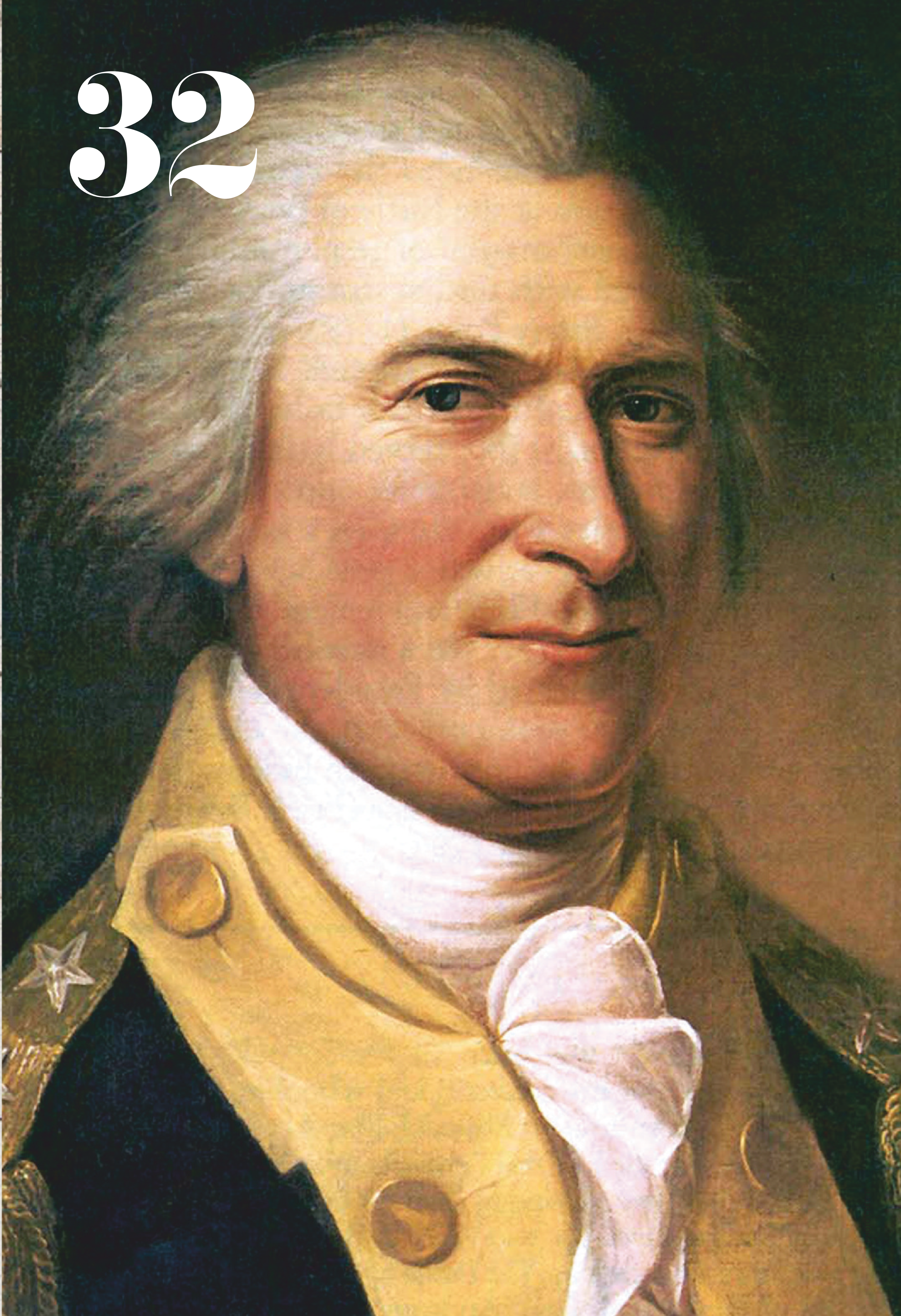

ON THE COVER: *On an obscure hill at Hubbardton, Americans fought a delaying action of great consequence.*

American History

AUGUST 2019

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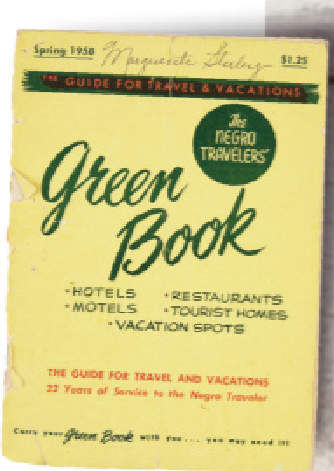
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10
Victor Green created a Baedeker for black travelers.

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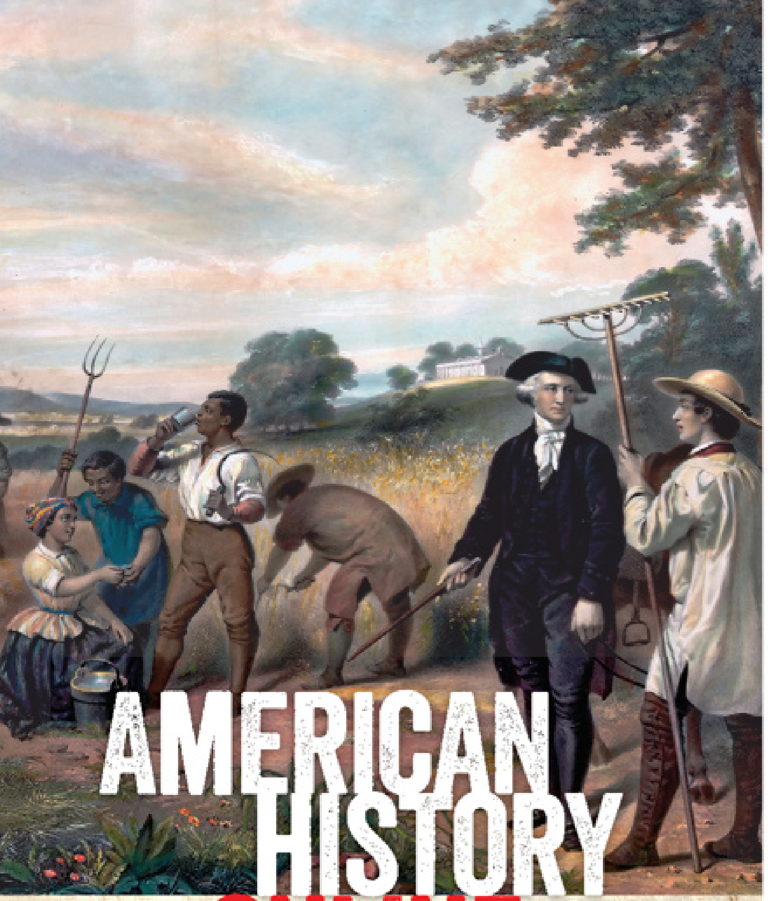

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Steel Yourself

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At $59, this blade of legendary Damascus steel is a real steal

Damascus steel is the stuff of legend. Using a technique first mastered in the ancient city, swords made from Damascus steel were known to slice gun barrels in half and separate single strands of hair in two, even if the hair simply floated down onto the blade.

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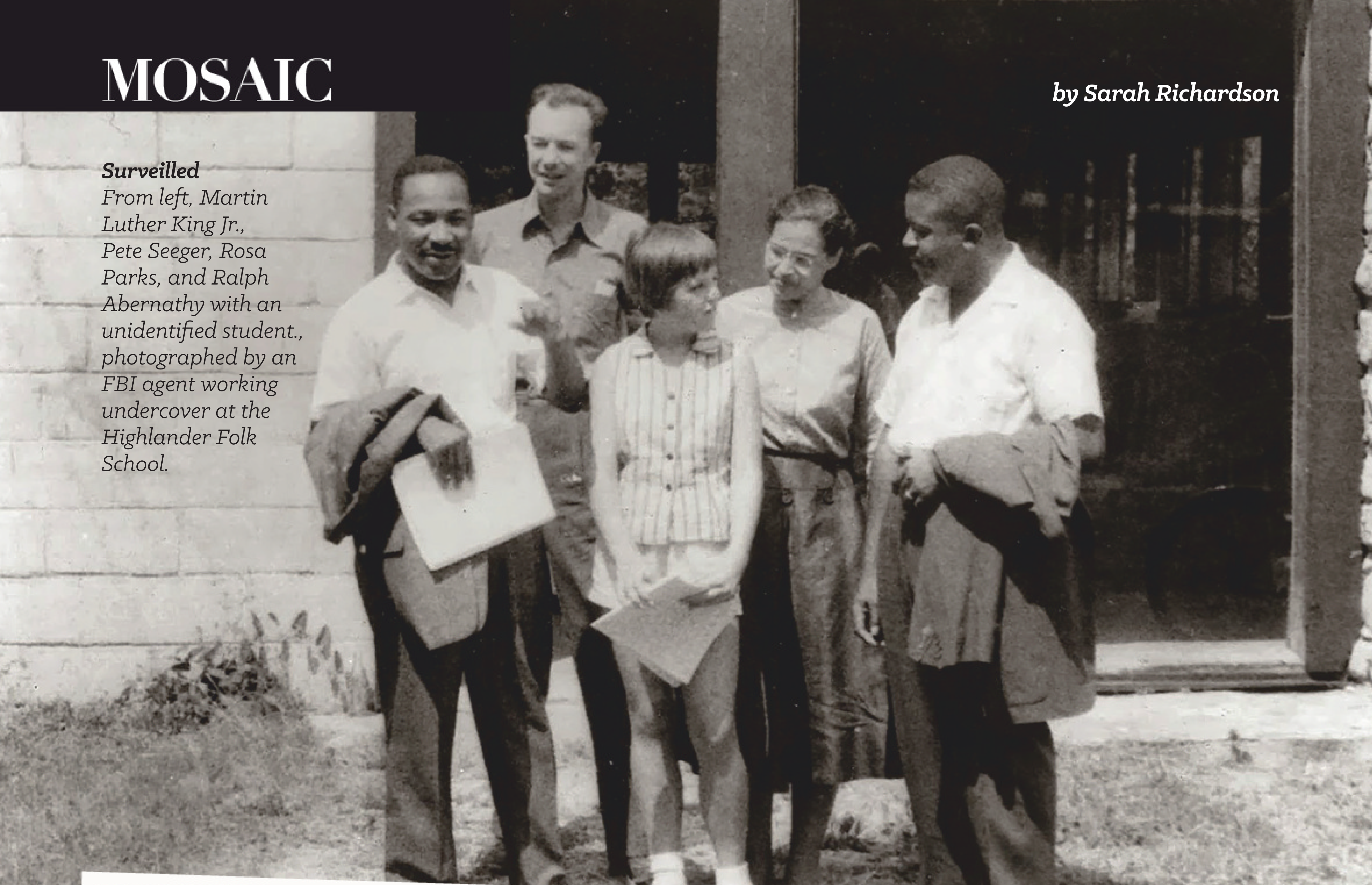


Surveilled
From left, Martin Luther King Jr., Pete Seeger, Rosa Parks, and Ralph Abernathy with an unidentified student., photographed by an FBI agent working undercover at the Highlander Folk School.

Highlander Center Burned

The main office building at the Highlander Education and Research Center in New Market, Tennessee, burned down on March 29, 2019. Highlander, a center for civil rights and social justice, was founded in 1932. Near the ruins was found a white power symbol associated with an assailant accused of killed 50 and wounding 39 in attacks on two mosques in Christchurch, New Zealand, two weeks before. "We are not surprised that this space, one where marginalized people working across sectors, geographies and identities show up consistently, has been repeatedly targeted over our 87 years of existence," the center said in a statement.

Established by Tennessean Myles Horton as the Highlander Folk School to aid mine and textile workers in unionizing, the facility became a hub for civil rights campaigners and community organizers. Horton, a Bible school teacher and YMCA instructor, had been seeking a way to teach that "would allow me to bring people in regardless of anything and talk about anything regardless of anything." Prior founding the center, Horton soaked up socialist ideology and visited Hull House in Chicago, dedicated to helping immigrants settle in the United States ("Secular Saint Scorned," April 2019). He hosted interracial groups when Tennessee outlawed doing so. Folk schools created in Denmark that evolved into residential adult education centers offered Horton a model for his school, which he pictured as "a stopping place for traveling liberals and a meeting place for southern radicals." An early Highlander Folk School letterhead read "to educate rural and industrial leaders for a new social order." Surviving harassment and attacks on locations in Chattanooga and Knoxville, Highlander moved to New Market, 20 miles from Knoxville, in 1972. Activists sharing ideas at the Highlander Center included Martin Luther King Jr., Rosa Parks, Ralph Abernathy, Pete Seeger, and Septima Clark.

HIGHLANDER RESEARCH AND EDUCATION CENTER; SAMMY SOLOMON/NEW MARKET FIRE AND RESCUE TEAM VIA ASSOCIATED PRESS

Thoreau's Wildflowers and Climate Change

Preserved
Specimen pressed by the author, inset, between 1852 and 1857.

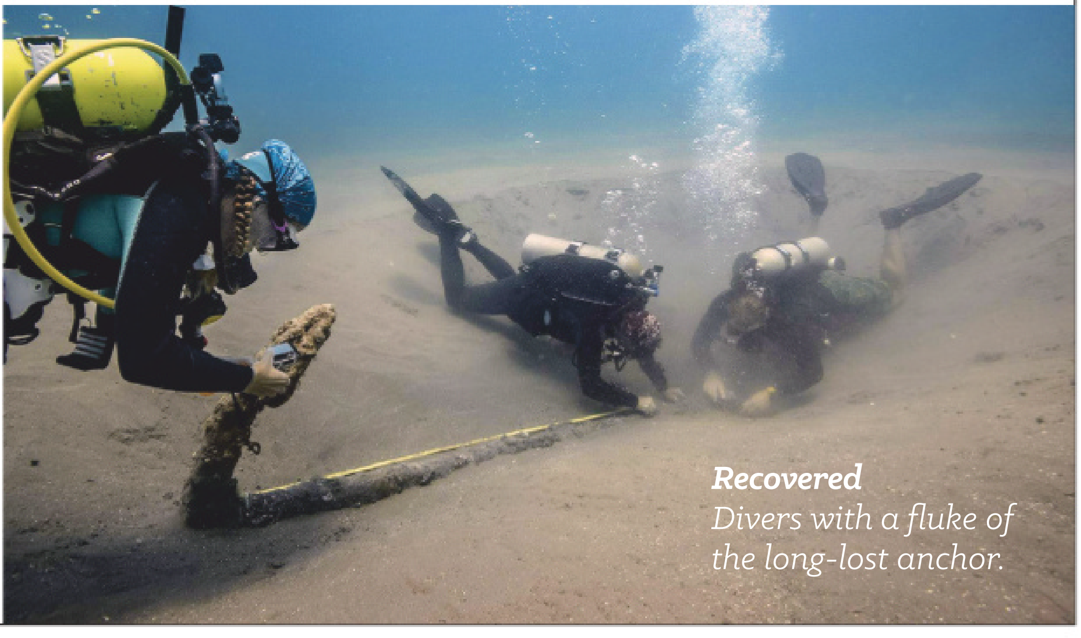
Henry Thoreau loved wildflowers, collecting them in a straw hat he called his "botany basket," scribbling the dates they blossomed in a "Kalendar," and pressing them in a music book that had belonged to his father. The resulting chronicle of the writer's rambles in and around Concord, Massachusetts—he sometimes trekked 30 miles a day through woodlands and meadows—are helping researchers document shifts in leaf and bloom times related to climate change, which has boosted Concord's average spring temperature almost two degrees since Thoreau's day.

Researchers codified Thoreau's observations 1852 to 1857, comparing those data with contemporary information reflecting conditions in a forest at Fox Chapel, Pennsylvania. The results, documenting 37 spring seasons, show that wildflowers now emerge a week earlier than in Thoreau's time. Worse, trees are leafing out two weeks earlier, dramatically shortening the amount of full sunlight afforded wildflowers before an arboreal canopy shades them, impeding photosynthesis and threatening the flowers' ability to thrive.

Thoreau's 900-specimen collection, housed at Harvard University, does not say where he made his finds, limiting their strictly scientific value. However, his fascination with flowers is unmistakable. "It will take you half a lifetime to find out where to look for the earliest flower," he wrote on April 2, 1856. Elsewhere he noted that "I often visited a particular plant four or five miles distant half a dozen times within a fortnight, that I might know exactly when it opened—besides attending to a great many others in different directions and some of them equally distant, at the same time. At the same time I had an eye for birds and whatever else might offer." Among his thrills was tracing a beguiling forest fragrance to its source, perfoliate bellwort. "Just after plucking it I perceived what I call the *meadow* fragrance though in the woods," he wrote. "But I afterward found that this flower was *peculiarly* fragrant, and its fragrance like *that*, so it was probably this which I had perceived."

Cortés Clues

In April 1519, while exploring the east coast of what is now Mexico, expedition leader Hérnán Cortés disobeyed Diego Velasquez de Cuellar, Cuba's Spanish governor, and marched on the Aztec capital, Tenochtitlán. Having quashed two mutinies among his several hundred soldiers, Cortés, to stymie dissent and make retreat impossible, scuttled 10 of his 11 ships. Those hulks' locations were unknown—until December 2018, when researchers reported an intriguing find about 50 miles east of Veracruz, off the Yucatan coast: an anchor containing wood revealed to be red oak dating to 16th century Spain, specifically a region known for ironwork. Besides continuing to search that area for further artifacts, the researchers are pursuing another ghost fleet. To arrest Cortés for violating orders, Velazquez sent 800 men aboard 18 ships. Cortés convinced many of those pursuers to join his campaign and burned 16 of those ships, also never found. bit.ly/SpanishGhostFleet



Recovered
Divers with a fluke of the long-lost anchor.

FROM TOP: HARVARD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY; LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; JONATHAN KINGSTON/NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

Restored
Planters' families like those that built Melrose, outside Natchez, Mississippi, were able to regain economic power.

Southern Elite Sustained

Antebellum white Southern households were overall wealthier than households in the North, richer by 25 percent at the median and, among the top 10 percent, richer by more than 100 percent. Long-term analysis of that wealth has produced results expected and unexpected. The Confederacy's defeat crushed the South's slavery-based economy and by 1870 even the richest Southerners were more than 50 percent less wealthy than comparable Northerners. Southerners with slave-heavy holdings lost more than wealthy Southerners with fewer slaves. Researchers wondered if such discrepancies would persist. Educated guesses about slaveholding status, wealth, and income based on 1860-1900 census documents suggest that by 1880 sons of slaveowners dispossessed of their human chattel had closed the gap with the sons of Southerners whose wealth had not been in slaves. By 1900, when sons whose fathers had been slave-rich were 50, their status was on par with Northern elites. The investigators theorize that the Southern elite's resilience reflected not superior business acumen, but the post-war persistence of upper-class Southern social networks, helping sons land better jobs and/or marriages.

Native American Tattoos

A tool for tattooing found among artifacts of the Ancestral Pueblo people of southeastern Utah held in a university collection has pushed back by nearly 1,000 years the timeline of inked self-adornment in western North America. The 2,000-year-old implement has a 3½-inch handle of skunkbush sumac tipped with two cactus spines bound by split yucca leaves. Until now the oldest kindred implement was about 1,200 years old. Andrew Gillreath-Brown found the pen while inventorying items at the Museum of Anthropology at Washington State University in Pullman, "Tattooing by prehistoric people in the Southwest is not talked about much because there has not ever been any direct evidence to substantiate it," Gillreath-Brown said. "This tattoo tool provides us information about past Southwestern culture we did not know before."

Genealogy and Slavery

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints has committed $2 million to establish a Center for Family History at the International African-American Museum in Charleston, South Carolina.

Ground-breaking will occur in 2020 for the facility, to be dedicated to African-American genealogy. Some 40 percent of Africans kidnapped to North America landed at Gadsden's Wharf in Charleston. The Mormon Church previously has donated to the Freedman's Bank Records database and the Freedmen's Project.

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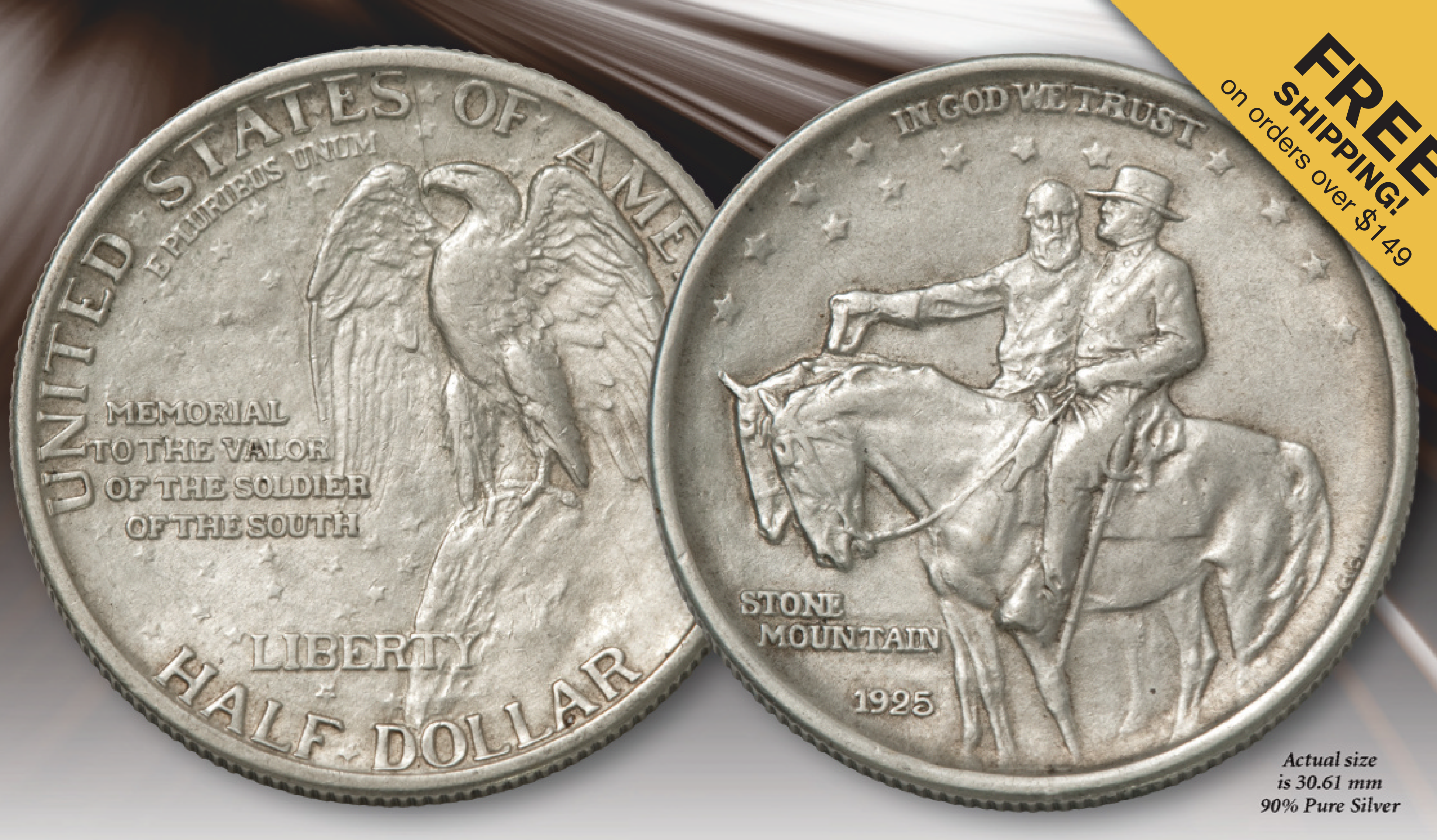

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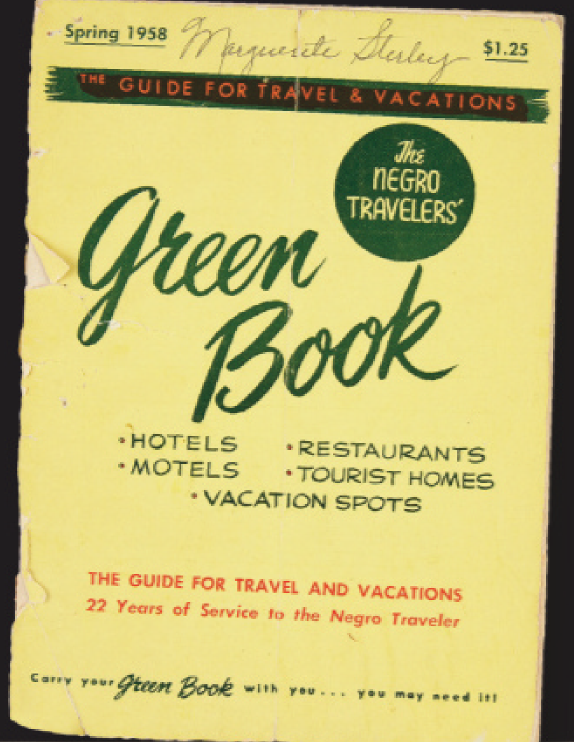
Home to Spain

In 2015, Spain invited descendants of Jews that nation expelled more than 500 years ago to apply for citizenship. The 1492 Alhambra Decree gave Sephardim, as Jews of the Iberian Peninsula are known, 90 days to convert to Christianity or depart Spain and its territories. Some, like the Persian worshippers pictured above in 1965, fled east, but many others, keeping their faith but worshiping in secret, instead sought refuge in the New World, settling in Brazil, the Caribbean islands, Mexico, and New Mexico. Some eventually migrated to North America; Manhattan, Newport, Rhode Island, and Charleston, South Carolina were early Sephardic centers where Jews worshipped openly. However, even today some families in New Mexico who do not profess to be Jews light candles, shun pork, and maintain other patterns of behavior reminiscent of an observant Jewish lifestyle, perhaps reflecting Sephardic descent. To qualify for Spanish citizenship under the recent program applications must be in by October. Applicants must document a Sephardic affiliation and pass tests of basic proficiency in the Spanish language, Spanish culture, and the Spanish Constitution. Applicants need not renounce their current citizenship or live in Spain. bit.ly/SephardicCitizenship

TOP BID

Green for *Green*

Setting a record for that publication, a copy of the spring 1958 *Negro Traveler's Green Book* sold for **$27,500**. Founded in 1936 by New York City mail carrier Victor Green, the guide collected information about businesses hospitable to blacks navigating a segregated United States of America. "Carry your *Green Book* with you," the booklet urges in small print. "You may need it!" Initially focusing on the New York City area, Green encountered demand that spurred him to undertake a national edition. "It will be a great day for us to suspend this publication for then we can go wherever we please, and without embarrassment," one edition stated. "But until that time comes we shall continue to publish this information for your convenience each year." The 1966 edition of the *Green Book* was the last.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THE GUIDE FOR TRAVEL & VACATIONS
The Negro Travelers'
Green Book
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• MOTELS
• RESTAURANTS
• TOURIST HOMES
• VACATION SPOTS
THE GUIDE FOR TRAVEL AND VACATIONS
22 Years of Service to the Negro Traveler
Carry your Green Book with you . . . you may need it!

Patriot Plantings

To mark the 250th anniversary of the American Revolution, the Daughters of the American Revolution are planting 250 trees. The saplings line a 28-mile route the DAR calls the Pathway of the Patriots from Bartram's Garden on Philadelphia's Schuylkill River to Valley Forge. The first 76 trees went in at Philadelphia's Independence Park in November 2018. The group plans to complete 13 similar groves by 2020, so that by the sestercentennial the trees have established themselves. Bartram's Garden is the site of the estate and garden of botanist John Bartram, who hosted George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and other founders (CAMEO "Passion for Plants," August 2016).

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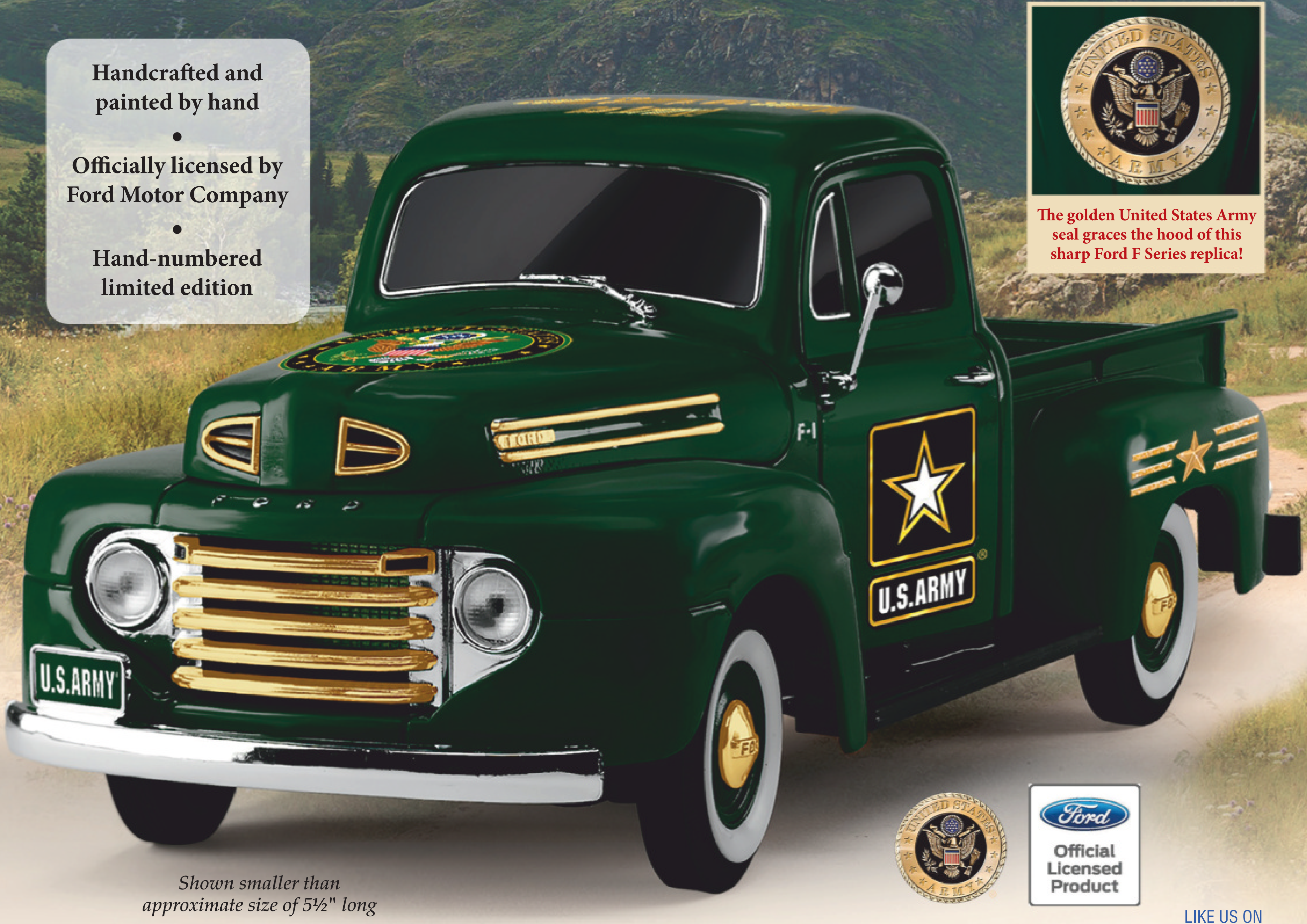

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CONTRIBUTORS

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Ostler

Port

Venter

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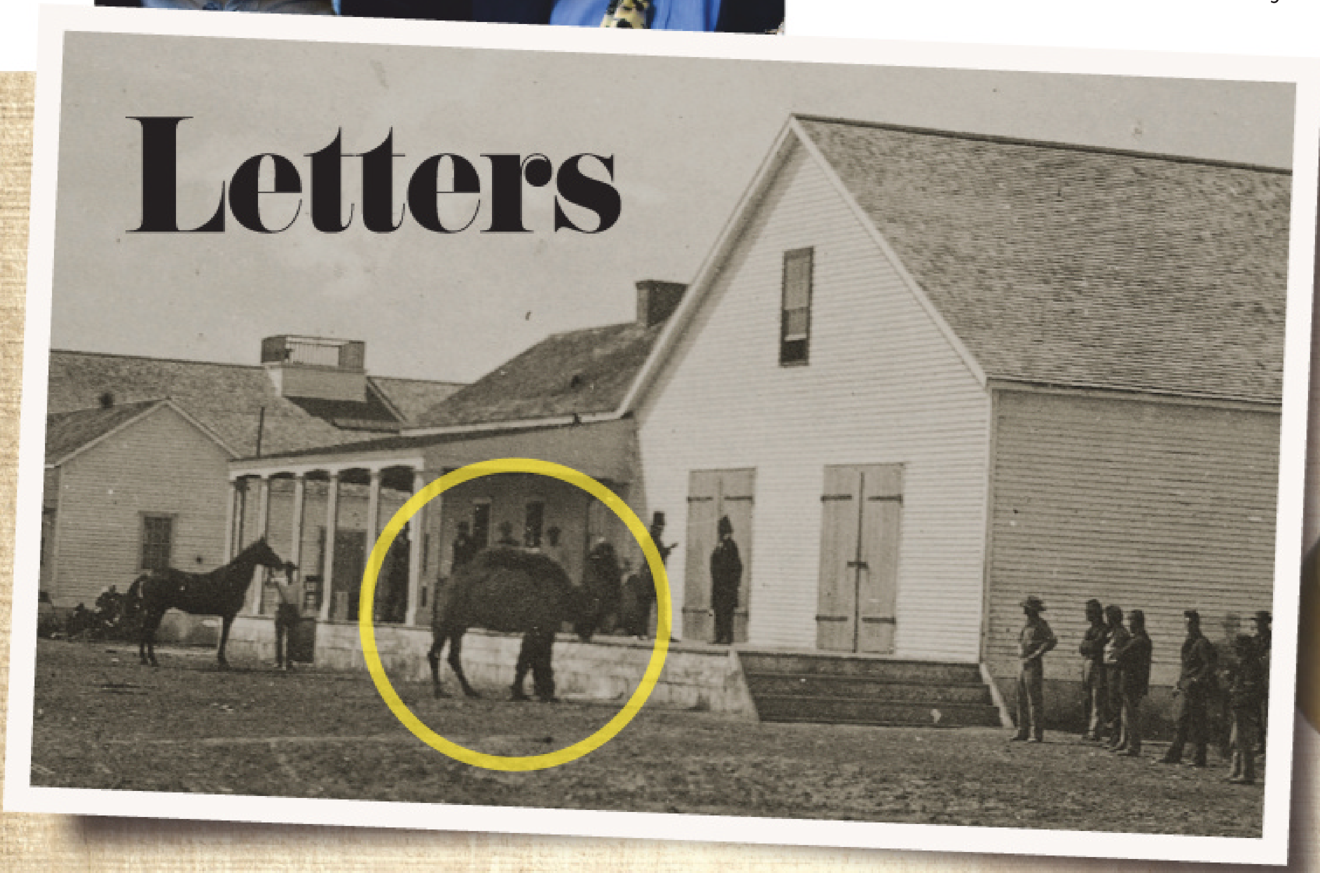
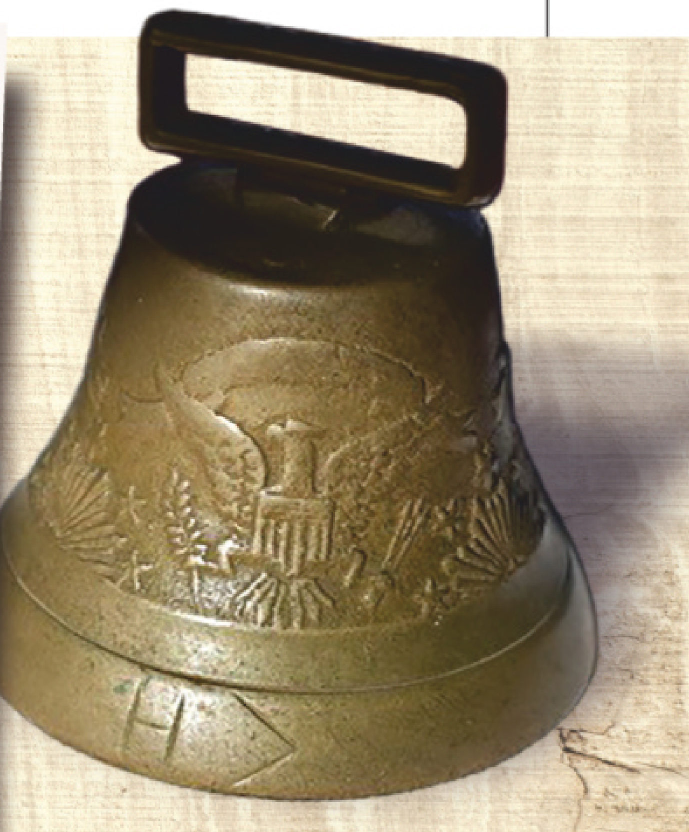
Rosemarie Ostler ("Historic Hooch," p. 50) writes about American English and other language-related topics. Her most recent book is *Splendiferous Speech: How Early Americans Pioneered Their Own Brand of English*. She lives in Eugene, Oregon, and tweets @Ostlerwords.

Former *San Francisco Weekly* music critic **Ian S. Port** ("The Deep End," p. 42) is the author of *The Birth of Loud: Leo Fender, Les Paul, and the Guitar-Pioneering Rivalry that Shaped Rock 'n' Roll.* He has written for *Rolling Stone*, the *Village Voice*, and *The Believer*, among other outlets. He lives in New York City.

Bruce M. Venter, PhD ("Desperate Hours," p. 32), wrote *The Battle of Hubbardton: The Rear Guard Action that Saved America*, named one of the 100 best books on the Revolution by the *Journal of the American Revolution*. He is president of America's History LLC (americashistoryllc.com), and with wife Lynne organizes the annual Conference on the American Revolution. In November, America's History will hold a World War II conference in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Letters





Camel Parking Only

"Camel Corps" (April 2019) reminded me of a print I bought many years ago. The photo was taken in 1863 by Rudolph D'Heureuse on a California Survey Expedition. The glass plate negative is owned by the Bancroft Library at the University of California. I blogged about this at tatteredandlostphotographs.blogspot.com/2012/08/deconstructing-old-west-part-6.html.

Linda Robertson
Santa Rosa, California

The editor replies: *D'Heureuse's image shows a U.S. Army dromedary at the quartermaster's warehouse of the New San Pedro, California, government depot. During the Civil War, San Pedro, 30 miles south of Los Angeles, was a port for Union troops and supplies being directed against a Confederate incursion into the Southwest. D'Heureuse, a mining engineer, surveyor, and inventor, made multiple photographs while traveling with a camel-mounted U.S. Army surveying expedition.*

Ring a Bell?

I have one of the bells cited in "Camel Corps" (April 2019); its rim is etched with an H and a "greater than" symbol. According to family lore my grandfather was given the bell by a friend from Vail, Colorado, or found it while he was fishing in the Colorado mountains. I would love to know how this bell got to Colorado and the meaning of the markings on the rim.

Arleen Schilling
Loveland, Colorado

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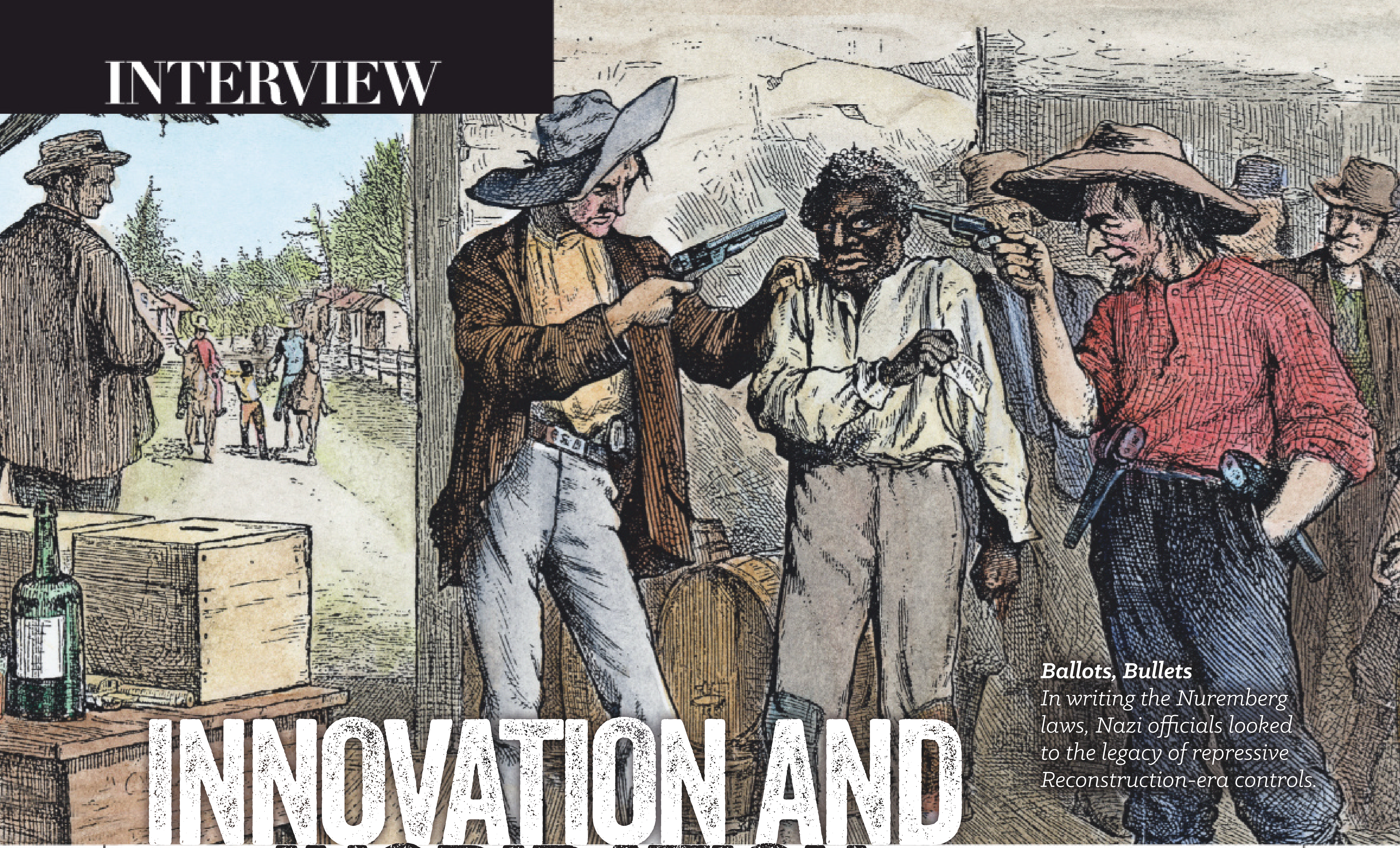


Ballots, Bullets
In writing the Nuremberg laws, Nazi officials looked to the legacy of repressive Reconstruction-era controls

INNOVATION AND INSPIRATION

BY SARAH RICHARDSON

Seeing Patterns
Yale historian James Whitman documents how racist American laws influenced similar measures enacted by Nazi Germany.

GRANGER, NYC

James Whitman is a historian and professor at Yale Law School. His 2017 book, *Hitler's American Model,* explores how racist legislation enacted by the United States influenced development of the Nazi-era statutes on race and citizenship in Germany that came to be known as the Nuremberg Laws.

How did you come to this topic? I'm not the first to wonder if the Jim Crow era influenced the Nazis, but I looked a little harder than other people had and found what I think was real influence. I began by pulling *Mein Kampf* off the shelf; I found a passage in which Hitler describes America as the one state that is making progress toward creation of a healthy racial order. And I thought there must be more.

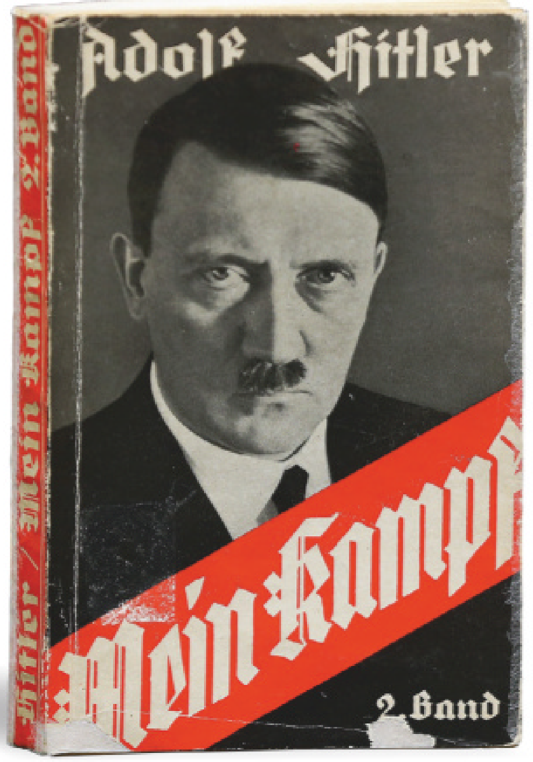
Explain this startling link. Upon taking power in 1933, the Nazis wanted to establish a race-based legal regime that in essence would reduce Jews to second-class citizens and ban, indeed criminalize, sex and marriage between Jews and Germans. This led to the Nuremberg Laws, enacted in 1935 and informed by what the Nazis termed "material of interest" in American law.

Nazis saw the United States as a pioneer? In regard to citizenship, the first Nuremberg laws, as they are usually described, related to the de facto second-class citizenship accorded African Americans. Technically, the United States could not deny African Americans citizenship. However, in practice, especially but not exclusively through the deprivation of voting rights in the latter 19th century, blacks in America were subjected to forms of second-class citizenship that were of real interest to Nazi lawyers. Far right-wingers in Germany had been interested in this for a long time. After the Spanish-American War, the United States also created a legal form of second-class citizenship for the people of the Philippines, Guam, Puerto Rico, and other conquered territories. These populations couldn't be granted citizenship, but constitutional law had no provision under which to designate second-class

citizenship. In decisions called the Insular Cases, the Supreme Court created a new status—"non-citizen national"—which still exists. Nazi lawyers were very interested in these American innovations.

What else did the United States pioneer? In the early 20th century, the idea that interracial marriage was morally objectionable or dangerous was very widespread in the world. But the United States stood out as the creator of laws cracking down on interracial sex, interracial marriage, and their perceived danger. American willingness to come up with these legislative schemes reflected something that we still see in the USA today—an innovative legislative energy rarely found elsewhere. To the Nazis, this approach was intriguing, even exciting.

How did they learn about American race law? In 1935, 45 Nazi lawyers came to America on a "study trip." One man in particular was instrumental in collecting knowledge about American race law. In 1933-34, Heinrich Krieger was an exchange student at the University of Arkansas Law School. On his return to Germany, Krieger became the main source informing the Nazi investigation that produced the Nuremburg Laws. In 1936, Junker & Dünnhaupt, a Berlin publisher sympathetic to the Nazis, brought out Krieger's *Das Rassenrecht in den vereinigten Staaten—Race Law in the United States*. It's quite an interesting book.



Inspired
The author's search began with a close reading of Hitler's 1925 manifesto.

SEAN GALLUP/GETTY IMAGES

Nazi studies went beyond Jim Crow. Our memory of race law in America is mostly of the South and the treatment of American blacks there. But American racial law involved a much broader swath of the country, and affected many populations beyond the black population. Thirty states had anti-miscegenation statutes banning interracial marriage, targeting not only blacks but Asians and to some extent Native Americans. These laws interested the Nazis, who also were intrigued by American immigration law. In the late 19th century, the United States restricted immigration, particularly from China and Japan, and in the 1920s imposed national immigration quotas that Hitler praised in *Mein Kampf*. Those immigration laws, like anti-miscegenation laws, belonged to a national pattern of effort aimed at maintaining the white Anglo-Saxon character of the United States that went well beyond anything going on in the South.

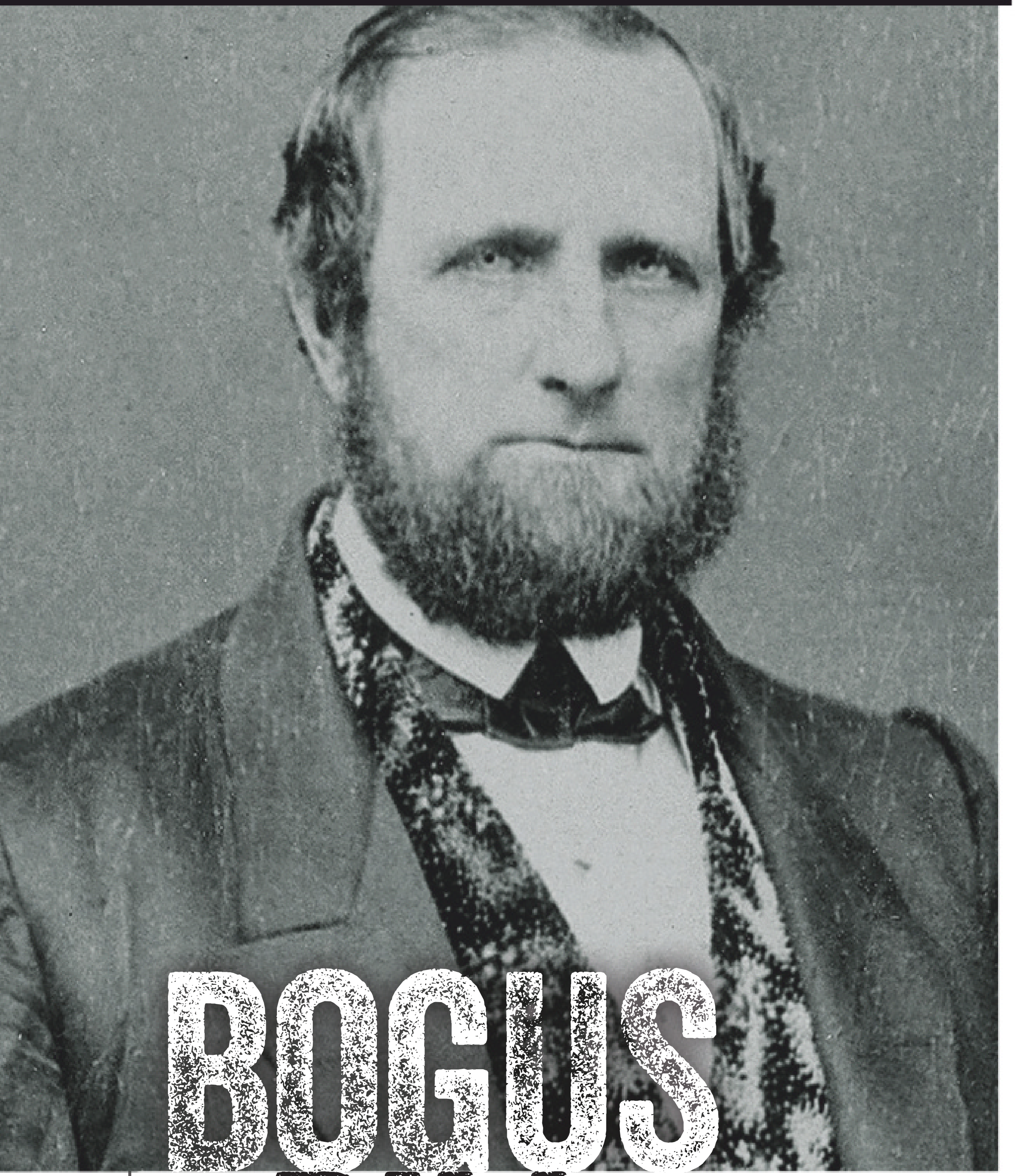
Yet the Nazis officially opposed lynching. That is one of the most dramatic and frightening observations. After Hitler took power, lynchings occurred in Germany, but the Nazi Party leadership was not in favor of lynching. They favored control of institutions and state-managed action—hence the Nuremberg Laws and the Final Solution.

What is the takeaway? America was so much the leading racist jurisdiction that even Nazis looked here for inspiration. They wanted nothing to do with American liberal and humanitarian currents, but when it came to race law, they saw the United States as a country that had started down a path that they wanted to walk to the final destination. That's important for Americans to understand: we cannot wish away the fact that Nazis could see aspects of American law as pioneering—and in some measure inspiring.

What was so inspiring? Nazis liked the relatively politicized character of American law.

What's an example? America's openness to imposing relatively harsh measures on interracial marriage, and the broader theme of American criminal justice. Before coming to power the Nazi party and other far right groups in Germany had very little success shaping legislation there, especially criminal legislation. The Nazis didn't want an American-style democracy, but they liked laws that the American legislative process produced. We have a long tradition, in many aspects of society, of deferring to the political process. American racists had much more success in shaping legislation here because the American process is more open to democratic political influence. American criminal law is the product of tough-on-crime politics. Elected officials here made and make criminal law policy with remarkable little regard for what trained criminal lawyers and criminologists believe would be the sound approach. And that's part of what appealed to the Nazis, who eventually overruled the moderate approach advocated by trained German lawyers, who supported basic doctrines like the presumption of innocence.

White supremacy and court battles over executive actions are front and center. Did you expect this? What I learned makes me more uneasy about American institutions than I used to be. I finished the proofs of the book the day before the 2016 election, having no idea how much these questions would remain on the menu. The institutions that we hope will hold up are the institutions that produced the laws that the Nazis found so interesting. ★



COURTESY OF ROCKEFELLER ARCHIVE CENTER

BOGUS BILL

BY PETER CARLSON

Grifter's Grifter
Bill Rockefeller, top, sailed through life on a smile, a shoeshine, and a hand in the other fellow's pocket.

He'd ride into town on a fancy rig pulled by fine horses. He'd draw a crowd by sticking a clay pipe into a manikin's mouth, striding 200 paces, raising his rifle, and shooting the pipe out of the dummy's yap. Then he'd whip out a $10 bill and offer it to anyone able to duplicate his feat. Few people could.

That's how the bearded stranger sporting flashy clothes and gold rings got folks' attention in small upstate New York towns in the decades before the Civil War. Attention gotten, he'd introduce himself as an "herbal doctor" or a "botanic physician" and peddle bottles of his home-brewed patent medicine. The stuff could cure any ailment, he promised—even cancer. Sometimes he flogged purple pills he said were excellent for stomach complaints. However, he warned, a pregnant woman should never take those tablets because they could cause her to miscarry—a coded "warning" designed to appeal to the unhappily expectant.

The medicines were worthless, the pills were purple berries, and the "doctor" was an uneducated flimflam man with two identities. Sometimes he went by "Dr. William Levingston," sometimes "Dr. William Rockefeller." His neighbors called him "Devil Bill."

He was born William Avery Rockefeller in Granger, New York, in 1810, son of a poor farmer with a fondness for booze. Tall and strong, Devil Bill was an excellent hunter, fisherman, storyteller, and fiddle player. But he had no interest in farming or any other form of hard work, so in his 20s he left home to peddle trinkets and miracle cures. Sometimes he carried a slate reading "I am deaf and dumb," so he could con the softhearted while eavesdropping on gossip spread by folks who thought he couldn't hear.

In 1836, Devil Bill was fleecing rubes around Moravia, New York, when he courted a local girl named Nancy Brown. Nancy was beautiful but penniless, so his eye turned to Eliza Davison, a redhead with a prosperous father. Bill married Eliza in 1837, gaining a wife and a $500 dowry. They settled in nearby Richford and, to ease Eliza's burdens, Bill hired a maid—Nancy Brown. Within two years, Eliza and Nancy each had borne two Rockefeller babies.

Wives gripe when maids bear husbands' spawn and Eliza sent Nancy Brown and her bastards packing. But that didn't end Mrs. R's troubles. Without warning, her husband frequently disappeared, sometimes for months, traveling the countryside running scams. He'd return, wearing diamonds and flashing a stack of greenbacks. Making a show of paying Eliza's grocery tab with big bills, Devil Bill would invite neighbors to a feast and regale them with tales of his adventures. "He would dress up like a prince and keep everybody wondering," a neighbor recalled. "He laughed a great deal and enjoyed the speculation he caused."

That speculation focused on how Devil Bill acquired his riches. Was it all from dubious doctoring? Rumors that he led a ring of horse thieves gained credence when two Rockefeller cronies were convicted of stealing nags. One thief's son swore later that Devil Bill was the ringleader. "Rockefeller was too smart to be

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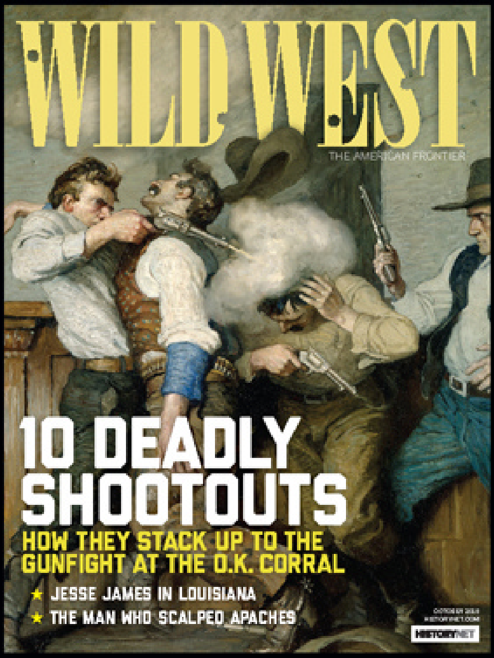
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"I SUPPOSE HE'S A GOOD BAPTIST BUT LOOK OUT HOW YOU TRADE WITH HIM," DEVIL BILL TOLD HIS SON'S GUESTS.

caught," he said. "He ruined my father and then left him in the lurch."

No doubt a scoundrel on the road, Rockefeller seemed a fine fellow back home. He ran a prosperous lumber business, eschewed booze, and supported his six children with Eliza. But he did use unorthodox methods of educating his kids. He propped eldest son John on a high chair and told the boy to jump into his arms. Several times he caught the child, but then stepped back and let the boy crash to the floor. "Remember," father told son. "Never trust anyone completely, not even me." To teach his sons about business, he swindled them. "I trade with the boys and skin 'em," he told a neighbor. "I want to make 'em sharp." This eccentric education paid off: his eldest son, John D. Rockefeller, later became the richest man in the world. "To my father, I owe a great debt," John D. once said. "He taught me the principles and methods of business."

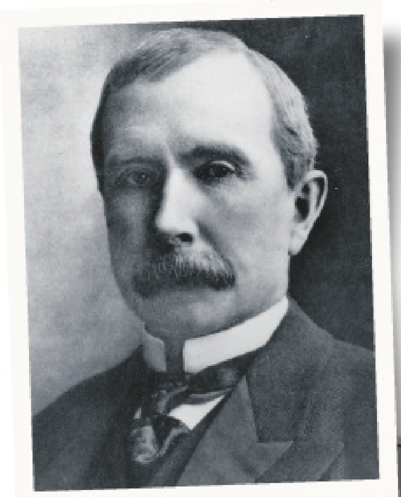
Devil Bill's restless streak kept him roving. On one trip, he was indicted for rape, though never prosecuted. Roaming Canada in 1852, Bill, 42, introduced himself to teenaged Margaret Allen as Dr. William Levingston. The two wed. Now the man with two names had two wives—Eliza in New York and Margaret in Illinois. But he frequently avoided both of them, preferring to ramble as far west as the Dakotas, swindling the sick. In the 1870s, he took on an apprentice, Charles Johnson, and taught him the art of quackery. "He made me pay him $1,000 for my tuition," Johnson said, "which illustrates his shrewdness."

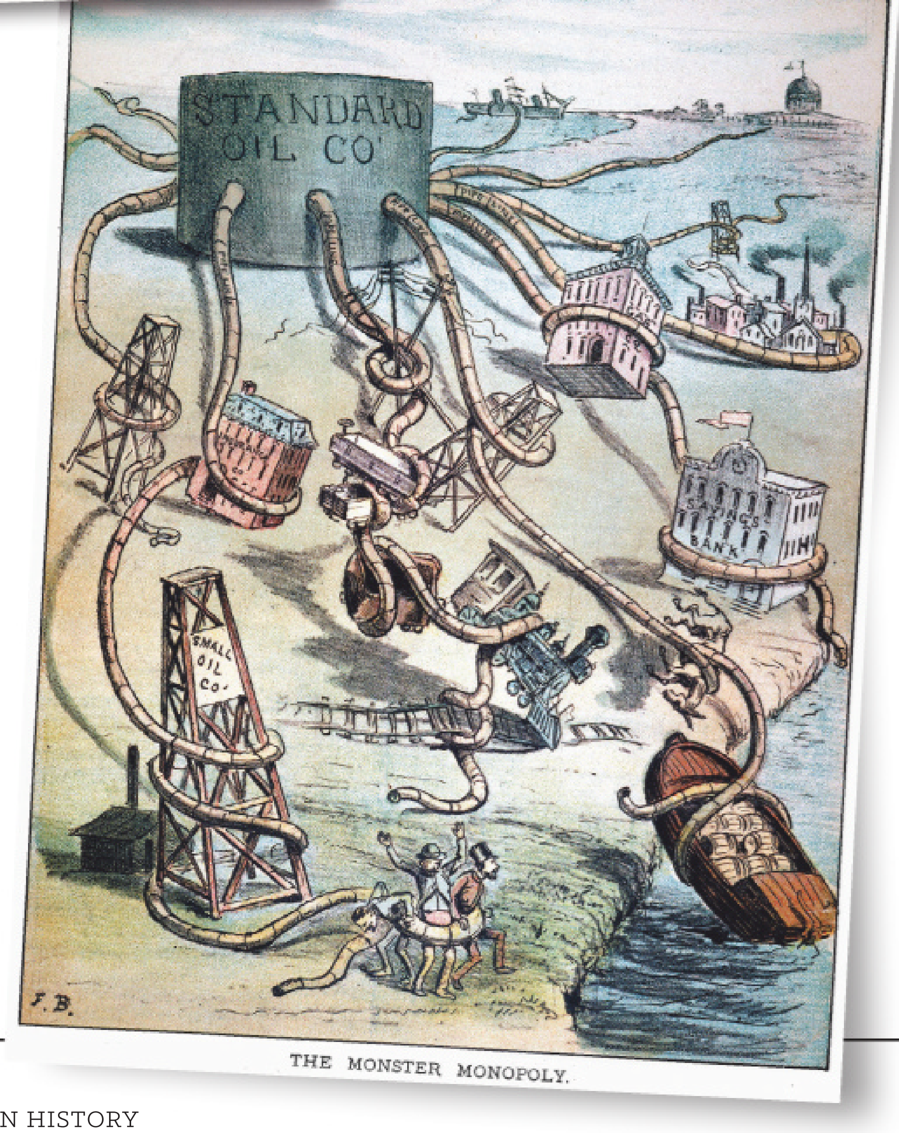
While Devil Bill was working his schemes, son John was building America's biggest monopoly, the Standard Oil Company, aka "the Octopus," and becoming the world's first billionaire. John's techniques were more sophisticated than Dad's but not necessarily more ethical. A black-suited Baptist of ostentatious rectitude, John blanched at his flamboyant father's bigamy, determined to hide his father's sins. In 1881, he bought the old man a ranch in North Dakota, far from nosy reporters. In 1889, when Eliza Rockefeller died, John floated the falsehood that his mother had been a widow.

But Devil Bill was still alive and tricking. He'd occasionally appear unannounced at one or another of John's residences to entertain the grandkids by shooting his rifle, playing the fiddle, and telling wild stories. Visiting in 1902, Devil Bill—92, asthmatic, nearly blind—took delight in embarrassing his son. "Here comes Johnnie," he announced to a group of guests. "I suppose he is a good Baptist but look out how you trade with him." When he started telling dirty jokes, John tried to slip away, but his father grabbed him and forced the blushing billionaire to listen.

In 1906—as Devil Bill lay dying in the Freeport, Illinois, home he sometimes shared with wife Margaret—the old man had a mysterious visitor who arrived in town by private railcar. The caller would enter Bill's room only when nobody else was present.

Two years after Devil Bill died, the *New York World* printed the story John D. Rockefeller had been hiding for decades. Headlined "Secret Double Life of Rockefeller's Father Revealed by *The World*," the article recounted lurid tales of Bill's adultery, bigamy, quackery, and chicanery. John D. Rockefeller declined to comment. ★





Some Rob You With a Fountain Pen
John D. Rockefeller Sr., top, inherited his sire's relentless deviousness but operated on an industrial scale.

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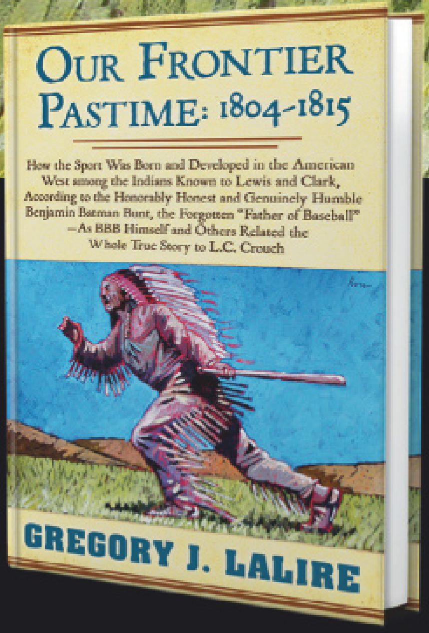

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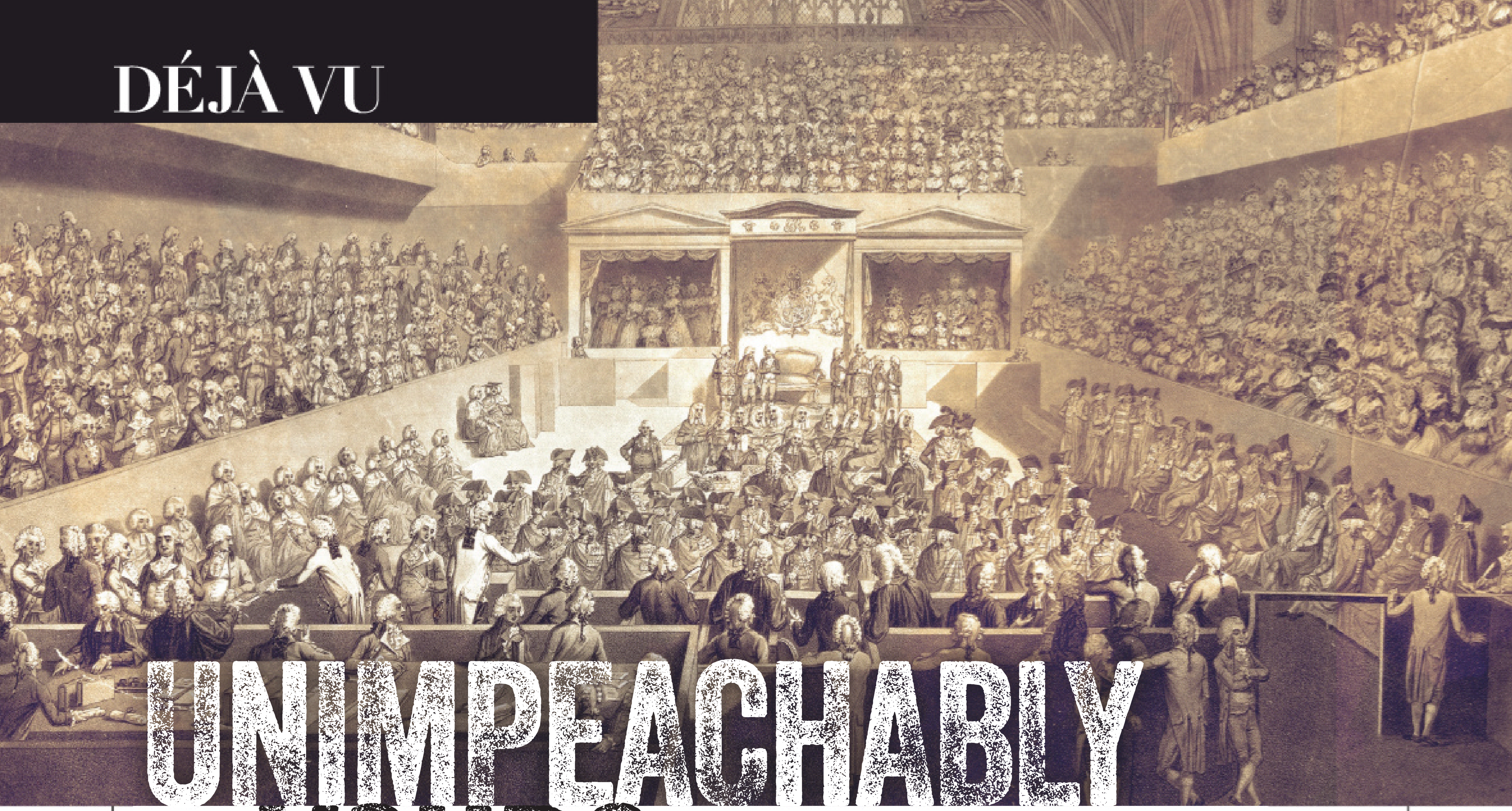

UNIMPEACHABLY YOURS

BY RICHARD BROOKHISER

Bear Garden
The 1789 trial of Warren Hastings lays bare the wiring of the process.

Since Donald Trump's election, his most passionate opponents have been transfixed by the vision of impeaching him. Website ImpeachDonaldTrumpNow.org appeared as the inaugural confetti was being swept up.

Trump's Russophilia looked for months as if it might supply the legal MacGuffin. Former CIA director John Brennan declared Trump's performance at a 2018 press conference with Vladimir Putin "imbecilic," "treasonous," and beyond the threshold of high crimes and misdemeanors. Once the Mueller report found no collusion, impeachers shifted focus to Trump's tax returns, said to be as ugly as a yeti; they are certainly as elusive. In March *The New Yorker*, blue America's *Weekly Reader*, ran a think piece titled "The Pros and Cons of Impeaching Trump." To many *New Yorker* readers, the big reveal will be that there are cons.

Two presidents, Andrew Johnson and Bill Clinton, have been impeached, but not removed from office. A third, Richard Nixon, resigned when release of the "smoking gun" tape made it certain he would be both impeached and canned. A look at impeachment history shows its allure—and its pitfalls.

Impeachment is the first step, comparable to indictment, in the trial of a public official by a legislature. Once the alleged perpetrator has been impeached, members of the legislature vote whether to convict and remove from office. After removal, ordinary criminal procedures and penalties may apply.

The most famous impeachment in Anglospheric history, which set the tone for all the rest, was the trial late in the 18th century of Warren Hastings. Hastings had built in India an empire to replace the one imperial colleagues were losing in America. He played rough, though, allegedly overtaxing his subjects, waging needless wars, even sanctioning judicial murders. His trial before the House of Lords, with the House of Commons prosecuting, was long—1788-95—and lurid. The greatest orators in the Commons competed to denounce the defendant. Hastings' deeds, wrote one historian, made Edmund Burke's blood "boil in his veins." Irish satirist and Whig MP Richard Brinsley Sheridan delivered a five-hour harangue hailed as the best speech ever delivered.

Despite the onslaught of eloquence, Hastings presented enough character witnesses that the Lords cleared him. Britons remembered not the verdict, but the fireworks. Who would not want to boil and declaim alongside Burke and Sheridan? During Thomas Jefferson's first term, an American prima donna would have his chance.

The election of 1800, which put Jefferson in office, had been a blue wave, giving both houses of Congress as well as the White House to Jefferson's Republican Party. Only the judiciary, with the Supreme Court at its summit, remained in the Federalists' otherwise defeated hands. Impeachment seemed to offer a chance at a clean sweep.

The Constitution gives the House the power to impeach, the Senate

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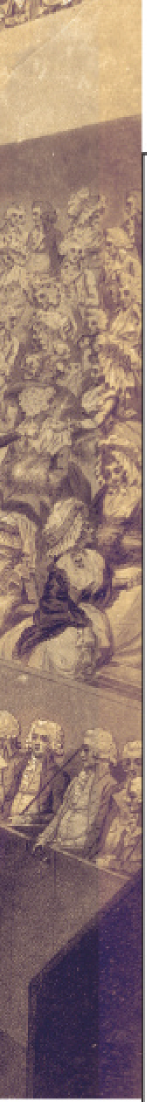


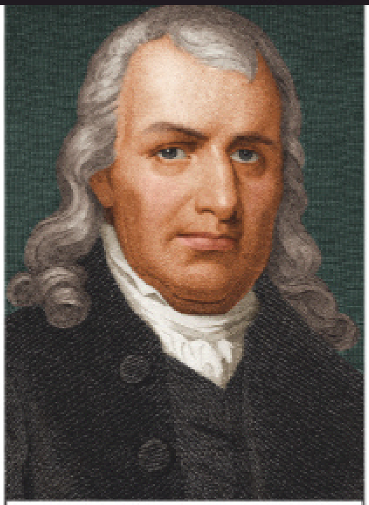
the power of trying and, on a two-thirds vote, removing from office. "All civil officers," including the president, vice president, and federal judges, can be impeached for treason, bribery, or other "high crimes and misdemeanors." A Jefferson ally, Senator William Branch Giles (R-Virginia), thought impeachment could be a simple matter of good housekeeping—"nothing more," he told fellow senator John Quincy Adams (F-Massachusetts), than Congress saying, "You hold dangerous opinions….We want your offices, for the purpose of giving them to men who will fill them better."

The most dangerous Federalist then on the bench, in Republican eyes, was Justice Samuel Chase of the Supreme Court. Chase, a Maryland patriot, had signed the Declaration of Independence. He also had bullied Quakers for their pacifism and tried to corner the flour market during a wartime shortage. His record on the high court, where George Washington had deposited him in 1796, was similarly mixed. Chase had a sharp legal mind, but he also waded into political fights. In 1800 he had presided over the trial of journalist James Callender, then raking muck on behalf of the Republicans; later he was to develop an interest in Jefferson's sex life. Callender was being prosecuted under the Sedition Act for maligning then-President John Adams. When Callender's lawyers told the jury it could pass judgment on the Sedition Act itself, Chase said it could not—whereupon the defense attorneys stormed out of his courtroom, crying bias.

In May 1803, Chase went further, telling a Maryland grand jury that Republican policies would lead to "a Mobocracy, the worst of all possible governments." President Jefferson, piqued, wrote a friendly congressman: should Chase's "extraordinary" remarks "go unpunished?" In the Republican Party, for Jefferson to ask the question was enough. In January 1804 the House formed a committee to consider Chase's conduct. At year's end, he was impeached for his conduct of the Callender trial, his comments to the grand jury, and other alleged offenses. If Chase went down, Adams wrote in his diary, "the whole bench of the Supreme Court" would go next.

The House's lead prosecutor, and America's answer to Burke and Sheridan, was Representative John Randolph (R-Virginia), 31. Roanoke native Randolph, a cousin of Jefferson, had glimmers of his Brit predecessors' star power: at his best he could be tart or eloquent, funny or ferocious. At his not-infrequent worst, he waxed obnoxious, overbearing and gassy. His voice had never broken. Fans found its high pitch melodious; critics, grating. A big drawback for his assignment: he was no lawyer.

The trial began February 4, 1805. The Senate chamber was arranged to resemble the House of Lords. Out went senators' chairs, replaced by benches covered in crimson baize. Members of the House and ordinary spectators sat on benches covered in green. It seemed at first as if Chase, who was turning 64, would be made to stand throughout his ordeal, but he finally was granted a chair.



Rager
Justice Samuel Chase made a habit of being a noisome presence on the federal bench.

THE SENATE CHAMBER WAS ARRANGED TO RESEMBLE THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Once the trial began, Chase's prospects looked up. As a defense team he had five top-notch lawyers, headed by his home-state attorney general. Some witnesses called to condemn him actually helped his case: a juror from the Callender trial testified that Chase "wished the prisoner to have a full hearing."

Randolph was assisted by six congressmen. He and his team wasted time on trivialities—had Chase, outside court, called Callender "damned"?—and made mistakes in law. Bogged down, Randolph lost heart. His summation at the end of the month was a mess, punctuated by sobs, groans, apologies for misplacing his notes, and pauses to collect his thoughts. The speech shared with Sheridan's and Burke's only length: two and a half hours.

March 1 was the day of decision. The Senate had 25 Republicans and nine Federalists—enough, if everyone toed his party's line, to remove Chase from office. Uriah Tracy, an ailing Federalist from Connecticut, had himself carried into the Senate chamber on a cot should his vote be needed. It wasn't: Republicans unpersuaded by Randolph's antics joined a solid Federalist phalanx to acquit Chase on every charge against him.

Jefferson would continue to quarrel with Federalist judges. But he never again used impeachment as political pest control. So it has remained. Judges have been removed, and Richard Nixon driven from office, for specific crimes. However, impropriety, manufactured offenses, and general I-hate-you do not make the grade. A president's enemies should spend their time planning to beat him at the polls, not drafting articles of impeachment. ★

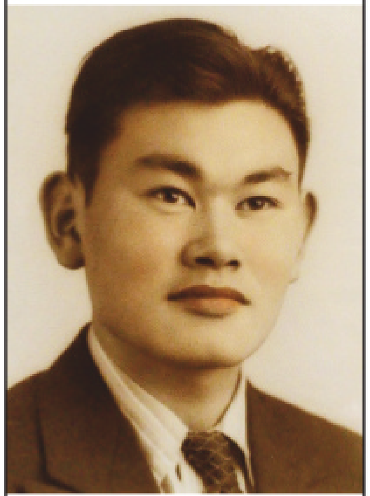
STOCK MONTAGE/GETTY IMAGES

SANTA FE T
TRANSPORTATI

CALL OF SHAME

BY DANIEL B. MOSKOWITZ

**KOREMATSU V. UNITED STATES
323 U.S. 214
(1944)**
EXECUTIVE AUTHORITY



Scorned
Japanese-Americans, bound for life behind the wire, top, board a bus in 1942. Native Californian Fred Korematsu fought forced relocation.

As Cicero famously warned, *inter arma enim silent leges*—"Laws are muted in times of war." This axiom often has been invoked—by Justices Antonin Scalia and Stephen Breyer, among others—to explain, if not to excuse, a 1944 Supreme Court decision approving forced relocation from the West Coast and internment in the American interior of some 120,000 Japanese-Americans, about 80,000 of them American citizens.

The ruling is ranked widely among the most shameful decisions in the court's history. In 1988, Congress passed a resolution of apology for confining Japanese-Americans, and the government followed up by paying $1.6 billion in reparations to almost 82,000 survivors of the episode, including Toyosaburo "Fred" Korematsu, whose legal challenge to the relocation program was the case the justices heard. In 2011, California declared Fred Korematsu's 92nd birthday a state holiday. In 2018, upholding President Donald Trump's decree banning visits to the United States by travelers from certain countries, the Supreme Court formally repudiated its 1944 internment decision.

Immediately after airplanes from a Japanese armada attacked Hawaii on December 7, 1941, mainland authorities, fearing leaders of Japanese-American communities would aid the enemy, put 5,500 people in custody. The broader relocation of Japanese-Americans from their homes in Washington, Oregon, California, and Arizona was the work of General John L. DeWitt, who oversaw West Coast military operations. DeWitt took an expansive view of a February 19, 1942, order by President Franklin D. Roosevelt authorizing the services to set up "military areas" from which they had power to exclude anyone they wished. DeWitt initially ordered the region's Japanese-Americans to stay inside from 8 p.m. to 6 a.m. In May 1942, he demanded they leave their homes and report to local holding areas, from which federal officials moved them to camps in the arid mid-mountain West.

Among many outraged by the order was the American-born Korematsu. The Oakland, California, native was working odd jobs as a welder, having lost a shipyard job when his union expelled its Japanese-American members. Hoping to move with his fiancée to the Midwest, Korematsu refused to report as told to an ad hoc holding center at San Bruno's Tanforan Race Track, south of San Francisco.

FROM TOP: BUYENLARGE/GETTY IMAGES; MANDEL NGAN/AFP PHOTO/GETTY IMAGES

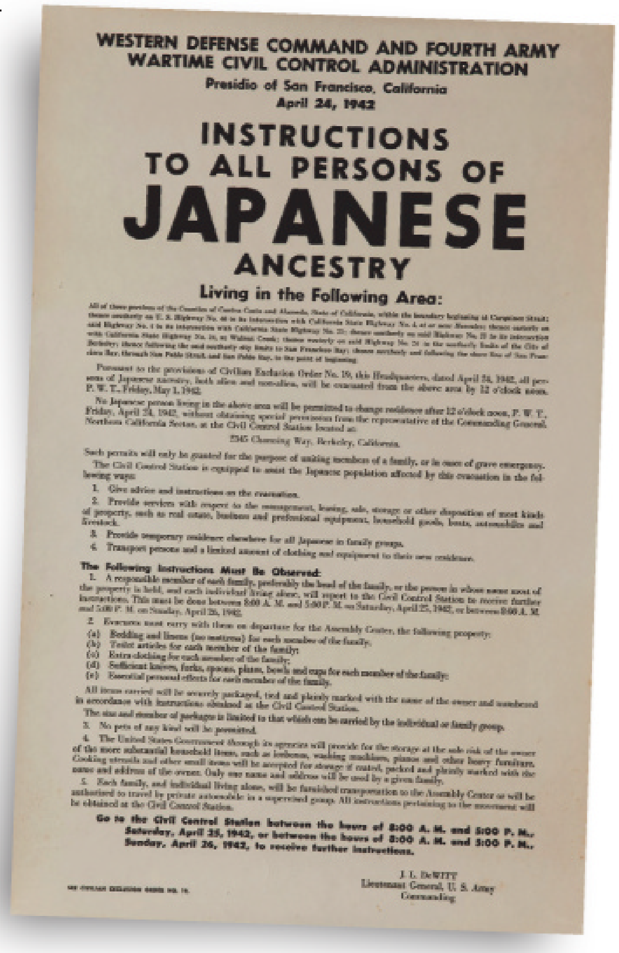
He went to ground in San Leandro, south of Oakland, but was quickly discovered. Arrested, he was summarily convicted of failing to report for relocation, given a suspended sentence, placed on five years' probation, and moved to a Topaz, Arizona, camp.

Throughout, Korematsu legally challenged the process to which the state subjected him, insisting that he and others like him merely "want fair trial to prove their loyalty." Over reservations at national headquarters, the Northern California arm of the American Civil Liberties Union took Korematsu's case to test the constitutional validity of the presidential order and the subsequent relocation program.

An appellate court upheld Korematsu's conviction, triggering Supreme Court review of the larger mass relocation issue. Basically, Korematsu's lawyers said treating everyone of Japanese descent as a security risk, with no hearing or avenue to prove fealty to the United States, violated the Fifth Amendment guarantee that depriving someone of his or her liberty required "due process of law."

Before *Korematsu v. United States*, the justices had to an extent painted themselves into a corner. In June 1943, without dissent, they had OK'd DeWitt's curfew. In their private meeting after hearing oral arguments in *Korematsu*, Justice Wiley B. Rutledge said regarding the curfew case, "I knew that if I went along with that order then I had to go along with detention." Justice Hugo Black in his opinion for the majority admitted that relocation was "a far greater deprivation" than having to stay at home at night, "but exclusion from a threatened area, no less than curfew, has a definite and close relationship to the prevention of espionage and sabotage."

Of the five justices who went along with Black, William O. Douglas did so only after writing and then scrapping a dissent—a move Douglas claimed to regret the rest of his life. In his dissent, Justice Frank Murphy refused to whitewash the majority holding; since the government had no trouble determining which German-Americans and Italian-Americans were loyal, OKing undifferentiated treatment of all West Coast Japanese-Americans was nothing more than "legalization of racism," Murphy wrote.


WESTERN DEFENSE COMMAND AND FOURTH ARMY
WARTIME CIVIL CONTROL ADMINISTRATION
Presidio of San Francisco, California
April 24, 1942

INSTRUCTIONS
TO ALL PERSONS OF
JAPANESE
ANCESTRY
Living in the Following Area:

The Following Instructions Must Be Observed:

Go to the Civil Control Station between the hours of 8:00 A. M. and 5:00 P. M., Saturday, April 25, 1942, or between the hours of 8:00 A. M. and 5:00 P. M., Sunday, April 26, 1942, to receive further instructions.

J. L. DeWITT
Lieutenant General, U. S. Army
Commanding

Enduring Blot *FDR's 1942 order stands as a reminder of what executive power can wreak in anxious times.*

But Black was not being disingenuous when he wrote that the court had to endorse the policy of moving Japanese-Americans away from the Pacific because "we could not reject the finding of the military authorities."

At core, *Korematsu* was about presidential power. Clearly, in times of great national peril the chief executive has more leeway to curb civil rights than during normal times. Roosevelt used that power to give the military broad discretion in deciding what constituted threats of espionage and aiding the enemy, and General DeWitt insisted it was administratively impossible to discern between loyal Japanese-Americans and those who might help Tokyo.

The justices, while recognizing the decision's racial cast, simply could not generate a formula to define when the judiciary could say a president had overreached his war authority. "The Court decided as it did because it could not find a way to protect individual liberties from invasion by the president without at the same time taking away from the president discretionary powers that war might require him to exercise," Breyer has written.

Today most read *Korematsu* as a black mark on the High Court's heritage, but the ruling imposed little burden on the Japanese-Americans involved. That's because the justices did not release their decision until one day after President Roosevelt had rescinded the internment order—a move Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone knew that the president intended to make shortly after the 1944 election.

Black tried to dilute the decision's impact by insisting that the court had considered only the demand that Japanese-Americans present themselves at an assembly point, not to the order's references to relocation or detention camps. Trying to underscore the absence of racial motivation in the outcome, the justices took care to release on the same day their decision in another case. In that finding, the justices unanimously ruled that the government could not bar the return to California of a Japanese-American found loyal and worthy to leave a relocation camp—a decision that, rather than *Korematsu*, got the headlines.

Moreover, trying to reconcile the detention policy with his emerging strong views on racial equity, Black in his opinion assured the public that the 1942 presidential relocation order had undergone "the most rigid scrutiny" to assure its legitimacy—a more intense standard whose application the court decreed necessary any time race appears to be the basis for curtailing rights. A decade later that requirement underpinned the arguments in *Brown v. Board of Education* for outlawing racial segregation in public schools and of subsequent victories for civil rights advocates. ★

DAVID POLLACK/CORBIS VIA GETTY IMAGES

CAMEO

Silk Mill Strike
Harrison, seated with Industrial Workers of the World leaders Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and Bill Haywood, organized a 1913 labor action in Paterson, New Jersey.

AMERICAN LABOR MUSEUM

CALLING ALL CALIBANS

BY SARAH RICHARDSON

Langston Hughes enthused about "Haitian Harlem, Cuban Harlem, little pockets of tropical dreams in alien tongues. Magnet Harlem… Melting pot Harlem—Harlem of honey and chocolate and caramel and rum and vinegar and lemon and lime and gall." In 1920, a third of New York City's black residents, most of whom lived in Harlem, had been born in the Caribbean. These immigrant ranks included a brazen purveyor of candor and gall: the brilliant editor, activist, educator and orator Hubert Harrison. Now all but forgotten, Harrison and his strivings are a compelling American story. Fondly known as "the Black Socrates," he ran newspapers and political organizations, fostered activists and artists, decried racial injustice in articles and essays, called out black leaders for toadying to white patrons or espousing elitism—he scorned W.E.B. DuBois's "Talented Tenth" as the "Subsidized Sixth"—and courageously pushed an agenda of black education and empowerment. *The Voice*, a weekly he founded in 1917, had a reach estimated at 55,000 at a time when New York City was home to 60,000 African Americans. Harrison collected and traded books. He lectured on street corners and from podiums on topics from Tennyson's poetry to the "World Problems of Race" and memorialized his love life in Latin. Buried in an unmarked grave in the Bronx, he led a remarkable life Jeffrey Perry chronicled in 2009's *Hubert Harrison: The Voice of Harlem Radicalism, 1883—1918*.

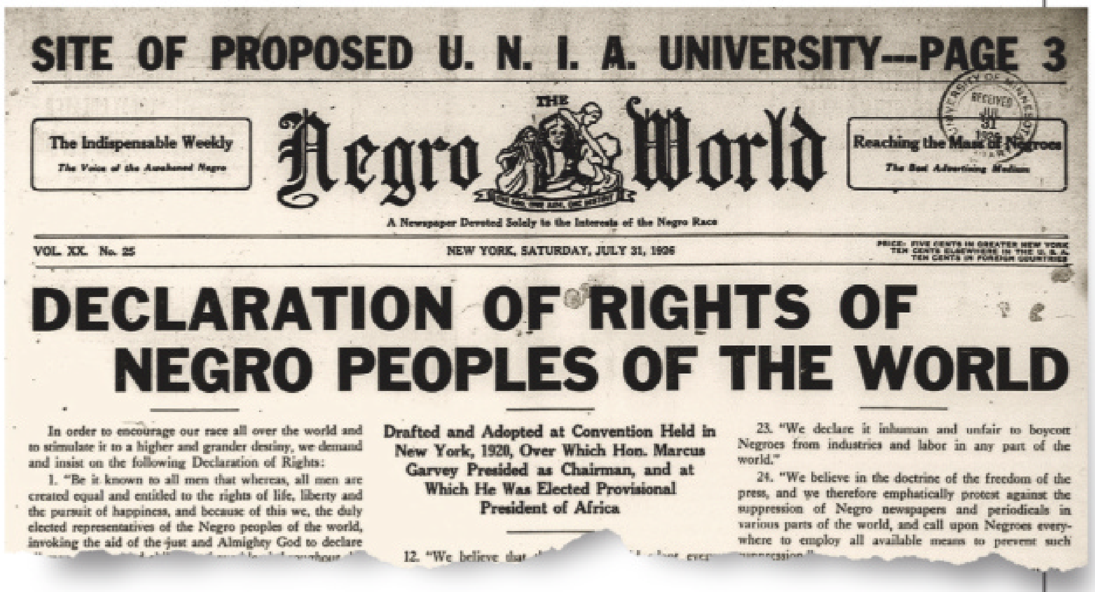
Born in 1883 in St. Croix, the Virgin Islands, then a Danish colony, Hubert Harrison grew up in extremely modest circumstances. After his mother died in 1900, he emigrated to New York City, soon moving to Harlem. He got a night school secondary diploma but no more formal training—except from his formidable self, augmented by self-confidence forged in the West Indies amid a history of slave rebellion, labor protest, and marginal white hegemony. In St. Croix, literacy was high and residents of African or mixed descent often had middle-class jobs. Life in the States, with its epidemic lynchings, Jim Crow, and disenfranchisement of black voters, profoundly shocked these transplants, Harrison included. He stood apart with his bold push for equal rights.

Eventually he married and landed a good position with the U.S. Postal Service. Children and marital trouble ensued. In 1910, challenging Booker T. Washington's assertions about opportunities for blacks in the South, he published a letter in the *New York Sun* rebutting Washington's optimism with hard data on harsh racial disparities. Allies of Washington at the Post Office claimed Harrison was a slacker; he lost his job. Thereafter he always struggled. Among his papers are notes he made for a book review penned on the back of a final rent's-due notice.

In 1911, Harrison joined the Socialist Party. He worked for two years as an organizer and was the only black speaker to address the Paterson Silk Strike in 1913, when workers seeking an eight-hour day and better conditions walked out of a New Jersey fabric mill. He deeply impressed novelist Henry Miller, then a young socialist. “With a few well-directed words he had the ability to demolish any opponent,” Miller later recalled. “He did it neatly and smoothly too, `with kid gloves,’ so to speak. I described the wonderful way he smiled, his easy assurance, the great sculptured head which he carried on his shoulders like a lion . . .”

But Harrison soured on the Socialists, who hesitated to organize blacks, and provided only desultory support. American entry into World War I drove him to embrace a strategy aroused by President Woodrow Wilson’s rhetoric about fighting for democracy. For Harrison that soaring talk contrasted painfully with the reality of denial of the vote and other basic civil rights to 12 million black Americans.

In 1917, Harrison started *The Voice*, a broadsheet advocating black empowerment and debate but also carrying book reviews and poetry. Printed on pink paper recognizable even to illiterates, the paper enjoyed enormous success—but Harrison refused to carry ads for skin lighteners and hair straighteners, and his revenues shrank. In 1918 he created the Liberty League to champion federal anti-lynching legislation and urge black solidarity and self-defense—if necessary, armed. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People avoided such militancy, preferring an anti-lynching public relations campaign, the type of tepid advocacy that caused Harrison to inveigh against fellow blacks with “a wish-bone where their backbone ought to have been.” No anti-noose bill passed; even today, a lynching ban put forth by Senators Cory Booker (D-New Jersey), Kamala Harris (D-California), and Tim Scott (R-South Carolina) may stall in Congress.



SITE OF PROPOSED U. N. I. A. UNIVERSITY—PAGE 3

The Indispensable Weekly
The Voice of the Awakened Negro

THE
Negro World

Reaching the Mass of Negroes
The Best Advertising Medium

A Newspaper Devoted Solely to the Interests of the Negro Race

VOL. XX. No. 25

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1926

PRICE: FIVE CENTS IN GREATER NEW YORK
TEN CENTS ELSEWHERE IN THE U. S. A.
TEN CENTS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

DECLARATION OF RIGHTS OF NEGRO PEOPLES OF THE WORLD

In order to encourage our race all over the world and to stimulate it to a higher and grander destiny, we demand and insist on the following Declaration of Rights:

1. “Be it known to all men that whereas, all men are created equal and entitled to the rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and because of this we, the duly elected representatives of the Negro peoples of the world, invoking the aid of the just and Almighty God to declare

Drafted and Adopted at Convention Held in New York, 1920, Over Which Hon. Marcus Garvey Presided as Chairman, and at Which He Was Elected Provisional President of Africa

12. “We believe

23. “We declare it inhuman and unfair to boycott Negroes from industries and labor in any part of the world.”

24. “We believe in the doctrine of the freedom of the press, and we therefore emphatically protest against the suppression of Negro newspapers and periodicals in various parts of the world, and call upon Negroes everywhere to employ all available means to prevent such

Brief Tenure
Harrison edited the Garveyite paper for as long as he could.

NEGRO WORLD

Struggling in 1918 with health problems, Harrison eventually had to shutter *The Voice*. In summer 1919, race-based violence gripped the United States as black war veterans refused to resume the status of second-class citizen. In response white mobs rampaged in Washington, DC, Houston, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, and Tulsa. The bloody season’s death toll reached some 1,000 blacks and whites. In an October 1919 edition of *New Negro*, a short-lived monthly magazine, Harrison wrote, “The great World War, by virtue of its great advertising campaign for democracy, and the promises which were held out to all subject peoples, fertilized the Race Consciousness of the Negro people into the stage of conflict with the dominant white idea of the Color Line. They took democracy at its face value, which is—Equality. So did the Hindus, Egyptians and West Indians. This is what the hypocritical advertisers of democracy had not bargained for. The American Negroes, like the other darker peoples, are presenting their checques and trying to ‘cash in,’ and delays in that process, however unavoidable to the paying tellers, are bound to beget a plentiful lack of belief in either their intention or their ability to pay. Hence the run on Democracy’s bank—’the Negro unrest’ of the newspaper paragraphers.”

In 1920, Harrison briefly edited *Negro World*, a weekly published by Jamaican immigrant and Harrison emulator Marcus Garvey, before tiring of working for Garvey. He became an American citizen in 1922, supporting himself giving lectures stressing the value of education. “Remember always that the best college is that on your bookshelf,” he told listeners. “The best education is that on the inside of your head.” Harrison spelled out his commitment to free thought in a 1923 rhyme, “Caliban Considers”:

“They are slaves who dare not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.”

In 1924 Harrison established the Liberty Party, which focused on international black political organization. Its founder avoided the limelight.

Struck by appendicitis in 1927, Harrison, 43, died in surgery. On many fronts in his own life stymied, he pioneered the creed of black self-determination taken up by the flamboyant, flawed Garvey and, decades later, Malcolm X. In practical terms, Harrison’s ideas about black mobilization were tested by an early socialist colleague. A. Philip Randolph went on to head the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, the most effective black union in American history. In 1941, with war looming, Randolph’s power as a union boss and political leader forced President Franklin Roosevelt to desegregate the defense industry. In 1963 Randolph marshaled blacks to march on Washington with Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. in a mass call for jobs and civil rights that indirectly echoed the long-dead Harrison, whose intensity had included a vivid sense of humor. Conjuring his late friend’s laughter, Jamaican poet Claude McKay recalled how Harrison “exploded in a large, sugary black African way, which sounded like the rustling of dry bamboo leaves agitated by the wind.” ★

RADIO FLYER

Sidewalk Screamer
The new Radio Flyer Retro Rocket model fits riders ages 1 to 3.

American History

STYLE

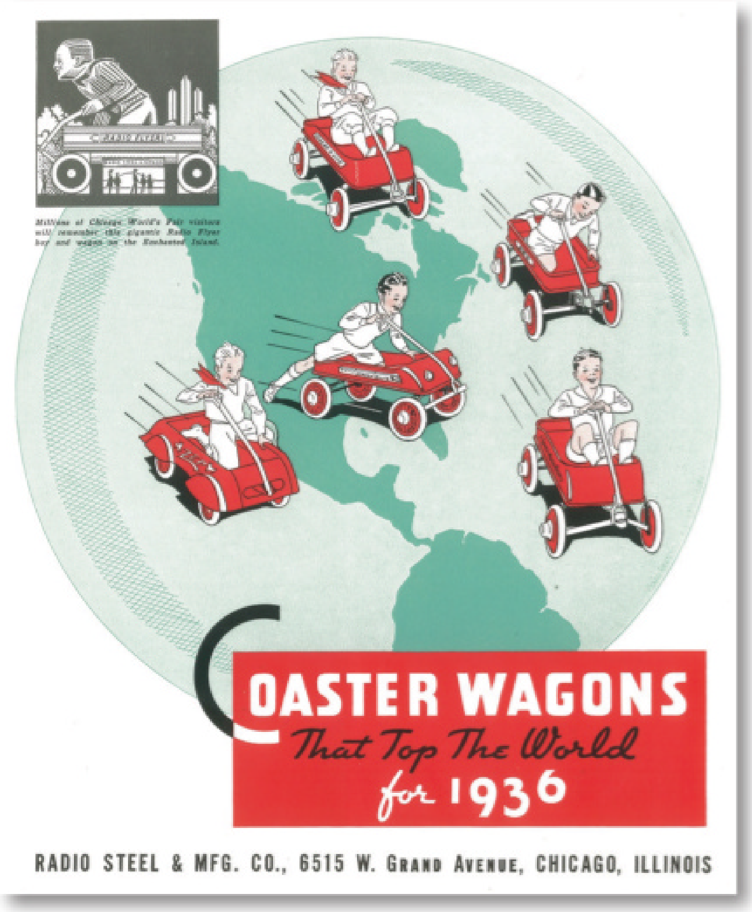
We go rolling with Radio Flyer, relax with Knoll's modern furniture, and bring the George Eastman Museum into focus.

RADIO FLYER

Little Red Wagon

In 1917, Chicagoan Antonio Pasin began building child-size wooden wagons he sold through local shops. Pasin's business grew into the Liberty Coaster Company, which he formed in 1923 and named for the Statue of Liberty. Soon, demand for Liberty Coaster wagons was exceeding production. In 1927, Pasin upgraded to metal wagons stamped out of steel, renaming his firm Radio Steel & Manufacturing. Inspired by the era's heroes—wireless communications pioneer Guglielmo Marconi, and transatlantic solo aviator Charles Lindbergh—Pasin branded his metal wagons "Radio Flyers." At the 1933 Chicago World's Fair, Pasin went into debt to commission a wood and plaster statue 45 feet tall. "Coaster Boy" put Radio Flyer on the world map, and the little red wagon became the company's flagship product. In 1987, Radio Steel changed its name to Radio Flyer. The company's inventory includes scooters, tricycles, ride-ons, and, of course, the Radio Flyer Wagon inducted in 1999 into the National Toy Hall of Fame in Rochester, New York.

Historic No. 4 Liberty Coaster

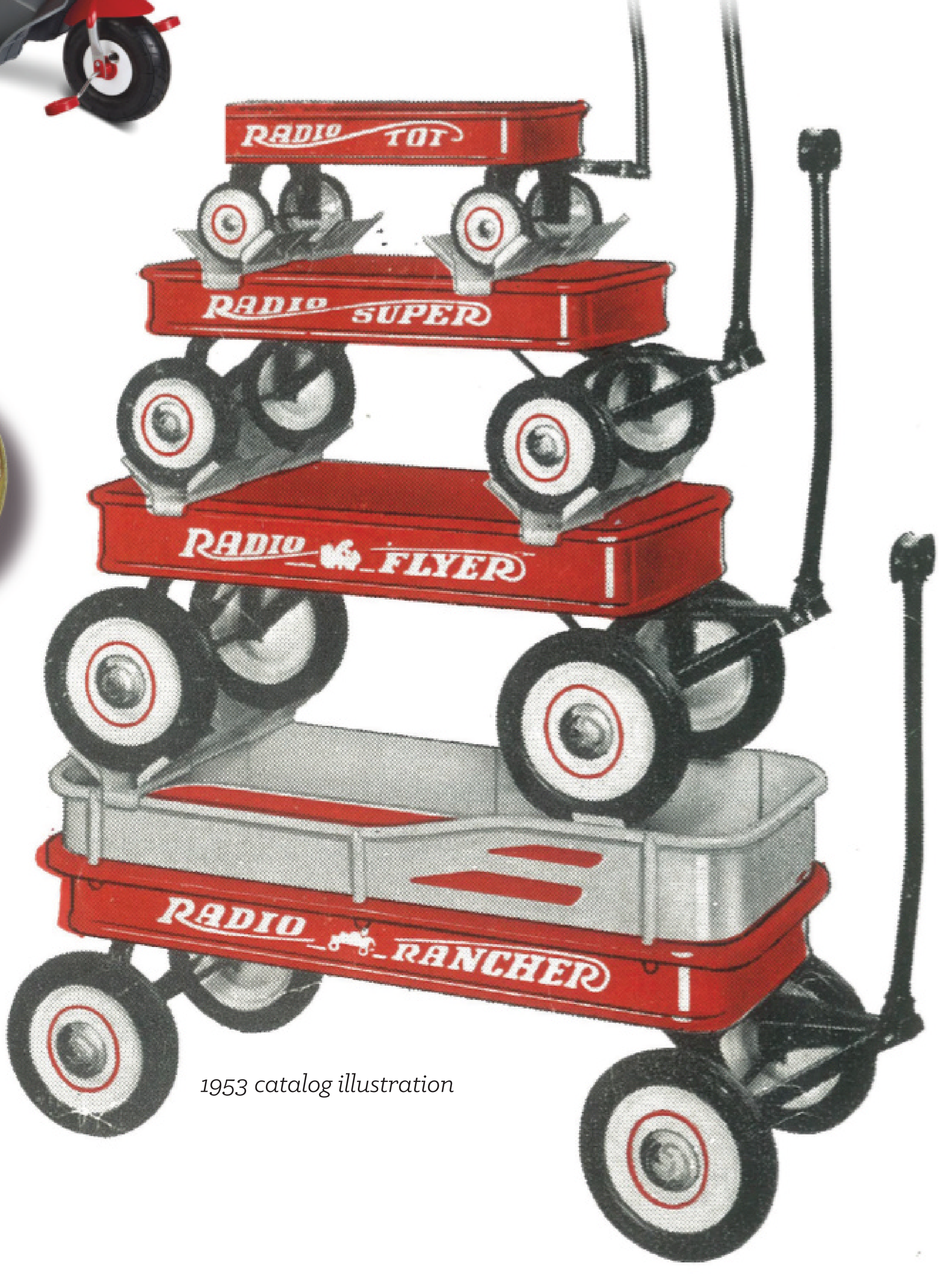

COASTER WAGONS
That Top The World
for 1936
RADIO STEEL & MFG. CO., 6515 W. GRAND AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1936 Radio Steel ad

Radio Flyer, All-Terrain 4-in-1 Stroll 'N Trike

ENCHANTED ISLAND
GIANT RADIO COASTER
CENTURY OF PROGRESS

Official 1933 World's Fair seal


RADIO TOT
RADIO SUPER
RADIO FLYER
RADIO RANCHER

1953 catalog illustration

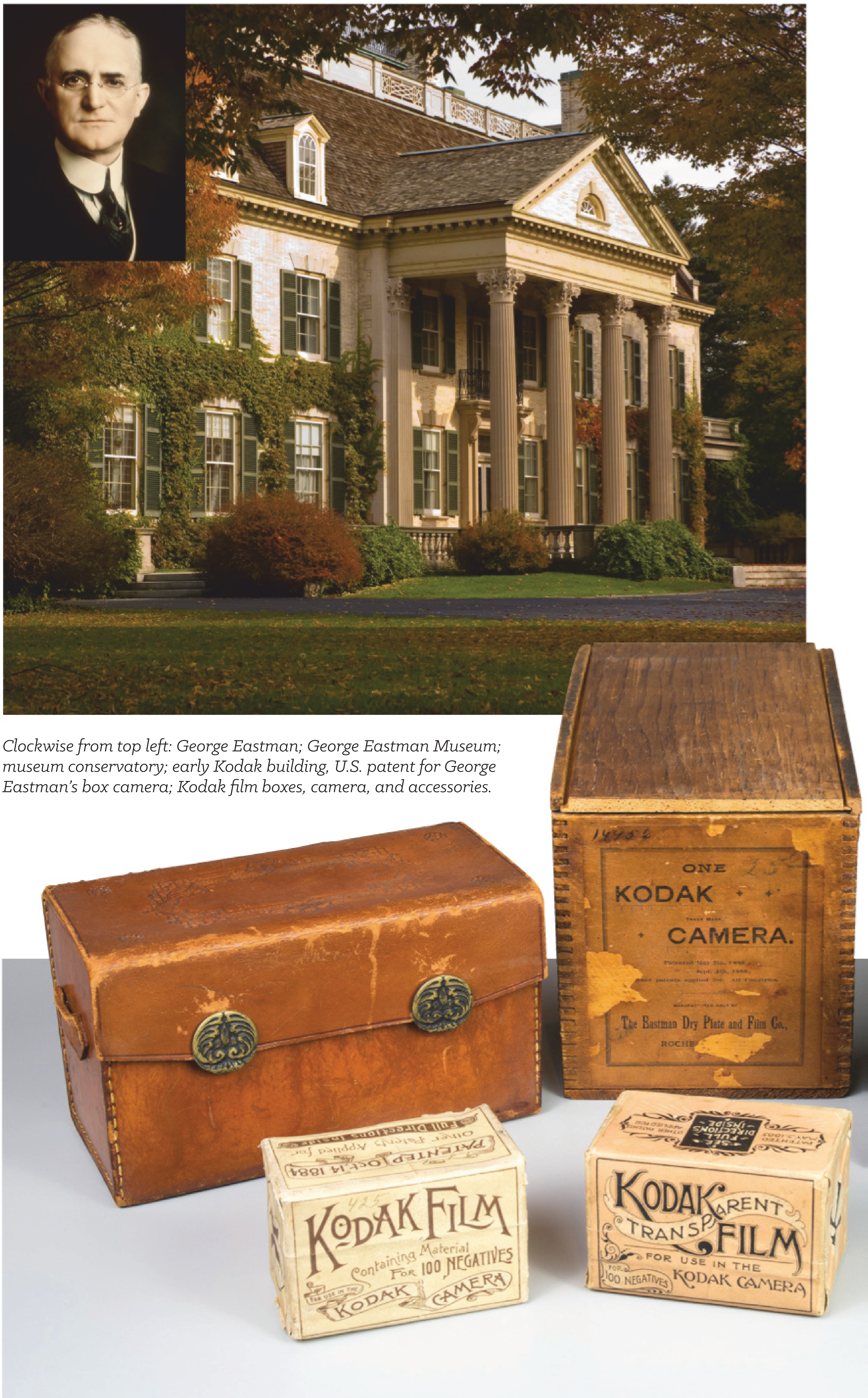
PHOTOS COURTESY RADIO FLYER

Mid-Century Magic Best known for classic modern furniture, Knoll Inc. was founded in New York City in 1938 by Hans Knoll. In 1950, the operation moved to East Greenville, Pennsylvania. In 1955, upon Hans's death, his wife, the architect Florence Knoll, became president. She led the company, famous for designs by such wizards as Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, Frank Gehry, and Eero Saarinen, until 1960. In 2003, President George W. Bush presented her with the nation's highest award for artistic excellence, the National Medal of Arts. Florence Knoll Bassett died on January 25, 2019, at her home in Coral Gables, Florida. She was 101. Over 40 of the company's designs are in the permanent collection of New York City's Museum of Modern Art—knoll.com.

PHOTO COURTESY KNOLL, INC.

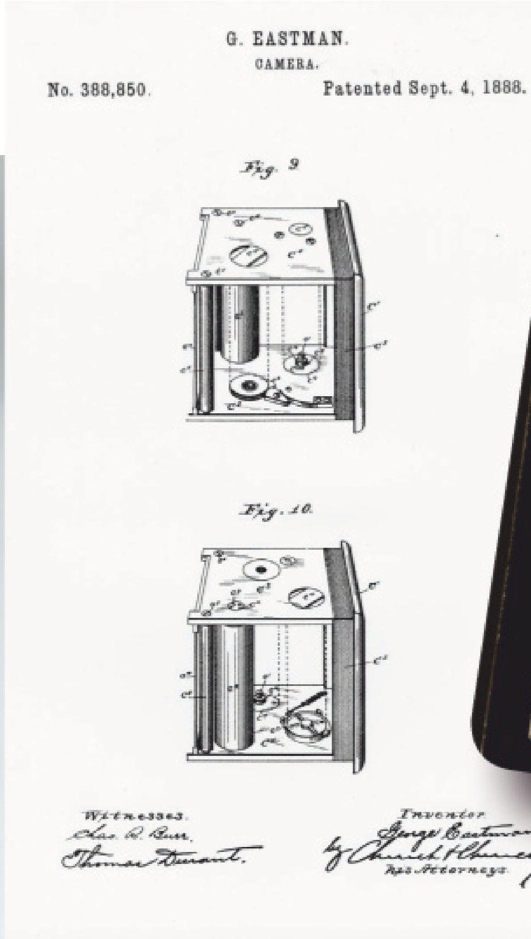
STYLE

History in Focus
In 1949, the George Eastman Museum opened in Rochester, New York, home of the Eastman Kodak Company. Located on the estate of founder George Eastman (1854–1932), the museum—the world's oldest in its field—collects, preserves, and presents the history of photography and film. Holdings include the Medicus collection of Civil War photographs by Alexander Gardner and the Gabriel Cromer collection of 19th-century French photography. In 1996, the museum opened the Louis B. Mayer Conservation Center in Chili, New York, as well as Eastman House—the first school of film preservation in the United States, to teach restoration, preservation, and archiving of motion pictures. In 1999, the museum launched an advanced program for the world's top photograph archivists and conservators. The museum, at 900 East Avenue, Rochester, NY 14607, is open Tuesday-Sunday 10-5 pm. Adults: $15; seniors: $13; under 21: $5. Closed on Thanksgiving and Christmas.

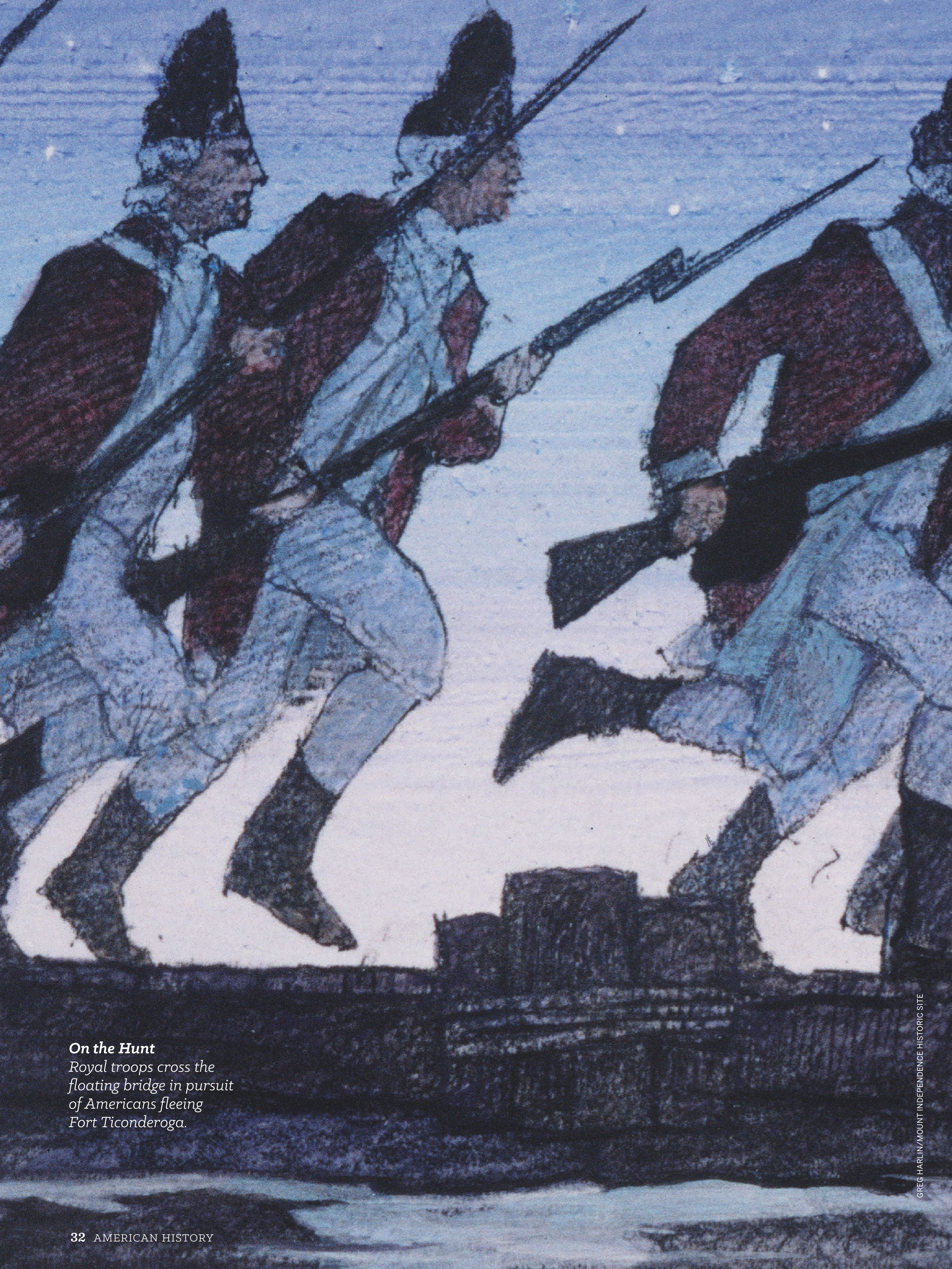

ONE
KODAK
CAMERA.
The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHE
PATENTED Oct. 14 1884
Other Patents Applied for
Full Directions Inside
KODAK FILM
Containing Material For 100 NEGATIVES
For use in the KODAK CAMERA
KODAK TRANSPARENT FILM
FOR USE IN THE KODAK CAMERA
FOR 100 NEGATIVES
FULL DIRECTIONS INSIDE

Clockwise from top left: George Eastman; George Eastman Museum; museum conservatory; early Kodak building, U.S. patent for George Eastman's box camera; Kodak film boxes, camera, and accessories.

PHOTOS COURTESY THE GEORGE EASTMAN MUSEUM

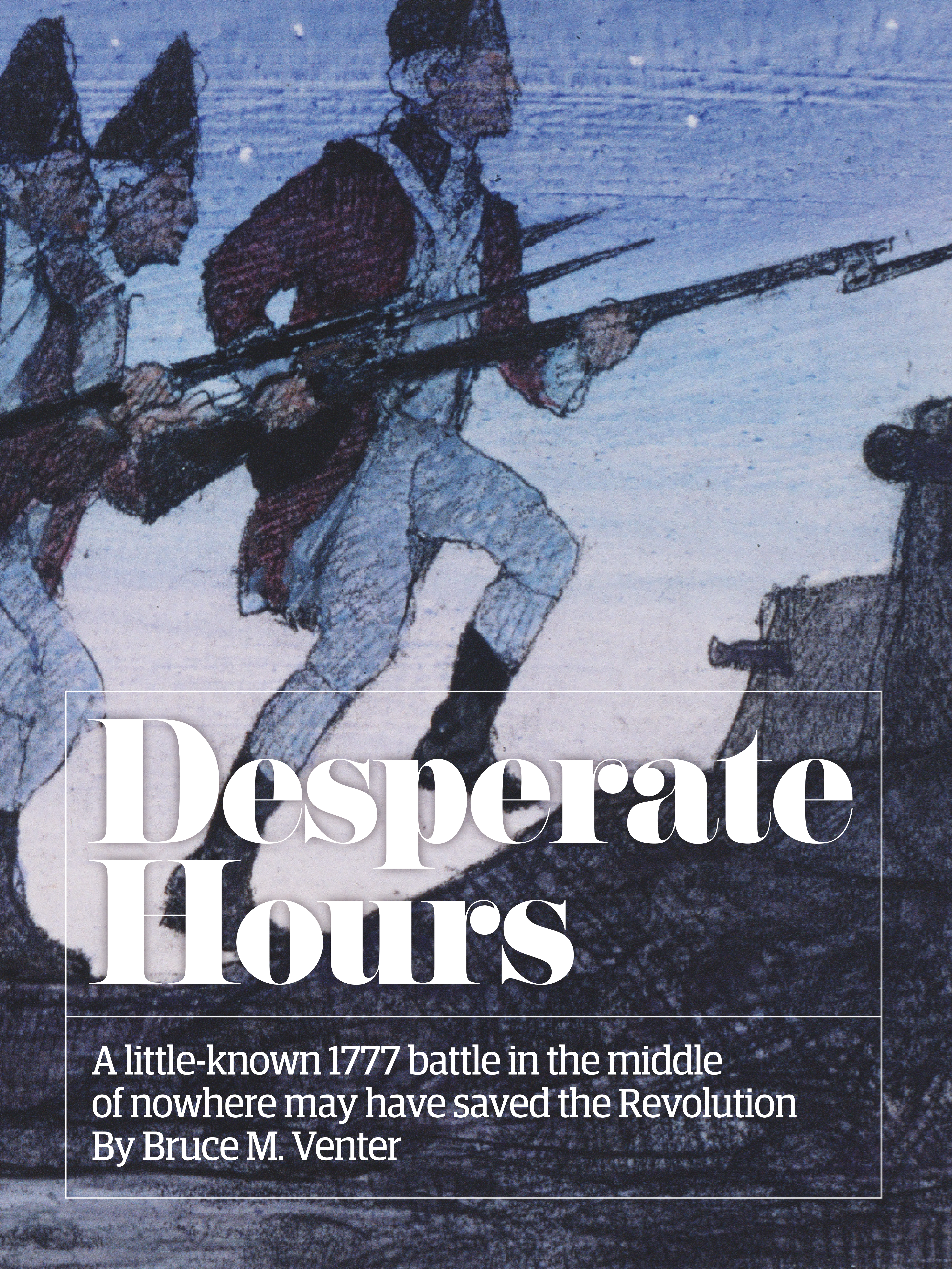

G. EASTMAN.
CAMERA.
No. 388,850.
Patented Sept. 4, 1888.
Fig. 9
Fig. 10
Witnesses.
Chas. R. Burr.
Thomas Durant.
Inventor
George Eastman
by Church & Church
his Attorneys.

You press the button, we do the rest.
KODAK
THE EASTMAN COMPANY
KODAK
PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS



On the Hunt
Royal troops cross the floating bridge in pursuit of Americans fleeing Fort Ticonderoga.

GREG HARLIN/MOUNT INDEPENDENCE HISTORIC SITE

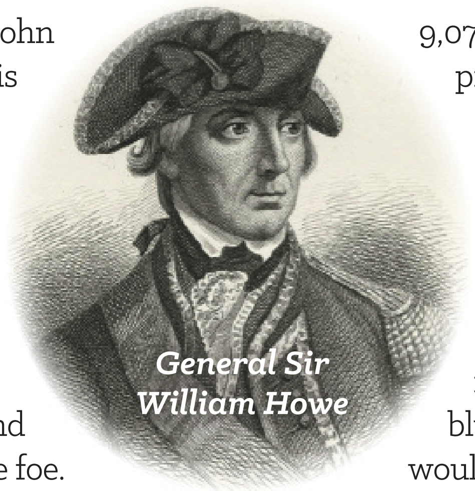


Desperate Hours

A little-known 1777 battle in the middle of nowhere may have saved the Revolution

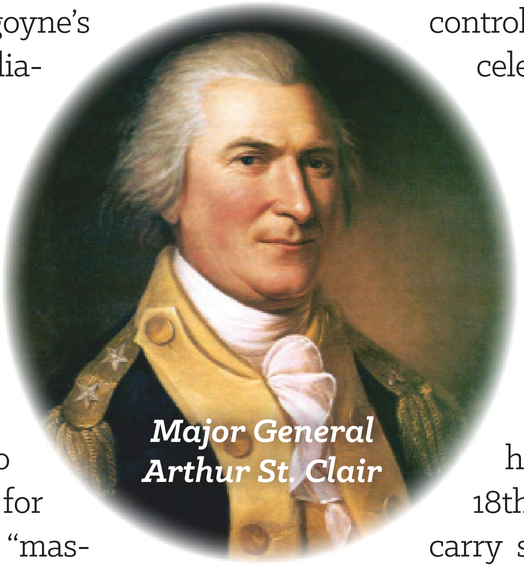
By Bruce M. Venter

Day was breaking in the wilds of what is now western Vermont on Monday, July 7, 1777, as two lines of British light infantrymen broke into a run up a steep, overgrown hill. That hot morning the soldiers had dressed for heavy going, in black leather caps and shortened red woolen uniform coats. At the lead was Brigadier General Simon Fraser. The Scottish-born Fraser, 48, meant to earn the trust his commander, Lieutenant General John Burgoyne, had shown in assigning him this mission. Ahead waited a rebel contingent Fraser intended to smash—which he did, in a stand-up, four-hour slugfest. The New England Continentals and militia got a harsh taste of their preferred mode of warfare, as a British officer observed, "in a wood, in the very style that the Americans think themselves superior to regular troops." But while Fraser and his men won the day, the long game went to the foe. In that one midsummer clash may have lain the fate of a campaign, a war, and perhaps a country.


General Sir William Howe

The ruling-class Britain of the late 1700s was an intimate world. John Burgoyne, 55, naturally knew King George III and his cabinet ministers. An army officer since 14, Burgoyne had wed an earl's daughter, marrying into a seat in Parliament, elbow room at London's best gaming tables, and camouflage for his questionable parentage. In the Seven Years' War, Burgoyne had made enough of a name that Portugal's king, grateful still to have his throne thanks to Burgoyne's battlefield victories, bestowed a five-carat diamond ring on the young general.

In February 1777, Burgoyne, after two previous campaigns in the colonies, sent King George III and Secretary of State for the Colonies Lord George Germain what seemed a surefire formula for ending an irksome rebellion of 27 months' duration. British politicians and military commanders regarded the font of colonial resistance to be New England, in particular Boston, scene for years of shenanigans like Stamp Act riots, a "massacre," and the outrageous Tea Party—never mind that the war had begun nearby at Lexington and Concord. Scratch an act of violence against the empire and there one would find Massachusetts Bay colonists. Isolate New England, as a physician might quarantine an infectious patient, imperial wisdom went, and the rebellion would fade for lack of an inflammatory source.

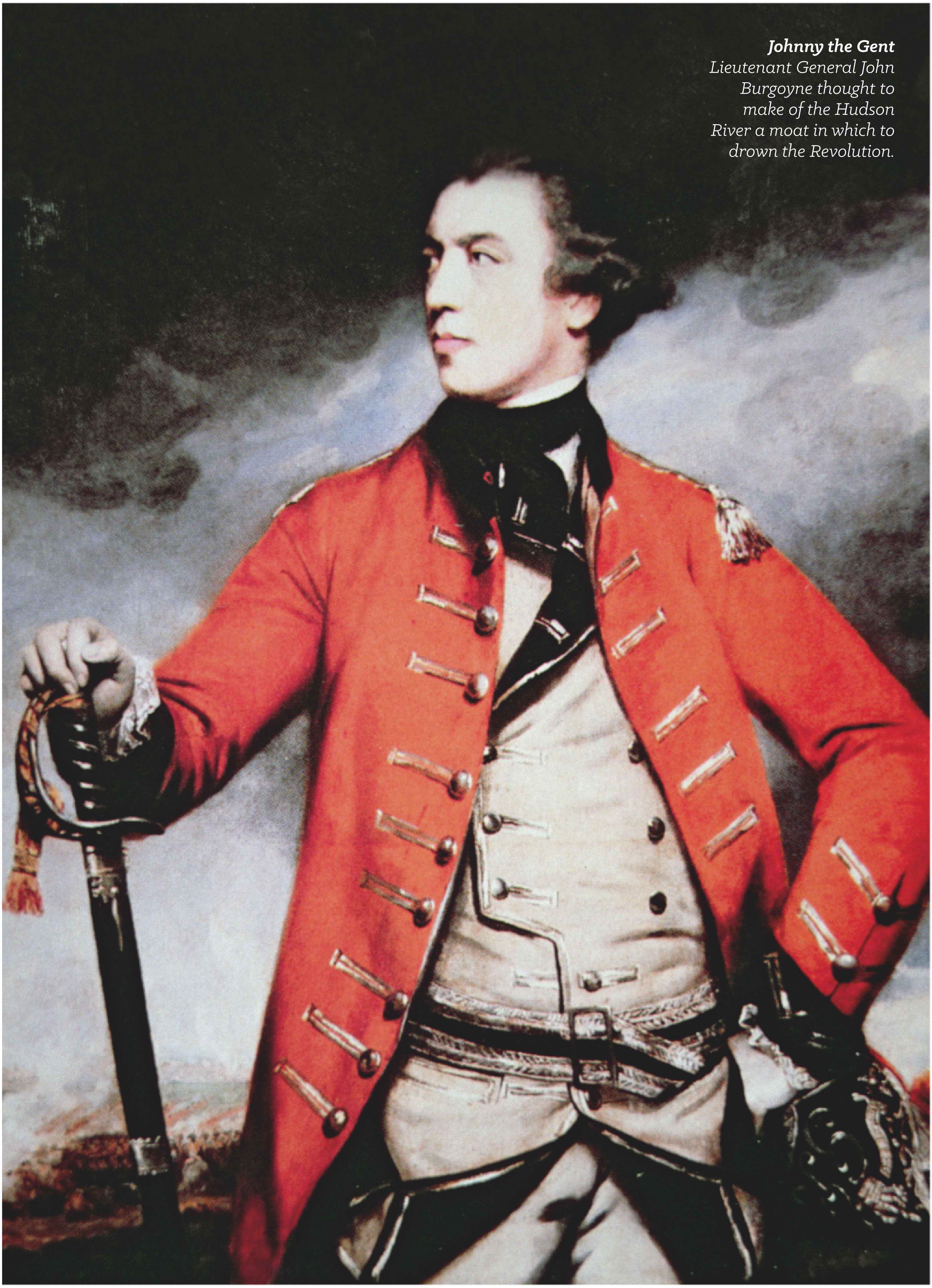

Major General Arthur St. Clair

FROM TOP: ALAMY STOCK PHOTO; PICTORIAL PRESS LTD./ALAMY STOCK PHOTO

To accomplish that isolation, Burgoyne proposed to make a moat of New York's Hudson River, dousing the fires of rebellion by splitting New England from the middle and southern colonies. Describing "my expedition," Burgoyne offered in an outline he circulated that February to sail an army south from Canada through Lake Champlain and Lake George as a prelude to capturing Albany, on the Hudson River's west bank. Burgoyne sketched a force of British regulars, Loyalists, French Canadians, sailors, and Indian allies—in all, 9,078 men, including German hirelings from the principality of Brunswick. Major General Friedrich Baron von Riedesel's 2,900 German regulars included green-jacketed *jäger*, a light infantry and scouting unit dating to 1740, when Frederick the Great recruited sharpshooters from among German foresters, and Brunswick grenadiers, renowned as masters of the bayonet, in striped trousers, blue coats, and mitered helmets. Burgoyne would have 138 artillery pieces. As he was sailing south from Canada, up from New York would come an army led by General Sir William Howe, British commander-in-chief in the colonies.

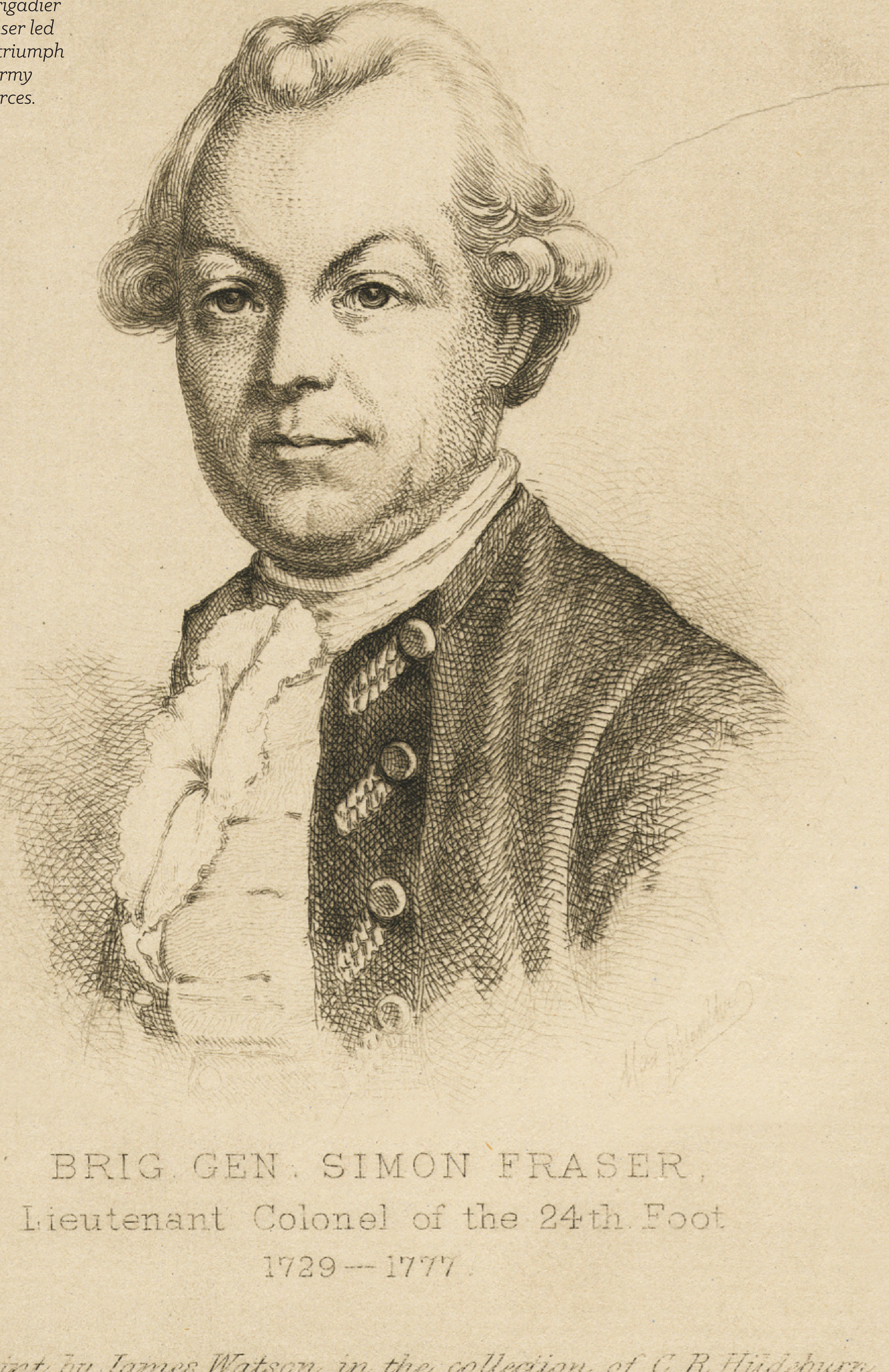
For Burgoyne's plan to succeed, his and Howe's cohort had to converge at Albany with a third, smaller force of redcoats, Loyalists, and Indians under Lieutenant Colonel Barrimore St. Leger. Invading from Lake Ontario, penetrating the Mohawk River Valley west of Albany, and capturing Fort Stanwix near what is now Rome, New York, St. Leger would press east to rendezvous with Burgoyne and Howe, giving the British control of the Hudson. Burgoyne would bring the celebratory Champagne, his favorite drink.

Obtaining the king's nod for his expedition, Burgoyne organized his troops and departed St. John's, Canada, south of Montreal. By June 16, 1777, he was sailing south on Lake Champlain in his flagship, the frigate *Royal Savage*, at the head of a fleet of troop transports, rowed gunboats, and hundreds of 30-foot-long bateaux, the 18th-century equivalent of a flatbed truck to carry supplies. Native warriors in canoes darted among the naval vessels. Burgoyne's first target was Fort Ticonderoga, a bastion on Lake Champlain's west bank built by the French during the Seven Years' War. Ticonderoga was held now by an American army under Major General Arthur St. Clair, 40, who had assumed command only two weeks previously. Spying a weakness in the American perimeter that would allow British artillery to shell the fort, Burgoyne's chief engineer had two 12-pound cannon hauled to high



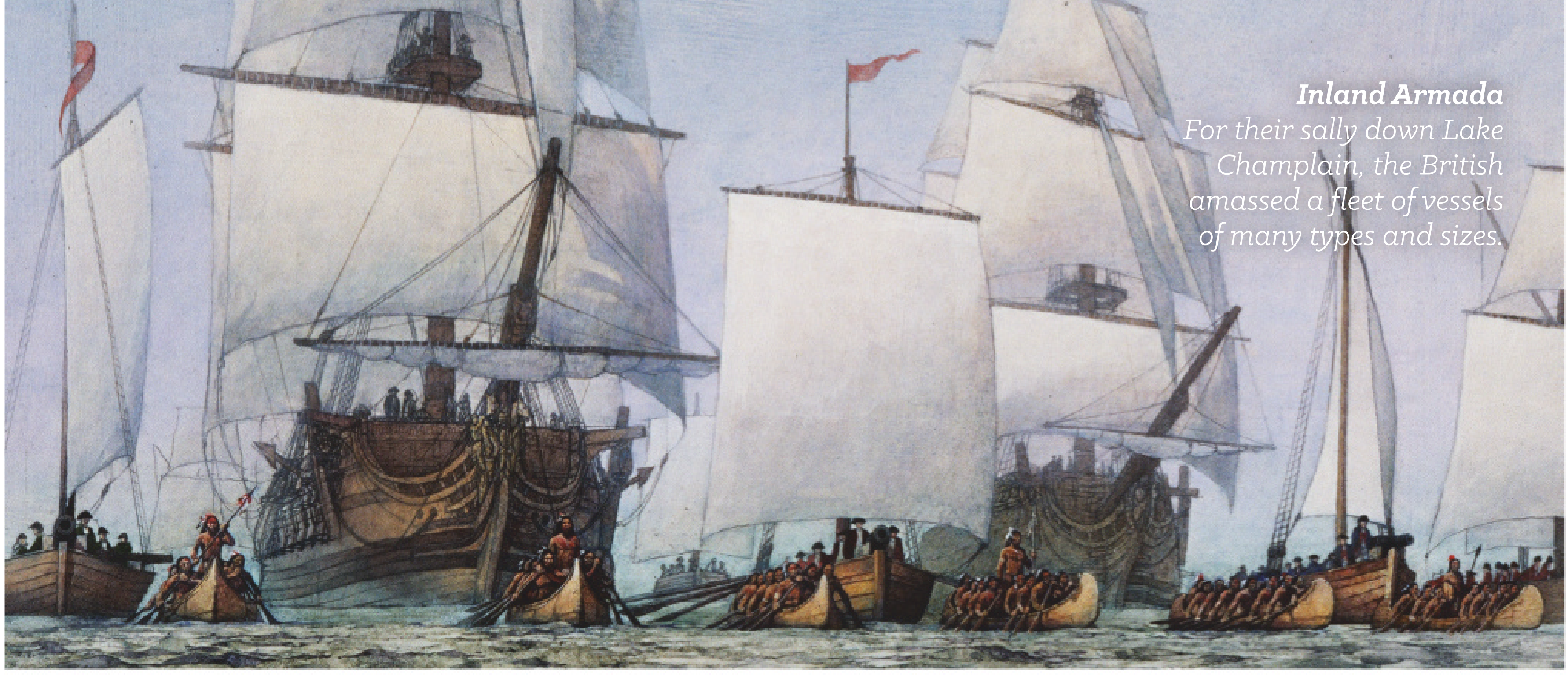
Johnny the Gent
Lieutenant General John Burgoyne thought to make of the Hudson River a moat in which to drown the Revolution.

GENERAL JOHN BURGOYNE, REYNOLDS, JOSGUA (1732-92) AFTER./PRIVATE COLLECTION/PETER NEWARK AMERICAN PICTURES/BRIDGEMAN IMAGES



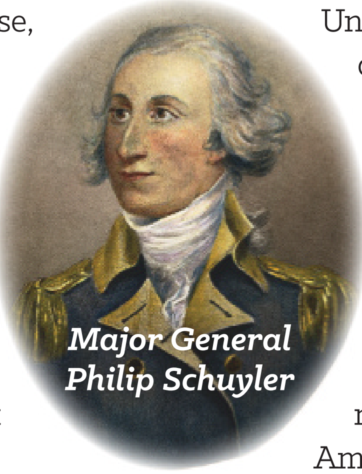
Hard-Slugging Scot
At Hubbardton, Brigadier General Simon Fraser led his men to fleeting triumph over Continental Army and rebel militia forces.

BRIG. GEN. SIMON FRASER,
Lieutenant Colonel of the 24th Foot
1729---1777.
From a print by James Watson in the collection of C.R. Hildeburn.



Inland Armada
For their sally down Lake Champlain, the British amassed a fleet of vessels of many types and sizes.

ground atop Sugar Loaf—now Mount Defiance. The promontory was steep, but as Burgoyne's second in command, Major General William Phillips, is said to have put it, "Where a goat can go, a man can go and where a man can go, he can drag a gun behind him." The sight of British field pieces so strategically placed forced the rebels to prepare to retreat across a pontoon bridge to the east side of the lake where another rise, Mount Independence, had been fortified. At midnight July 5, St. Clair began sending his sick soldiers, camp followers, and supplies from Ticonderoga 25 miles by water to Skenesborough, New York, at the south end of Lake Champlain. Their transport was a fleet of 200 bateaux and six rowed galleys under Colonel Pierce Long. The remainder of the American army, nearly 3,000 men, would march 17 miles southeast from Mount Independence to Hubbardton, then six miles more to Castleton. At Castleton, St. Clair hoped to turn west toward Skenesborough and reunite with Long.



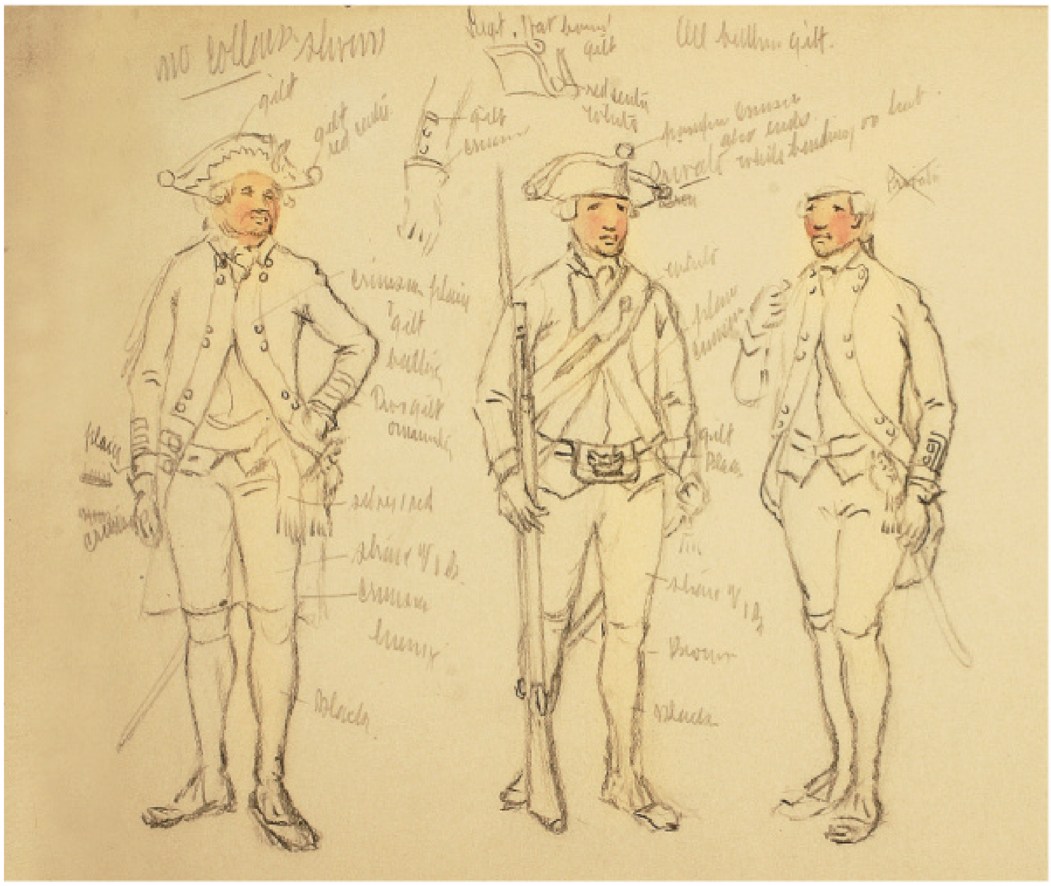
Major General Philip Schuyler

St. Clair's rear guard, including stragglers, under Colonel Seth Warner, 34, would overnight at Hubbardton, then continue to Castleton, following in the wake of the retreating army. If all went according to plan, the entire American army would link up with the Northern Department's commander, Major General Philip Schuyler, who had been toggling between his Albany headquarters and Fort Edward on the Hudson's west bank, 38 miles south of Skenesborough.

Unfortunately for the patriots, Burgoyne's quick pursuit by water of Long's fleet put a crimp in St. Clair's plan. Long had to scuttle his boats and supplies at Skenesborough as British gunboats fired on the town and redcoats embarked along the shore. Long's disaster compelled St. Clair in a different direction to Rutland, now in Vermont, adding 14 miles to the Americans' march before they turned south to join Schuyler at Fort Edward.

The Americans had left Ticonderoga and the lakeside high ground on July 6 as Fraser and his Advanced Corps marched into the fort and toward Mount Independence. Fraser's elite unit comprised a light infantry battalion, a grenadier battalion, eight companies of Fraser's 24th Foot and a sharpshooter company.

Opposite the fort, on the lake's east side, Riedesel had disembarked with his Brunswickers. Burgoyne had remained on *Royal Savage* to coordinate his army's two wings. Advising Burgoyne by courier of his intent to pursue St. Clair, Fraser readied his light infantry and grenadier battalions and two companies of the 24th Foot, 850 men in all, and quickly set out. In his haste, Fraser shorted his troops on ammunition, rations, medical supplies, and artillery. Receiving Fraser's note aboard *Royal Savage*, Burgoyne ordered Riedesel, 38, with 1,100 Germans, including jäger and grenadiers, into the chase.



Yes, as in Jägermeister
Some contract troops were inheritors of a martial role first played by Teutonic woodsmen.

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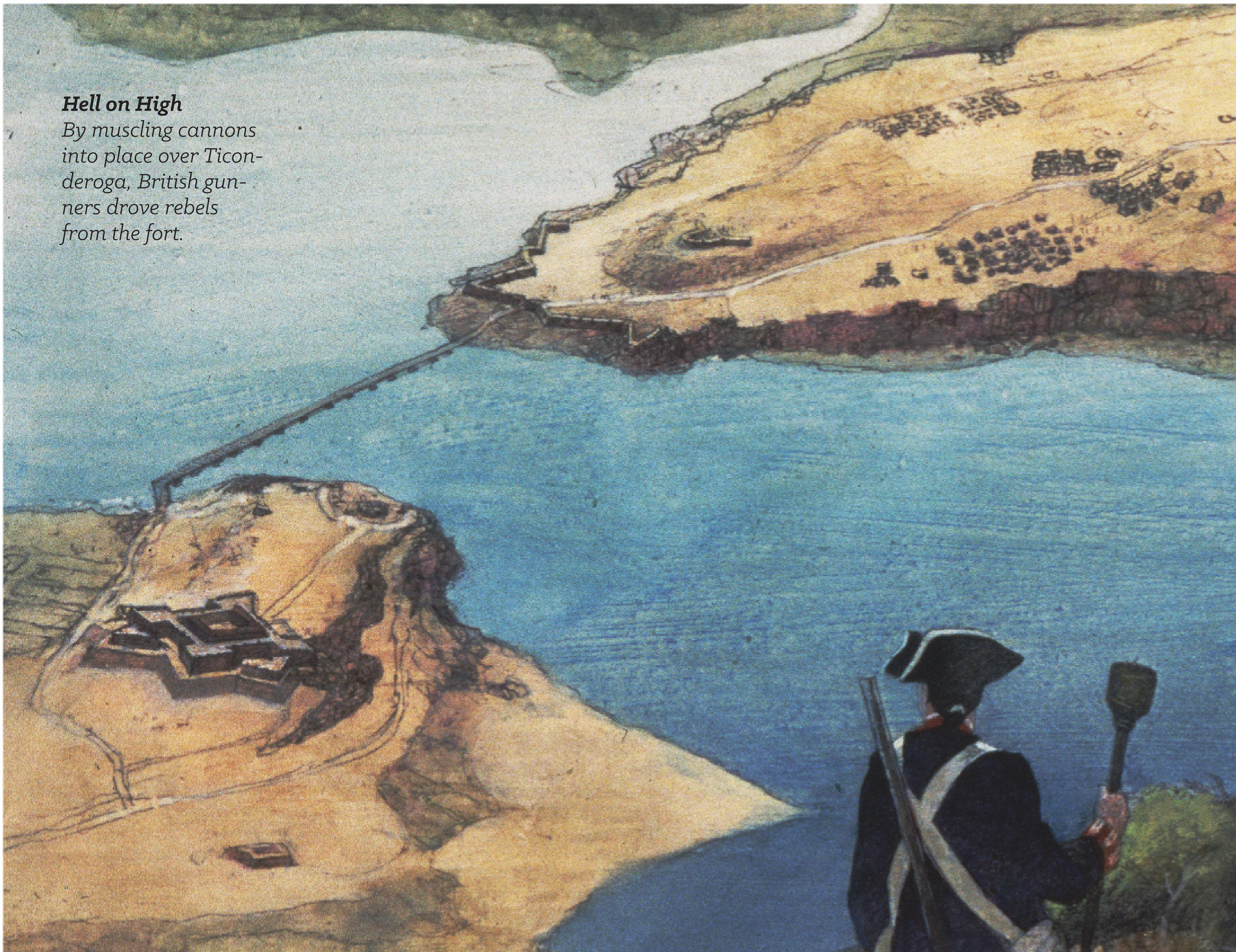
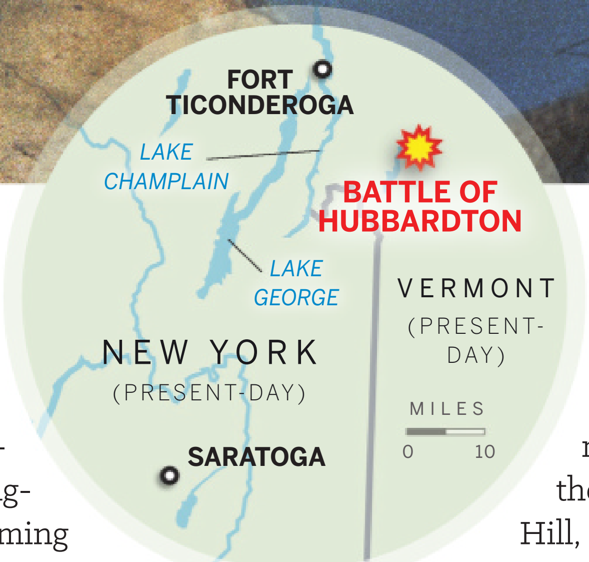


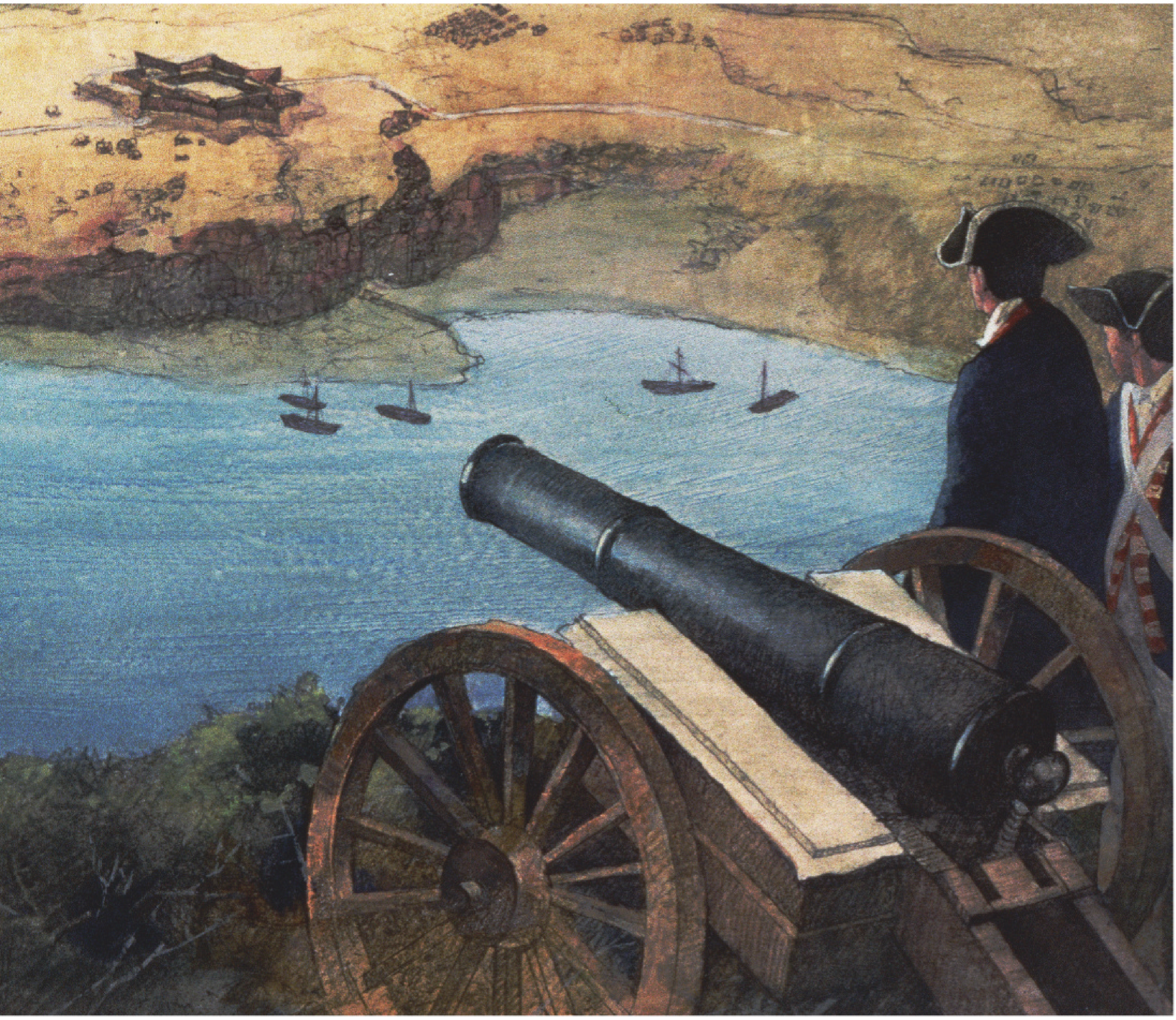
Hell on High
By muscling cannons into place over Ticonderoga, British gunners drove rebels from the fort.



Reaching Hubbardton on the afternoon of July 6 after marching through a saddle on Sargent Hill, St. Clair stationed a rear guard of about 900 men under Seth Warner. Warner's complement soon swelled with 300-some stragglers. Hubbardton was an isolated farming community of nine hardy families situated in the Hampshire Grants, a contested wilderness between New York and New Hampshire. The "Grants," as locals called the district, consisted of small farm lots, forested mountains, and a few towns like Castleton, Rutland, and Manchester. Populated mostly by New Englanders eager for cheap land, the Hampshire Grants had been the scene of feuding neighbors for years before the revolt against Great Britain. Gangs of quasi-outlaws known as Green Mountain Boys, led by Ethan Allen, warned New Yorkers against planting themselves in the few select meadows and thick forests soon to be called Vermont.

Near dawn on July 7, after a night of rest and food for the stragglers, Warner massed most of his men on a road below the crest of what is now called Monument Hill, preparatory to marching for Castleton. To Warner's left was a higher hill, Pittsford Ridge. Warner's officers were at Sucker Brook, chivvying disorganized stragglers, some of them drunk. To the west, an American picket fired his weapon, a signal that British troops were closing. Advancing along the military road toward the brook, elements of Fraser's 24th Foot caught a hail of American musket fire that killed the major leading them and depleted his two companies. Fraser pushed forward with Major Alexander Lindsay's light infantry battalion. Lindsay being new to combat, Fraser took command, facing the

FROM TOP: GREG HARLIN/MOUNT INDEPENDENCE HISTORIC SITE; JON C. BOCK

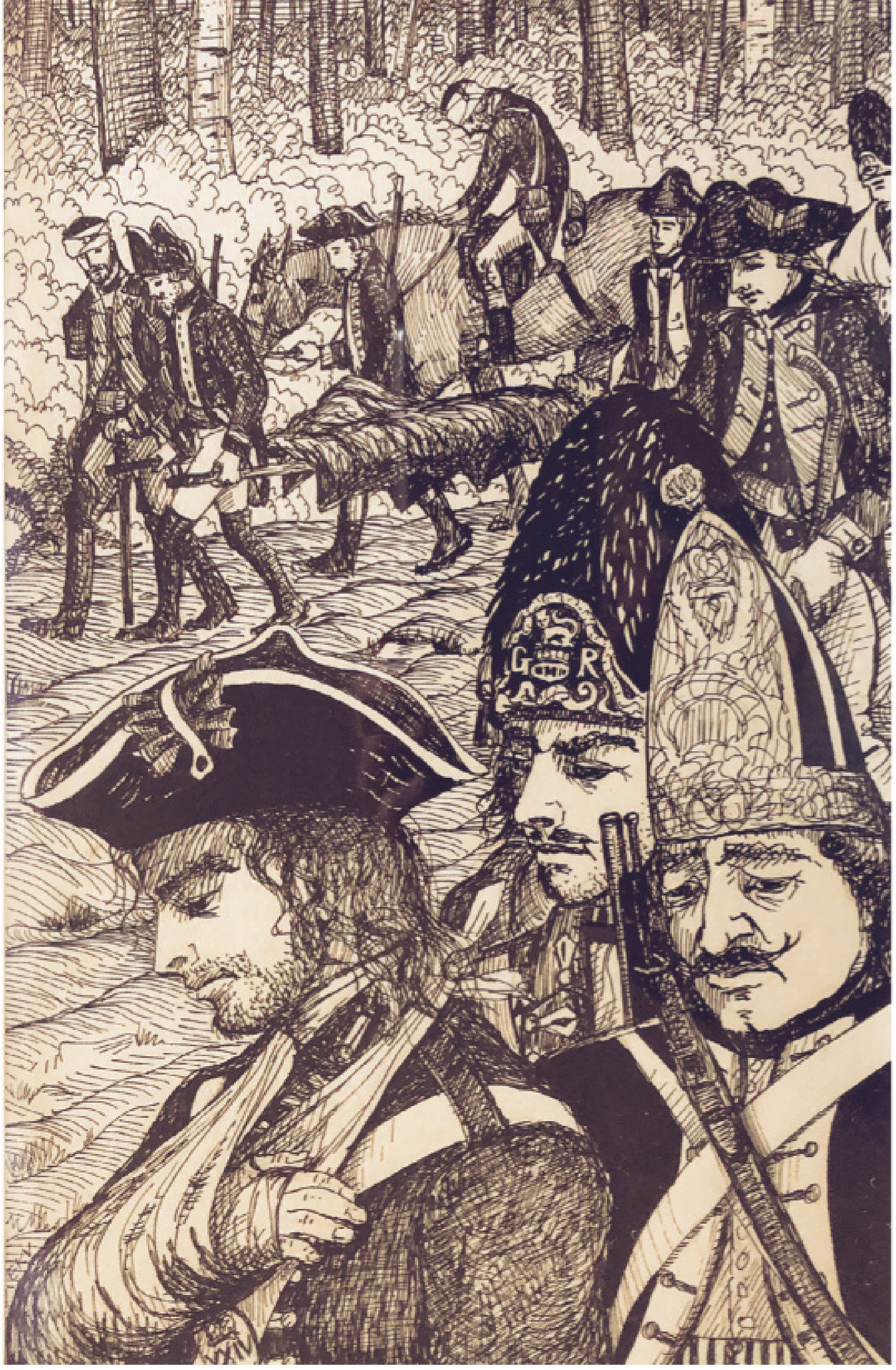


battalion left and advancing at the double up Monument Hill, where, on the opposite slope, Warner's regiments, in column, were poised to march to Castleton.

Fraser undoubtedly was seeking to achieve a precipitous victory before Riedesel, who outranked him, arrived to supersede him on the battlefield.

Warner and Colonel Ebenezer Francis, 34, quickly faced their troops right and advanced unsteadily. At the hill's crest, redcoats charged hard into the Americans, forcing them down to what Fraser later termed a "hill of less eminence." The rebels rallied, trading volleys with the foe at the murderous range of 60 yards. Below, at the brook, a British grenadier battalion led by Major John Dyke Acland captured most of the American stragglers, then marched beyond the British right flank to deny Warner's men the Castleton road. With two companies of light infantry leading, Acland rushed through a swale between two hills along the military road. Gaining the Castleton road, grenadiers pushed back Warner's own Green Mountain Continental regiment.

Americans mauled in the British hilltop charge had pulled back to a cornfield enclosed by a high U-shaped log fence. Briefly hunkering there, Warner's men, Francis's command, and troops from Major Benjamin Titcomb's 2nd New Hampshire regiment all came under determined attack. Acland's grenadiers hit Warner's left and Lindsay's light troops in the center facing Francis and Titcomb's line. Some of Lindsay's detached light infantry gained Pittsford Ridge; putting British muskets behind the Americans at the log fence. Warner tripped and fell; men thought him shot. Francis took a ball in the chest. Titcomb's New Hampshire men counterattacked, momentarily imperiling Fraser's left flank. The tilt was decidedly against the rebels, but British casualties were mounting. Fraser frantically summoned Riedesel. From his trailing



Agony of Defeat
Under German guard, American prisoners of war limp toward medical care at Fort Independence.

GREG HARLIN/MOUNT INDEPENDENCE HISTORIC SITE

column, the German shoved forward two elite units. Captain Carl von Geyso's green-jacketed jägers led, followed by Captain Maximilian von Schotellius's Brunswick grenadiers. Observing from Sargent Hill, Riedesel decided to flank the American right. He ordered the jäger drummers and hunting hornsmen to blare hymns; as the Europeans advanced, his soldiers bellowed the lyrics, unnerving the Americans.

Jäger riflemen and Brunswick grenadiers surrounded Titcomb's flank and rear. Riedesel's troops guaranteed Fraser victory, but not without snide commentary by their employers. "A party of Germans came up [in] time enough also *to share* [emphasis added] in the glory of the day," a British officer wrote later. "The regular fire they gave at a critical time was material service to us." The Germans had been of more than "material service"—they crushed a move by New Hampshire troops and others threatening the tottering British left flank, driving the rebels off the field. Seeing Titcomb's and Francis's lines give way, Warner, knowing the battle was lost, "poured out a torrent of execrations upon the flying troops," a fellow officer said later. With Francis down, Titcomb wounded and his right flank enveloped, and himself stunned by the onslaught of British grenadiers on his left, Warner called it a day. "Scatter and meet me in Manchester!" he shouted, triggering a scramble down the east side of Monument Hill. Americans fled up and over Pittsford Ridge toward Manchester. One man "took a tree and waited for them to come within shot," a rebel said later. "We fought through the woods, all the way to the ridge of the Pittsford mountain, popping away from behind trees."

This stuttering withdrawal meant the battle "lasted near three hours, before they attempted retreating, with great obstinacy," a British lieutenant wrote afterwards. The only remaining resistance was scattered rebel sniping, silenced as the British and Germans mopped up. The victors fashioned huts from bark to shield the many wounded from a brutal sun. Late in the day a torrential rain cooled the area.

On July 8, while the redcoats dressed wounds and buried the dead, the Germans, at speed, made for Skenesborough, 18 miles away. Told that Riedesel's troops had set a fierce pace, Fraser cracked, "[Riedesel] made a march rather more rapid than when he moved to my support." Unable to relocate his own command because he lacked provisions and ammunition and fearing a counterattack—scouts reported that the Americans "were gathering strength hourly"—Fraser set able-bodied prisoners to building log defenses around his camp. He need not have bothered; surviving rebels were hightailing it for Manchester and Rutland.

British troopers now plundered whatever Americans, dead or living, had not been able to escape from Hubbardton, relieving prisoners, corpses, and wounded men of personal and military effects. One officer noted, "great quantities of paper money [was taken] which was not the least regarded then, tho had we kept it, it would have been of service, as affairs turned out."

Hubbardton cost the Americans 375 men: 41 killed, and 96 wounded, with 238 recorded as captured. British and German casualties totaled 218, with 60 British and 10 German dead. The British had 134 wounded and the Germans 14; no redcoats or Brunswickers were captured. Most of the rebels captured were sick, disabled, or unmanageable stragglers—no great loss to the American ranks.

However, after crushing the American rear guard, the British failed to pursue; 67 percent of the surviving rebel soldiers escaped. In those brutal hours at Hubbardton, Warner and his men saved St. Clair's army from having to tangle with Burgoyne's. Warner knew his men, knew the ground they were fighting on, and knew their condition after a forced 20-mile march. Resting the night before the battle had allowed the American rear guard to be able to give as good as they got, if only temporarily, and in the process buy the precious time that St. Clair's equally tired and demoralized army so badly needed. The sacrifice at Hubbardton let St. Clair get his men out of harm's way and, in time, rally with Schuyler's forces at Fort Edward. Reinforced by St. Clair's men, Schuyler implemented a delaying strategy focused on denying the British control of the road to Albany. He also was depriving

Burgoyne's army, whose supply line stretched to Canada, of sustenance usually obtained from foraging locally. As much as any battlefield reverses, logistics defeated Burgoyne, an eventuality that Warner's action at Hubbardton cemented.

Burgoyne's losses at Hubbardton irreparably damaged his army, already thinned by ordering men to garrison Fort Ticonderoga and other captured outposts. This continuous stripping away of personnel, essential to maintaining his attenuated supply line, also wore at Burgoyne's combat readiness. When Fraser's Advance Corps fought at Saratoga in September, Burgoyne badly missed the crack troops, the grenadiers, and the light infantry who had been cut down at Hubbardton. On October 17, the American general Horatio Gates accepted Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, a defeat historians have long considered the hinge of the War of Independence, swinging France to the rebel side. It is not too much to speculate that Seth Warner's stand at Hubbardton may have been the rear guard action that saved America. ★

After Hubbardton

In August 1777, Brunswickers under Lieutenant Colonel Friedrich Baum left Burgoyne's army south of Fort Edward to raid Bennington, Vermont. The town was being defended by American under Brigadier General John Stark. Stark called on Seth Warner to defend Bennington's supply depot. Augmented by Warner's men, Stark met Baum's Germans, Loyalists and Indians five miles west of Bennington on the Walloomsac River. Stark soundly defeated Baum—perhaps an "ample revenge on account of the quarrel at Hubbardton."

Life on the frontier during wartime soon had Warner struggling with "complicated and distressing maladies, which he bore with uncommon fortitude and resignation, until deprived of his reason." He was 42 when he died on December 26, 1784. Fraser, his adversary at Hubbardton, was mortally wounded in the abdomen at Saratoga on October 7, 1777, and died the next day. At his request, Fraser was buried in Burgoyne's fortified line called the Great Redoubt. General Riedesel surrendered at Saratoga with Burgoyne. Briefly confined at Boston on parole, the Englishman returned to London the following year. The German remained a prisoner until October 1780, passing through Long Island and Quebec on the way to his native Brunswick. After six years' service under the Duke of Brunswick, Riedesel retired to his castle at Lauterbach to write his memoirs. He died in his sleep on January 7, 1800. He was 62.

Among Hubbardton's casualties, the luckiest may have been British major Alexander Lindsay, 6th Earl of Balcarres. Struck by "a musket ball that could have shattered his femur in his left leg," Lindsay wrote later that the round "glanced off a flint in his pocket and left him with only a slight flesh wound and contusion." Another round carried away the barrel and lock of Lindsay's musket as he held it. The young earl counted ten bullet holes in his uniform. "You may observe," Lindsay wrote his sister, "on this occasion I am not born to be shot whatever may be my Fate." Captured at Saratoga and held until 1779, he survived the war, dying in 1825 at age 73. Major Acland, 31, the grenadiers' commander, was not so lucky. Slightly wounded at Hubbardton, he was shot though both calves at Saratoga on October 7, 1777. Lindsay recovered in England only to succumb a year later to a cold caught during an early morning duel.

General John Burgoyne—"Gentleman Johnny"—as George Bernard Shaw dubbed him in his 1897 play, "The Devil's Disciple," set in America during the Saratoga campaign—survived the war. Himself a late-life success as a dramatist, Burgoyne wrote and saw produced a series of popular plays. He was 70 when he died in London in 1792. —*Bruce M. Venter*

Summer Soldiers
Annually on the anniversary, re-enactors replay the crucial battle fought at what is now Hubbardton, Vermont.

PHOTOS BY JENN MARCH

The Deep End

Inventor Leo Fender's greatest innovation was the Precision Bass

By Ian S. Port

Fender
PRECISION BASS

Leo Fender has long been recognized as a wizard of musical technology whose name became a brand, and whose gear powered countless bands. Fender most truly innovated in creating the Precision Bass, which in rock 'n' roll settings quickly supplanted the upright bass. Among innumerable players with whom the "P bass" found favor were legendary studio musicians Carol Kaye and James Jamerson.

The Fullerton, California, entrepreneur was key to the electric guitar's birth. In the early `50s he had a hit with the Telecaster, a solid-body six-string able to stand out in a crowded dance hall. Now Fender was pondering how to enable musicians in electrified combos to achieve what acoustic bass players historically had done for unamplified bands: deliver a compelling layer of rhythm.

The upright bass—most players used a 3/4-sized version more than six feet tall—was difficult to play, demanding not only strength to hold down and pluck 1/8"-thick strings, but also musical training or at least strong intuition. A musician had to know just where on the long fretless fingerboard to put a fingertip and produce the correct note. The big wooden box, sometimes called "the doghouse" for its bulk, was all but essential to most music because it knitted together the sound. On a standard 88-key piano there are 19 keys—nearly two octaves—below the lowest E note on a standard guitar. The guitar bottoms out at 82 hertz. However, humans can hear down to about 20 hertz. At these sonic depths, notes solidify into percussive thumps that give music power. A mezzo-soprano singing an aria won't get folks dancing, but a bass's simple, deep, repetitive rhythm will.

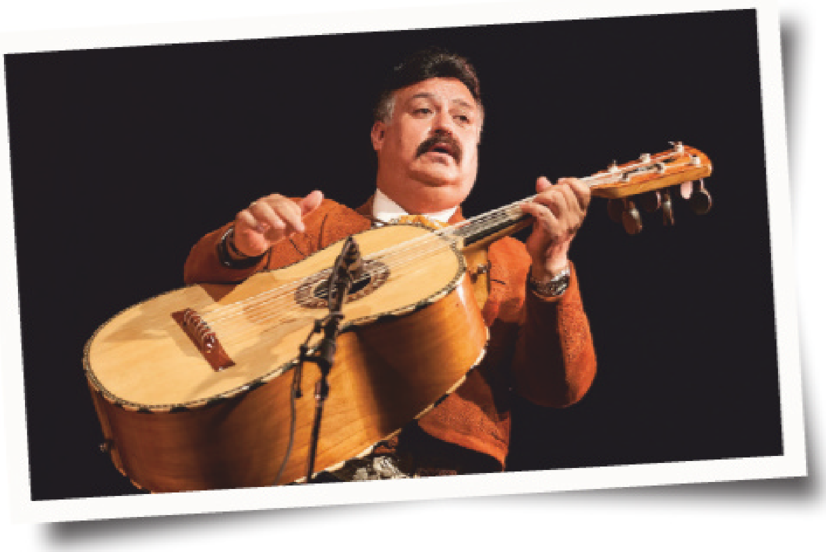
In modern bands, the upright bass was getting lost among the saxophones, trumpets, and now, electric guitars. Bassists couldn't even hear themselves—Fender often saw a player lean over to put an ear against his instrument, soaking up the vibrations through his skull. Notes on a bass fingerboard were farther apart than on those on a guitar neck. And the bass was awkward to transport, either stowed atop a vehicle in a canvas bag in hopes that it didn't rain or taking up the entire interior so that a bassist had to drive solo while the rest of the band was yukking it up in another car.

Described to a "P"
The P bass, as it also is known, got its name because players could count on hitting the same note in the same place every time.

NIGEL OSBOURNE/GETTY IMAGES

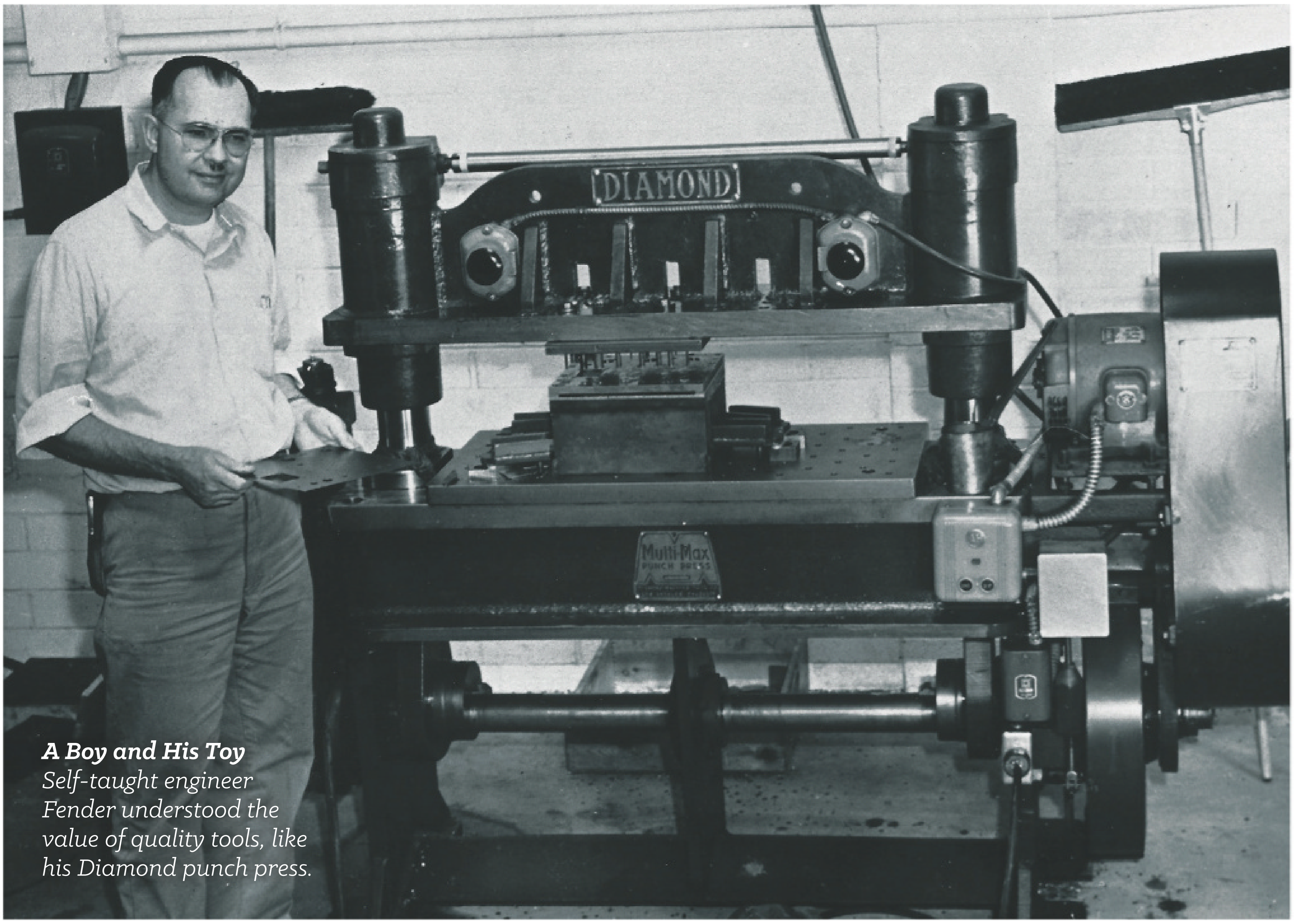
Holding It Down

In 1955, Elvis Presley, left, was still rocking to Bill Black's upright. The guitarrón, below being played in 2008 by Juan Jimenez, inspired Leo Fender's quest for an electric bass.



Out one evening for Mexican food with wife Esther, Leo Fender was listening to the restaurant's mariachi band when he focused on the musician playing a six-stringed bass instrument he held like a guitar. Watching the mariachi and his big-bodied *guitarrón*, Fender realized a guitar-shaped electric bass would solve a lot of problems. Players easily could adjust to the design, and be free to dance and move around, and if a bass guitar had a solid body and frets like a Telecaster, it could be thin and light and, driven by its own amplifier, get as loud as a player wanted.

Fender spent two years coming up with the Precision Bass, a name he chose "due to the fact that it is fretted and leaves no guesswork as to where the notes fall." The Precision looked different from any instrument on the market, like something from a science fiction movie. Leo had wanted the Precision to balance horizontally whether on a player's lap or hanging from a shoulder strap. To distribute the weight, he and assistant George Fullerton created a body with two horns curving out on either side of the neck, like flames on a hot rod. Other details, like the chrome knobs and bridge



A Boy and His Toy
Self-taught engineer Fender understood the value of quality tools, like his Diamond punch press.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: BETTMANN/GETTY IMAGES; JACK VARTOOGIAN/GETTY IMAGES; COURTESY OF RICHARD SMITH

One of the Guys
Kaye built a career as a session musician on a foundation in jazz, especially bebop.

GAB ARCHIVE/REDFERNS/GETTY IMAGES

cover, the translucent yellow finish and black pickguard, came straight from the Telecaster. For lack of anything to copy, Leo and George lost much sleep and endured many headaches. The result was Fender's most original creation.

Unveiled at a summer 1952 trade show, the Precision met with derision. Industry onlookers "were convinced that a person would have to be out of their mind to play that thing," a Fender salesman said. An industry magazine, beneath the headline "Portable String Bass Really New," wrote, "Obviously, the new bass is a big departure from the standard type of bass, as it is only one-sixth the size and is played in the same position as a guitar." However, the Precision's portability and durability, and the fact that a bassist playing one could place a fingertip in the same place as on a guitar and get the same note, only an octave lower, converted many doubters. Jazz writer Leonard Feather's enthusiastic coverage and endorsements by bassists like Roy Johnson of Lionel Hampton's big band built demand for what musicians initially called "the Fender Bass." In 1954 Fender brought out a second electric guitar based on the Precision body. The Stratocaster cemented the shape into the popular imagination. By the 1960s the P bass had become a fixture onstage and in recording studios.

One day in fall 1963, Carol Kaye, a session guitarist, arrived for a recording date at Capitol Records on Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles, California. As usual, Kaye nudged her Impala into a parking space barely ten minutes before the session and wearily opened the Chevy's trunk. In it were the half-dozen instruments a session picker was expected to have: an Epiphone hollow-body electric guitar, a solid-body Fender Jazzmaster, a 12-string acoustic guitar, and a six-string Danelectro electric bass, plus an amplifier. Carrying her amp, a guitar, and the Danelectro, which she often used in tandem with another bassist playing a Precision, Kaye trudged in, grabbed a cup of vending machine coffee, and looked at the session charts; another three-chord rock tune, most likely.

Kaye, the daughter of musicians, had amassed years of experience as an expert jazz player and guitar teacher. What she loved most was bebop, which took brains and fingers like nothing else; bop was to swing jazz what cubist painting was to classical portraiture—but improvised at a hundred miles an hour. By 1957, however, the hundreds of LA County jazz clubs where Kaye had earned her reputation as a picker had long since shuttered or been transformed into rock clubs. She had a choice: starve, move to New York, or play recording sessions. Kaye chose session work. Her first gig, at the invitation of storied rhythm and blues producer Bumps Blackwell, was backing Sam Cooke on "Summertime." Kaye worked her way into a corps of elite musicians who performed anonymously on nearly every disc coming from studios around LA. Employing uncredited pros was standard practice. Producers weren't about to let rock 'n' rollers, many of them still in high school, waste time and money with sloppy musicianship. They wanted experts who could read charts or invent clever parts, getting a song perfectly on tape in a few takes—even if in terms of talent it was like using a nuclear warhead to destroy an anthill, and in professional terms gigantically boring for aces like Carol Kaye.

Still, in 1963 Kaye, playing what she thought of as "idiot music," was earning good money. As a member of the American Federation of Musicians, she made $63 for three hours in the studio, during which a good group might lay down four or five songs. She did have a lot on her mind, though. She had three kids and no luck with men. Her third husband loathed the fact that she spent many long hours and late nights working with musicians and producers who often were black men. Recently he'd smacked her son so hard with a rake the boy had had to skip school and see a doctor, which sent his mother tumbling into a nervous breakdown. Later, Kaye would remember nothing about that day's session—except that the Fender bass player didn't show, and the producer chose her to replace him. Someone put a borrowed Precision in her lap and told her to play any line she thought would work. She'd never really played a Precision, which had four thick strings instead of her Danelectro's six skinny strings. The Precision's neck was significantly longer than the Danelectro's or an electric guitar's, but Kaye played the session. Afterwards she drove to the corner of

Adaptable
Kaye, rear, fluidly alternated among instruments, here playing guitar alongside Tommy Tedesco.

Sunset and Vine. At Fife and Nichols Music she bought two Precisions, then went straight home to practice on them.

Historically, the bass had played a supporting role, interlocking with the drums to form a rhythm section. Few songs came into the studio with written bass lines; session players were expected to invent them. Most studio bassists, electric or acoustic, did little more than plunk out single notes that went along with a song's chords. But from that first session on a Precision, Carol Kaye saw that the electric four-string sat at a crucial juncture in the studio, offering a unique opportunity. The Fender bass linked the pure percussion of the drums to every other melodic element in the group. Sitting at the bottom of the studio mix, playing Leo Fender's radical electric bass guitar, Kaye became the "bus driver," as she thought of it—the one player besides the drummer everyone else had to follow. By playing electric bass, not only did she get to drive, but she often got to choose the route, calling on the melodic fluency she'd learned in jazz.

A few months after that first P-bass session, the benefits of Kaye's helmsmanship were evident from the first moments of the O'Jays 45 "Lipstick Traces (On a Cigarette)." Kaye's Precision drove the song. She locked into Earl Palmer's drumming; the two seemed to meld into a single fat beat. Played with a heavy pick, the electric bass let her highlight every subtlety in the rhythm. Playing with such intricacy at such high volume would have been impossible on an upright. But the greater revelation was the way Kaye found to weave her bass line through a song's melody. In "Lipstick Traces," she painted variations in pitch that guided the singers, unifying groove and melody, rhythm and vocals, into a single movement. When she responded to what the singers were doing, the entire recording became more intense and athletic. Leo Fender's Precision bass, in Carol Kaye's hands, was helping to make music funkier, to make every layer of it more alive. She still played guitar on sessions, as on Phil Spector's 1964 production of the Righteous Brothers' "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling," but it wasn't like driving the bus.

A session musician's job is to make songs into hits, and producers soon found that having Kaye sit in on bass increased a record's chances of reaching the charts. She changed her listing in the local AFM directory, putting her name under "Fender bass" as well as guitar. Word spread that the former bebopper had a powerful new style. Soon Carol Kaye was the first bass player LA producers were calling for session work. Her rate for a three-hour session went to $104, then to $208. She left her husband, bought a house in LA's Toluca Lake neighborhood, and hired a live-in nanny. Her main problem was getting enough sleep, what with all the work she was getting, such as from Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys, who was worried that his band might be getting obsolete.

Wilson, who'd chosen Kaye to play guitar on early recordings by his band, was himself a bass player, and an acolyte of Phil Spector. He wanted to work with someone who could execute his very specific vision of the bass's role. Challenged by Bob Dylan's "Like a Rolling Stone" and the Beatles' album 1965 *Rubber Soul*, Wilson was pursuing a mature sound for the Beach Boys. Wilson made his old stage instrument, the Precision, now usually in Carol Kaye's hands, a prominent part of his work. A prime example was "Sloop John B," the first single from the

FROM LEFT: GAB ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES; JON SIEVERT/MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES

Then and Again
The Funk Brothers, right, in 1959 and left, in a later session with Little Stevie Wonder.

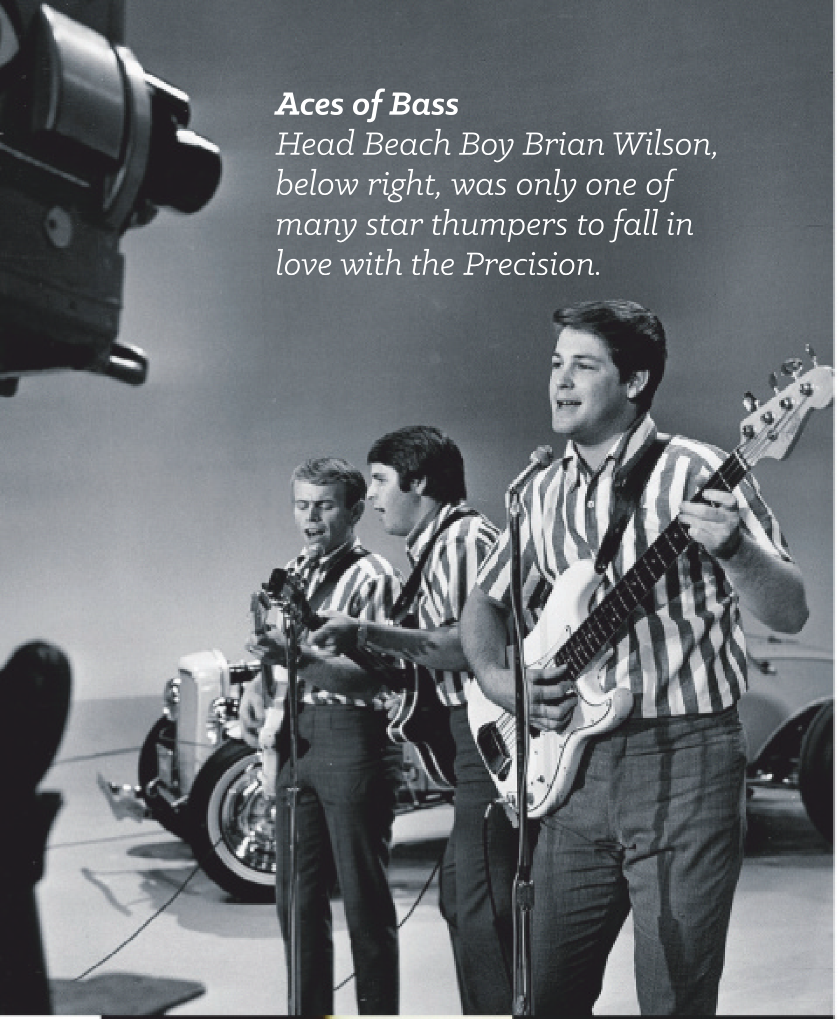
EVERETT; MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES

1966 LP *Pet Sounds*. The Beach Boys sang the opening lines a cappella, surrounded by flutes. Carol Kaye's bass rumbled in with the drums, yanking the idyll into a torrent of sound. A Bahamian folk tune about a ship and its sailors became, in Brian Wilson's composition, a refracted portrait of longing: "I feel so broke up/I want to go home." Carol Kaye's line followed the singers, seeming to identify with them, undergirding the rhythm but intertwining with their soaring melody. The song was impossible without her bass.

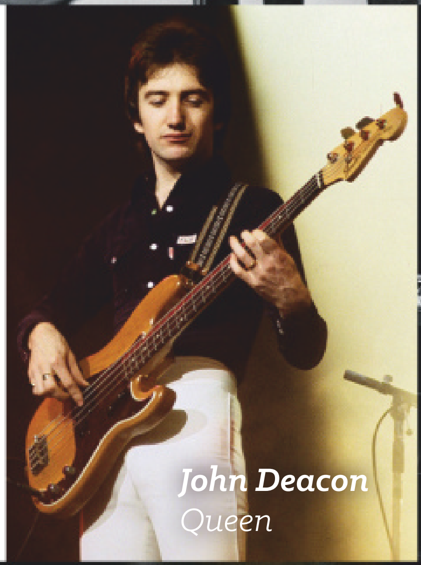
As Kaye was establishing herself as a first-call bassist in Los Angeles, halfway across the country another bass player had become essential to a project quite different from Brian Wilson's aesthetic jousting with Bob Dylan and the Beatles. James Jamerson was a light-skinned black man with blue eyes and a mischievous smile. Born in Edisto, South Carolina, Jamerson was 18 when he moved with his mother in 1954 to Detroit, Michigan, where he played upright bass in blues and jazz clubs, also taking up the Precision. For Jamerson as for many Motor City jazzmen, club work led to session work in studios such as a basement operation fledgling music executive Berry Gordy had set up for his label, Motown. In 1964, Jamerson used his upright to conjure the warm, swinging throb of "My Guy" by Mary Wells, helping send that song to No. 1 on the pop chart—the "white" chart, not the ostensibly "black" R&B chart. Gordy decided Jamerson was too important to be allowed to leave and put him on weekly retainer. The label head was building Motown, also known as Hitsville USA, into "the Sound of Young America," and he knew hits would come more easily with Jamerson's grooves.

In his studio work, Jamerson seemed to refuse to accept the anonymity long assigned bass players. Soon after joining Motown, he switched from upright to a 1962 sunburst Precision that became known as "the funk machine," famously never changing a string unless it broke. Keeping a technique

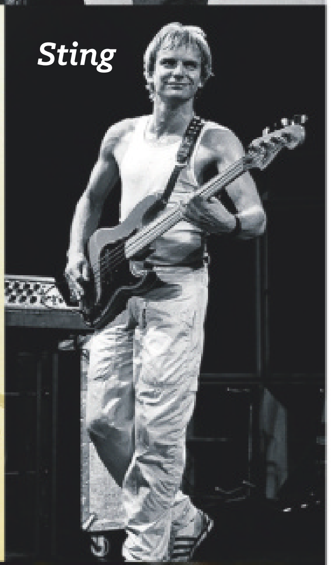
Down in the Bottom
Jamerson, here in 1977, had a gift for unspooling exactly the riff to define whatever material he was supporting.



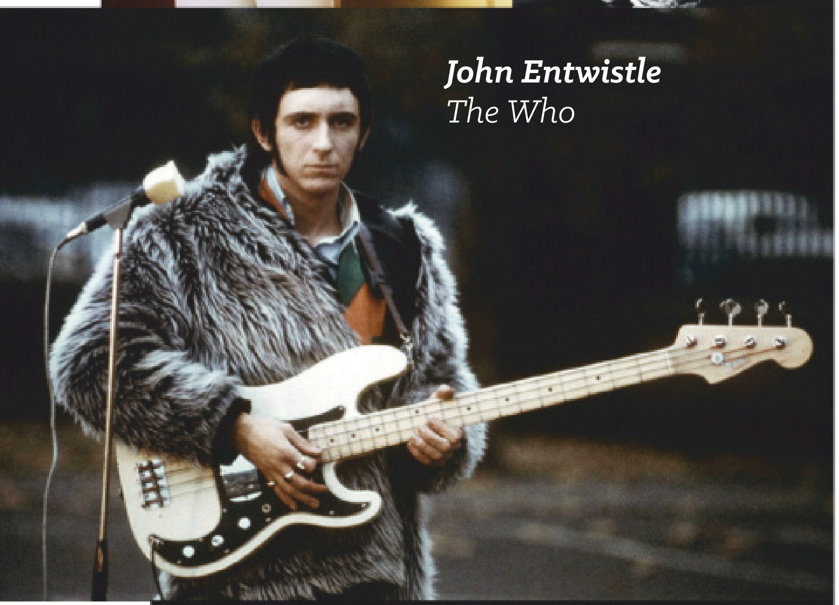
Aces of Bass
Head Beach Boy Brian Wilson, below right, was only one of many star thumpers to fall in love with the Precision.



John Deacon
Queen



Sting



John Entwistle
The Who

Phil Lynott
Thin Lizzy

dating to his days and nights on the upright, Jamerson plucked his Fender's strings with his right index finger. He and the rest of the Motown house band, known informally as the Funk Brothers, went uncredited, but they and the singers they backed were being heard more than ever.

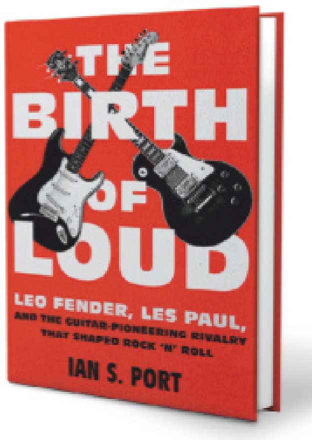
Three times in 1964 the Supremes put Hitsville USA at the top of the charts, with Jamerson's bass more prominent on each tune. "Baby Love," lifted by the cooing of Diana Ross, spent four weeks at No. 1 in the United States and England. On "Where Did Our Love Go," the bassist locked in with the piano, building a rhythm so fine and airy it seemed self-propelled. Motown installed an eight-track mixing console that had Jamerson's lines bouncing even more clearly through the chords to the Supremes' "Come See About Me." In 1965, for the Temptations' "My Girl," Jamerson invented an unforgettable introduction, becoming more adventurous on a Supremes 45, "Stop! In the Name of Love," another up-tempo No. 1. His signature restless style never remained still, underpinning the Four Tops' No. 1 "I Can't Help Myself (Sugar Pie, Honey Bunch)".

The output of Motown's writers, producers, musicians, and stars, polished by company quality-control efforts, were achieving Berry Gordy's ambition. By 1966 75 percent of Motown singles were entering the *Billboard* charts, compared with an industry average of 10 percent. From 1960 to 1969, according to critic and historian Jack Hamilton, Motown recordings charted at the astonishing rate of one every week and a half.

The Beatles adored the Motown sound, trying their best to copy it down to the intricate bass lines by that unnamed funk master. "It was [Jamerson], me, and Brian Wilson who were doing melodic bass lines," Paul McCartney said later. "All from completely different angles: LA, Detroit, and London, all picking up on what each other did."

The persistence of those Jamerson grooves carried a particular historic significance. For decades, black American musicians had innovated, while white players commercialized and profited. With a few exceptions, the American pop industry largely reflected the country's sharp racial division. Labels, the press, and radio generally preserved a separation between radical adventurous new black sounds and safe, salable white sounds. Executives, parents, and politicians believed they had to protect white youth from black music. It was a commonplace in white industry circles that black stars couldn't cross the color line to mass popularity. To make it to the very top of the music business, you pretty much had to be white.

Motown's success changed that mindset. By 1966, this black-owned company's black artists were dominating the once-white American charts—and not with one style or star, but with a rotating roster of Detroit performers and sounds. Unlike in earlier eras, when white imitators quickly covered and watered down black material, Motown's output was less easy to co-opt, because Motown was an empire tightly controlling its product from tempo to arrangement to performers' diction and deportment. Not every Motown release was a hit, and not every song was a classic, but in the label's heyday, Motown conquered the white mainstream, and at its sound's rumbling core was Leo Fender's P bass in the hands of the brilliant James Jamerson. ★


THE BIRTH OF LOUD
LEO FENDER, LES PAUL, AND THE GUITAR-PIONEERING RIVALRY THAT SHAPED ROCK 'N' ROLL
IAN S. PORT

From *The Birth of Loud: Leo Fender, Les Paul, and the Guitar-Pioneering Rivalry That Shaped Rock 'n' Roll* by Ian S. Port. Copyright @ 2019 by Ian S. Port. Reprinted by permission of Scribner, a division of Simon & Schuster Inc.

FROM TOP: MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES; RICHARD E. AARON/GETTY IMAGES; EBET ROBERTS/GETTY IMAGES; CHRIS MORPHET/GETTY IMAGES; DAVID CORIO/GETTY IMAGES

COURTESY OF CAROL KAYE

Oh, Carol

HOW MANY PRECISIONS HAVE YOU HAD? The Fender bass was my second instrument. When I went into studio work in 1957 to support my kids, I was a jazz guitarist, playing fills, rhythm, and lines for Sam Cooke and others. I accidentally got into Fender bass in 1963 when someone didn't show up for a date. I liked inventing lines for rock, pop, and soul on bass better than playing guitar, so I bought two Precisions. In my busy years, I didn't even have time to change strings, so every two or three years I'd trade in one Precision—to get new strings. I probably had five or six, and after 1976 two or three more. They weren't great instruments but with good necks, pickups, and strings they got the job done. I don't recommend Fenders today—except the Mexican-made Jazz bass, which is very good. I used other basses, too, but for the past 16 or 17 years I've stuck with the Ibanez 700 SRX.

WHAT MAKES A SUCCESSFUL BASS LINE? A successful bass line has great time sense, makes a proper outline statement and answer, and supports the artist with structured lines and occasional fills while leaving good spaces. The bass congeals the band into a whole according to the arrangement—if there is one—or the tune's style. Playing bass is not about you, it's about making a difference by being on the bottom. You have to make everyone else sound great. Gelling with the drummer is a must—you're the "note" connecting rest of the band.

WHERE DO GREAT BASS LINES COME FROM? From your experience as a musician. Only the finest—top of the pile of union pros, especially those of us from the pre-rock worlds of jazz and big-band music—were chosen to be studio musicians. In jazz you invent every note you play according to what's going on around you. This art is critical in studio work.

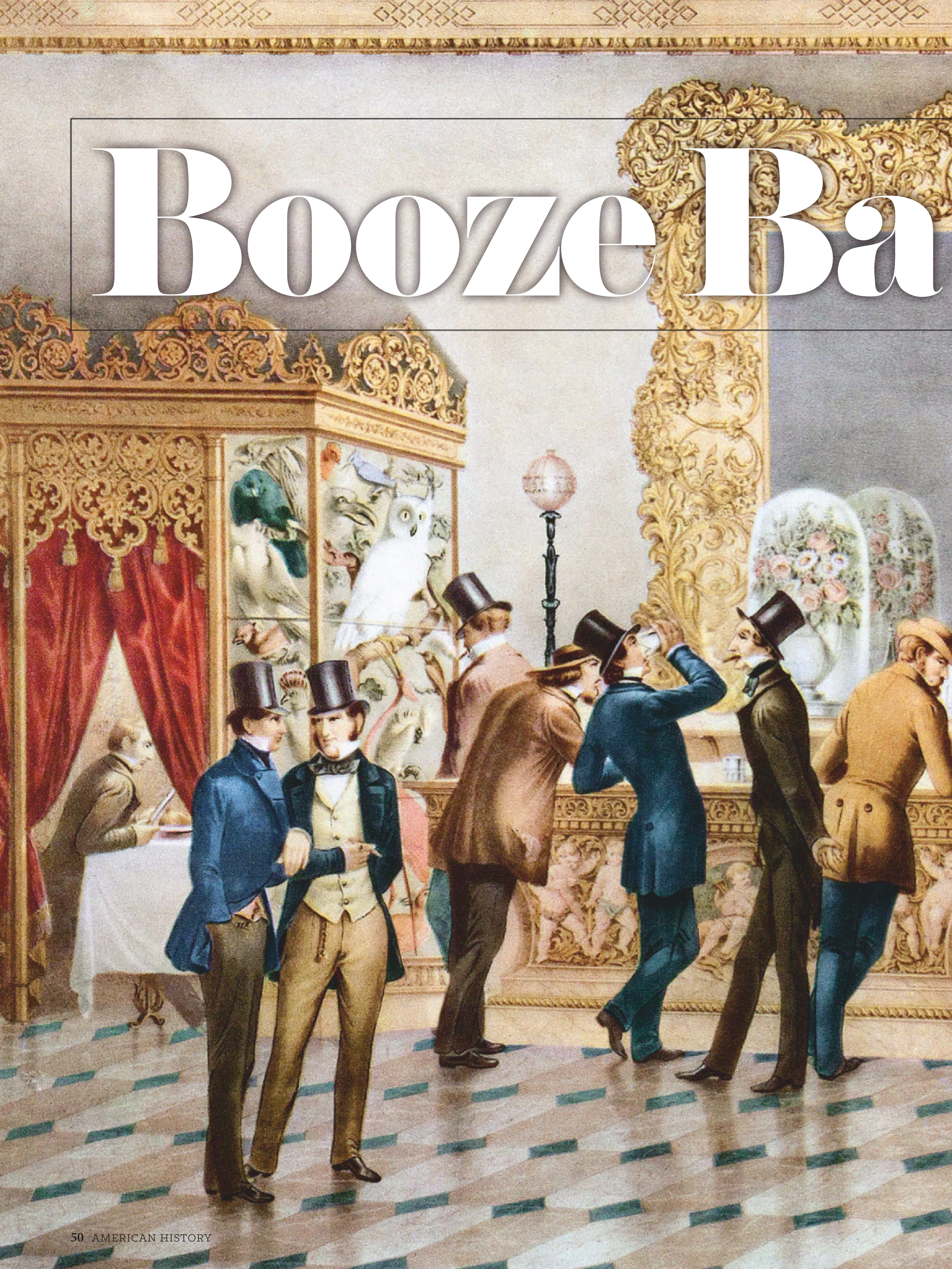
DO ANY OF YOUR RIFFS STAND OUT FOR YOU? I have no favorites. It's been thousands of lines—I did over 10,000 record dates and movie calls, which amounted to 40,000-plus songs and movie and TV cue lines.

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO? I'm teaching jazz on Skype. I've written 48-plus bass and guitar courses, books, DVDs, and produced many CDs from my catalog. I love being able to pass along real musicianship. I enjoy hearing from former students and those who did well with my tutorials worldwide. I'm also enjoying music again. Studio musicians sometimes record 16 hours a day, so you like coming back to a quiet house to refresh yourself. But now I have music going at home—jazz, classical, standards, and older styles I grew up with—so much great music.

DOES EGO SERVE MUSICIANS? Unlike today, from the `40s through the `70s we never had ego. It's dismaying to see selfish ego ruin so much natural music. It's self-destructive. I'm hoping that newer generations learn from the mistakes of "me-me-me" and go for the music, as musicians used to do. That's the joy—not showing off but immersing yourself in the music with no thought of yourself. Music is a healer; it's life itself.

Editor's note: *Carol Kaye eventually worked more than 10,000 recording sessions and authored best-selling books on musical technique. She is the subject of the documentary* First Lady of Bass. *At* carolkaye.com, *she offers one-on-one lessons by Skype as well as her books, recordings, and videos. James Jamerson was 47 when he died in 1983 in Los Angeles of complications from cirrhosis of the liver. His towering reputation has earned Jamerson numerous posthumous accolades, including initiation into the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame and pride of place in* Standing in the Shadows of Motown, *a 2002 documentary about the Funk Brothers.* ***—Michael Dolan***

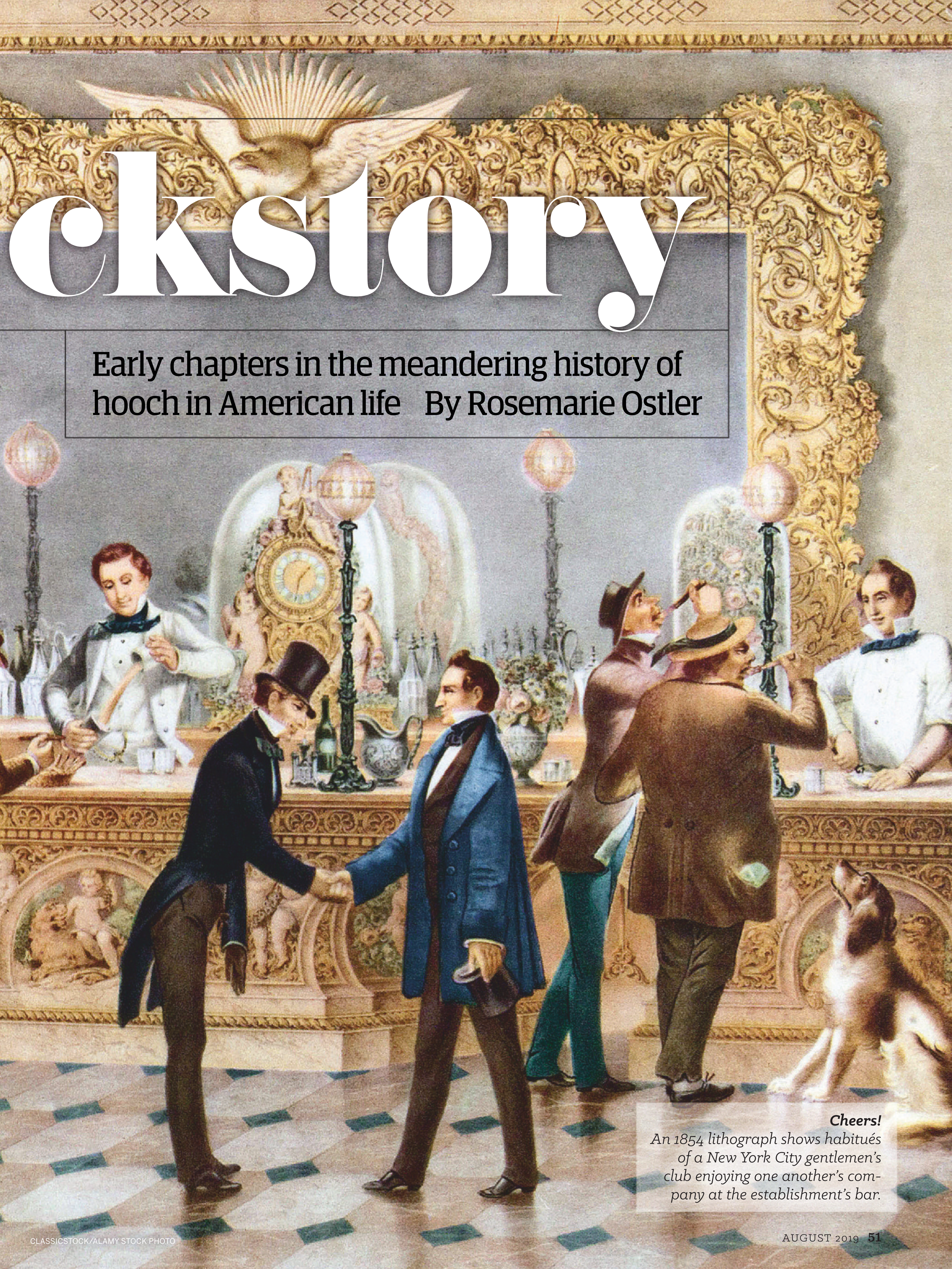
Booze Ba



ckstory

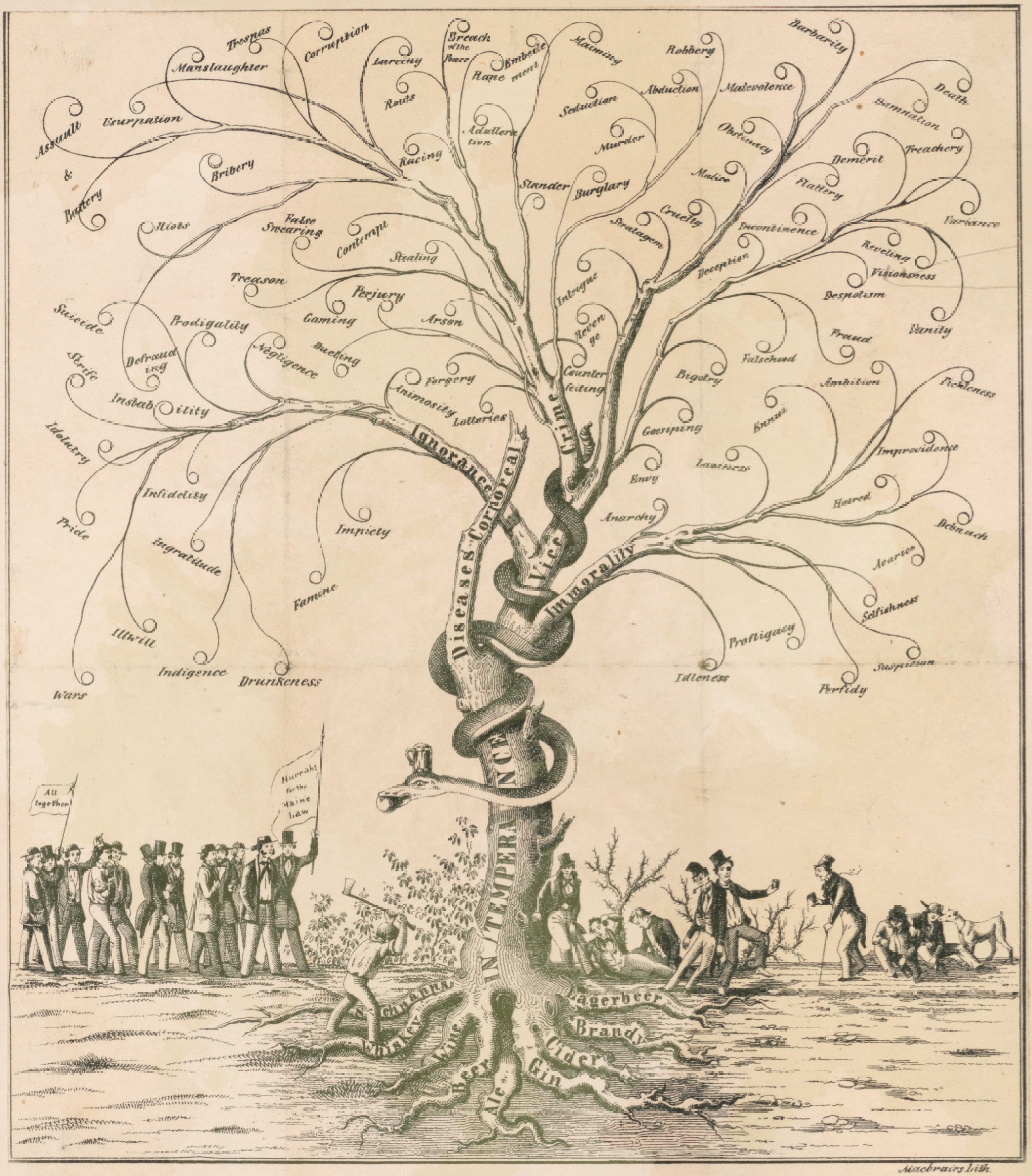
Early chapters in the meandering history of hooch in American life

By Rosemarie Ostler



Cheers!
An 1854 lithograph shows habitués of a New York City gentlemen's club enjoying one another's company at the establishment's bar.

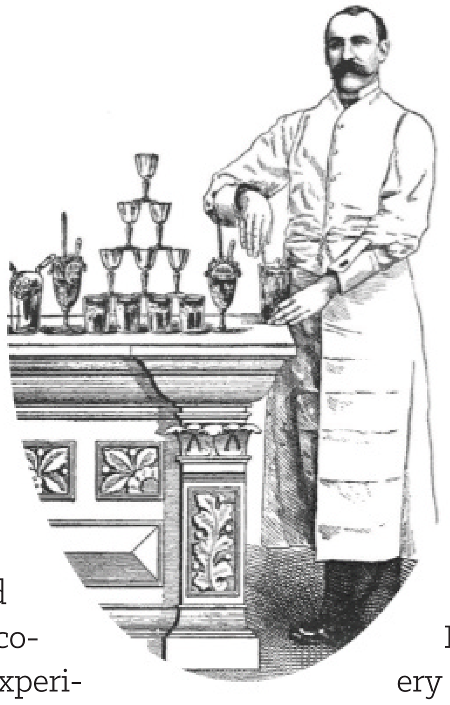
CLASSICSTOCK/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO


Trespas
Corruption
Manslaughter
Larceny
Breach of the Peace
Rape
Embezzlement
Maiming
Robbery
Barbarity
Assault & Battery
Usurpation
Routs
Adulteration
Seduction
Abduction
Malevolence
Death
Damnation
Bribery
Racing
Murder
Obstinacy
Demerit
Treachery
Slander
Burglary
Malice
Flattery
Riots
False Swearing
Contempt
Stratagem
Cruelty
Incontinence
Variance
Stealing
Deception
Reveling
Visionsness
Treason
Perjury
Intrigue
Despotism
Suicide
Prodigality
Gaming
Arson
Revenge
Vanity
Fraud
Strife
Defrauding
Negligence
Dueling
Counterfeiting
Falsehood
Bigotry
Ambition
Fickleness
Forgery
Instability
Animosity
Lotteries
Crime
Gossiping
Ennui
Improvidence
Idolatry
Ignorance
Corporeal
Envy
Laziness
Infidelity
Impiety
Anarchy
Hatred
Pride
Vice
Debauch
Ingratitude
Diseases
Immorality
Avarice
Famine
Selfishness
Illwill
Profligacy
Suspicion
Indigence
Drunkeness
Idleness
Perfidy
Wars
All together
Hurrah! for the Maine Law
INTEMPERANCE
Schnapps
Whiskey
Wine
Beer
Ale
Gin
Cider
Brandy
Lagerbeer
Macbrairs Lith.

TREE OF INTEMPERANCE

BY A. D. FILLMORE.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1855 by A D Fillmore in the Clerks Office for the District Court of Ohio



Limbs of Evil
Advocates of temperance (opposite) have long waged campaigns against liquor's allure.

Americans have been mixing and downing fancy alcoholic concoctions—and writing about the experience—at least since 1803. On April 28 of that year, the *Farmer's Cabinet*, an Amherst, New Hampshire, newspaper, featured a comic story about a "lounger" that included the comment "Drank a glass of cocktail—excellent for the head." Within a few decades, any American tavern worth its rail was offering a variety of mixed drinks, many with intriguing names such as "stone fence" and "Knickerbocker," not to mention a plethora of slings, flips, juleps, smashes, and cobblers. Most of these have drifted into obsolescence, but before they did they established an American cocktail tradition.

Cocktails came naturally to a people inclined to crooking the elbow. Inheriting European habits, most early Americans avoided water, not only out of fear of pollution but also a conviction that drinking alcoholic beverages was more healthful. Brewing purified the water used in the process, and the result kept fresh longer than barreled water. The Pilgrims and other colonists packed their ships' holds with beer and distilled spirits that would last through the voyage and, once settled, began brewing with local ingredients. To preserve the fruits of their labor, orchard growers made hard cider.

Colonial mores scorned public drunkenness but considered regular daily alcohol intake normal and healthy. Before breakfast a typical adult swallowed a couple of throat-clearing "phlegm cutters" made with rum, brandy, or other spirits. Consumption continued through the day, with even children washing down meals by drinking relatively low-alcohol beer and cider. Employers provided farmhands and laborers with daily alcohol rations to loosen sore muscles and lubricate tasks. House and barn raisings, funerals, and other community events called for ample alcoholic refreshment. Women considered it coarse to slug down shots of hard spirits, preferring alcohol-based cordials and medicinal elixirs.

Colonial America favored rum, usually diluted with water but also as bumbo, a mixture of rum, sugar, water, and nutmeg; calibogus (rum and beer); cherry bounce (rum and cherry juice); and stone fence (rum and cider). American colonials imported rum from the British West Indies, part of the "triangle trade" that transported slaves from Africa to the British sugar islands and shipped colonial products to Britain and the American colonies. Americans also made domestic rum from imported West Indian molasses; the first American rum distillery opened in Boston in 1700. By mid-century Boston had 30 rum distilleries, another 30 dotted Newport, Rhode Island, and others stood across New England.

Most 18th-century mixed drinks were punches—blends of spirits with fruit juices and even milk, flavored with sugar and spices and, varying by season, served hot or cold from a large bowl, usually to a convivial crowd. The active ingredient might be brandy, cognac, gin, whiskey, wine, rum, sherry, or port, with rum and whiskey the preferred active ingredients. Members of the Schuylkill Fishing Company of Pennsylvania, a group of anglers who in 1732 formed the first social club in the colonies, were renowned for Fish-House Punch, which got its kick from rum, peach brandy, and cognac.

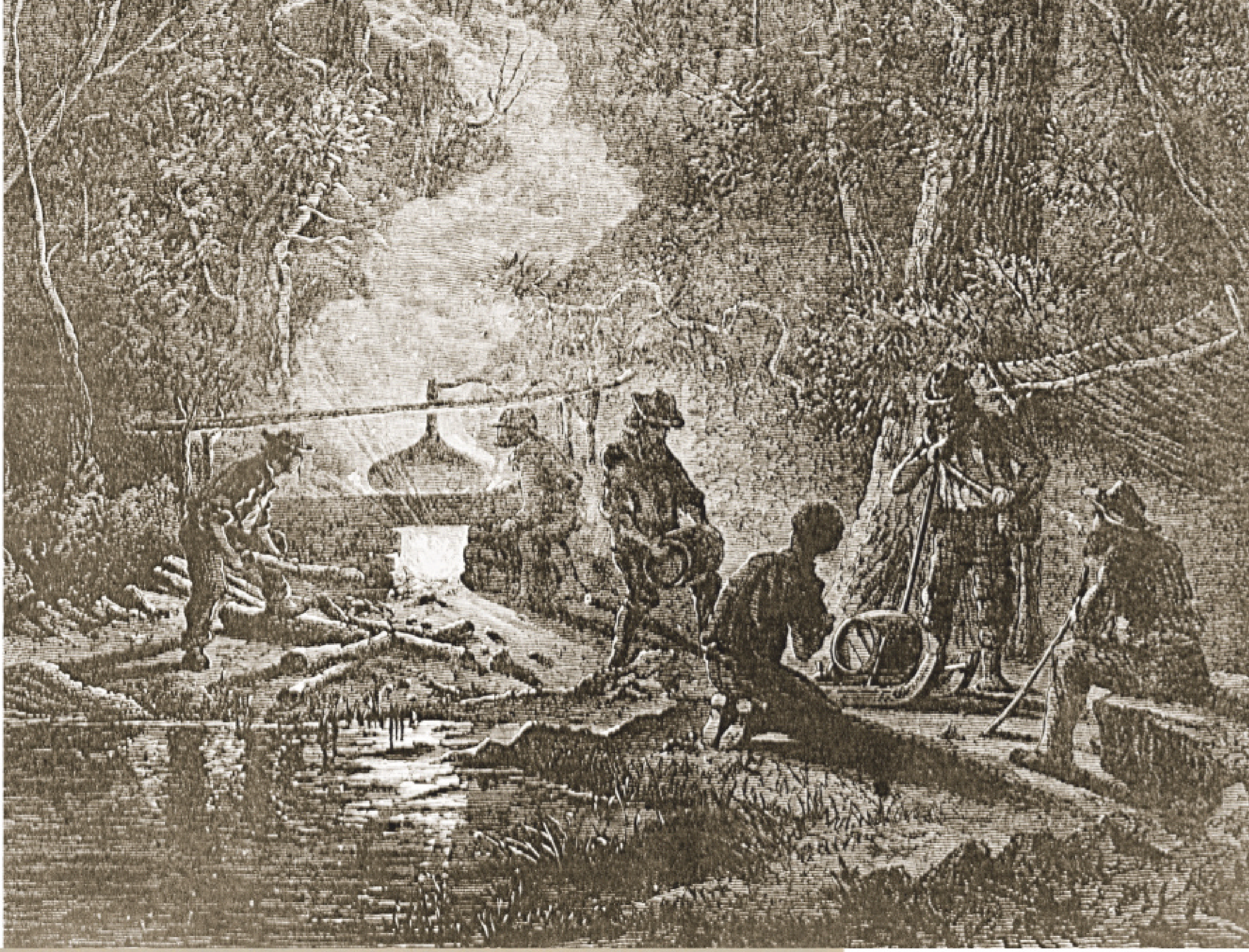
Most towns had at least one tavern. Besides providing travelers with lodging and meals, these "third places" offered locals a hospitable spot at which to gather, whether socially or for a collective purpose, such as political meetings, at which the back-and-forth benefited from the barman's ministrations. Ambitious office-seekers hoping to be elected to colonial assemblies such as the Virginia House of Burgesses hosted barbecues and other events featuring beer and spirits, a practice known as "swilling the planters with bumbo."

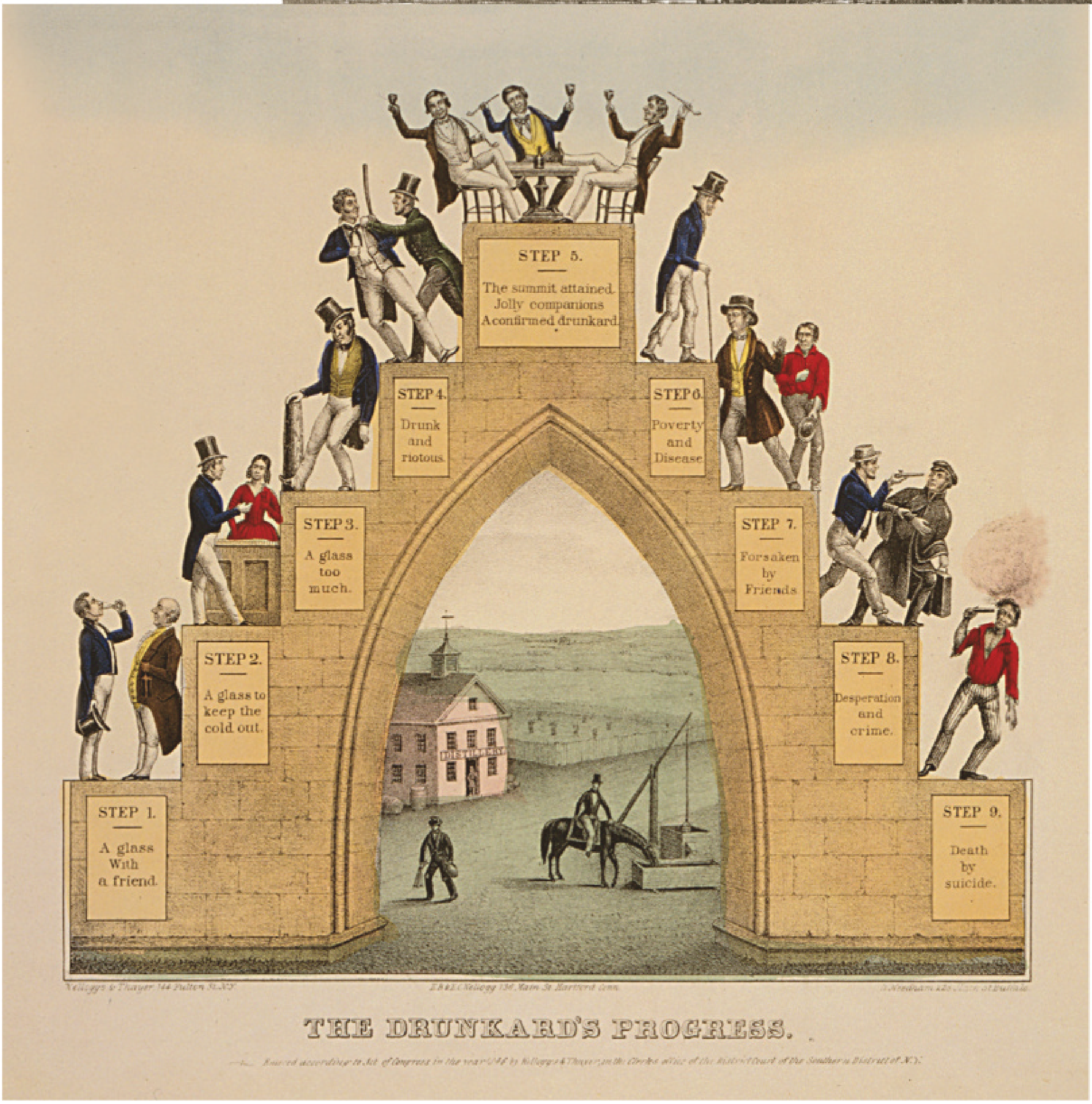
Whiskey was popular as a way to commodify grain—compact, highly prized, easily transported. Beer and cider in wooden kegs kept for many weeks—barrels of beer made it across the ocean from England to North America and still were potable—but distilled spirits kept even longer. Because liquor was more potent, settlers transporting it to isolated rural areas didn't need to carry as much. If out of range of store-bought booze, hinterlanders had the option of setting up a still and boiling mash themselves, using surplus grain.

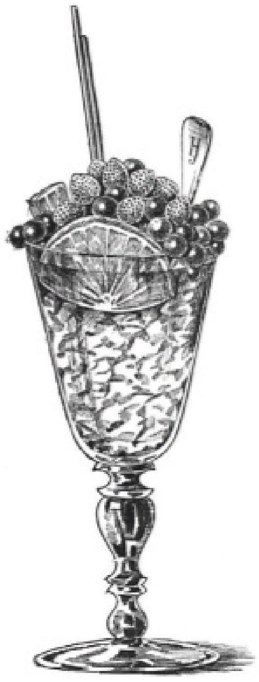
Domestic distilling blossomed amid the Revolutionary War, which severely curtailed rum and molasses imports. Wheat and rye had fans among distillers, but most Americans of the era made whiskey from corn. During the Revolution, the Continental Army allotted soldiers four ounces of spirits a day, with extra drink distributed before battles and at other times of profound need. By the 1780s, corn whiskey had far outpaced rum as the staple American spirit. Bourbon County, Virginia, later the fifth county of the new state of Kentucky, produced a prodigious amount of corn whiskey, leading to the

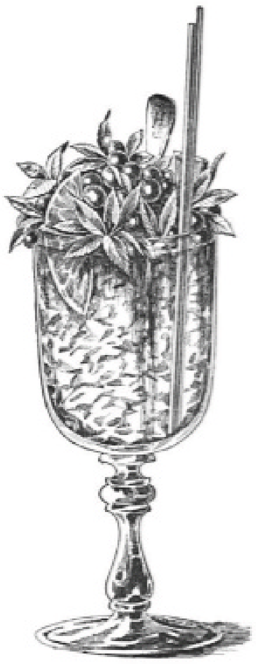
OPPOSITE PAGE: LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; THIS PAGE: THE NEW AND IMPROVED ILLUSTRATED BARTENDERS' MANUAL

Tipple Tension
Besides the social pressure against drinking that foes brought to bear (below), alcohol, a valuable commodity, came in for taxation. To escape "revenuers" enforcing the law, some distillers ran covert operations (right). Outlaw or legitimate, whiskey fueled concoctions like cobblers and juleps.




STEP 1. A glass with a friend.
STEP 2. A glass to keep the cold out.
STEP 3. A glass too much.
STEP 4. Drunk and riotous.
STEP 5. The summit attained. Jolly companions A confirmed drunkard.
STEP 6. Poverty and Disease.
STEP 7. Forsaken by Friends.
STEP 8. Desperation and crime.
STEP 9. Death by suicide.
DISTILLERY
Kelloggs & Thayer 144 Fulton St. N.Y.
E.B. & E.C. Kellogg 136 Main St. Hartford Conn.
THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.



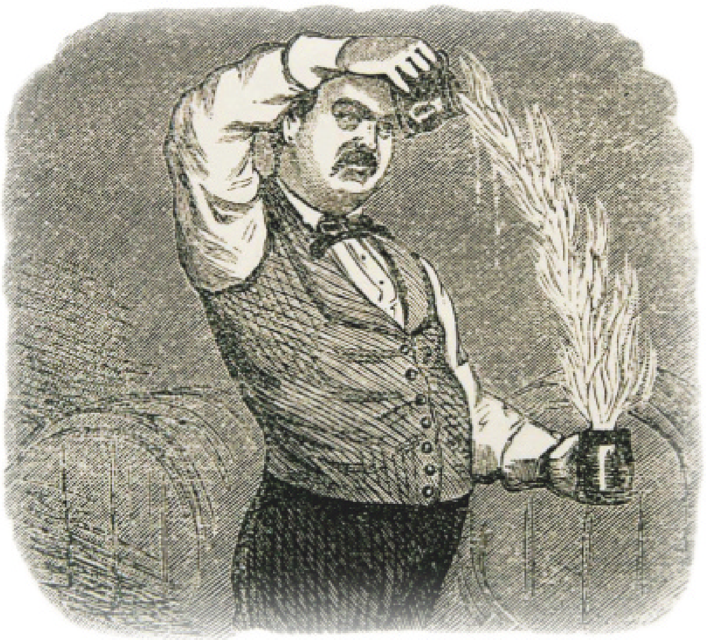


CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; THE NEW AND IMPROVED ILLUSTRATED BARTENDERS' MANUAL (2); LIBRARY OF CONGRESS designation "bourbon." In 1797, former president George Washington built a distillery on the grounds of his home at Mount Vernon, Virginia. In 1799, the year of his death, Washington's mash house produced 11,000 gallons of rye and corn whiskey (see sidebar, p 57).

Beer and wine provided the basis for 'alf and 'alf, a 50/50 mix of dark and light ale; shandygaff (beer plus non-alcoholic ginger beer); and sangaree, usually made of port, sherry, or other wine mixed with sugar and nutmeg. A version made with porter was called porteree. Sangaree is probably related to the Spanish sangria, a mix of fruit and red wine.

As 1800 neared, the communal punch bowl gave way to drinks mixed individually—the earliest versions of the modern cocktail, though not so labeled. *Cocktail* at first referred to a specific recipe, like a version mentioned in the May 13, 1806, Hudson, New York, *Balance and Columbian Repository*. Answering a reader query, the editor writes, "Cock tail [sic] … is a stimulating liquor, composed of spirits of any kind, sugar, water, and bitters," a potent tool for politicians "because a person, having swallowed a glass of it, is ready to swallow anything else."

Gradually Americans came to understand the term *cocktail* to mean any alcoholic concoction individually mixed and served by the glass. The etymology is vague. In a 1945 supplement to his book, *The American Language*, whiskey-loving journalist H. L. Mencken proposes several origin stories.



Barroom Bravado
Tyros learning to mix fiery"Blue Blazers" should practice with cold water, a barkeep manual warns.

One popular theory has the word originating in New Orleans around 1800. Antoine Peychaud, a Haitian-born New Orleans apothecary who in 1830 invented a brand of bitters—an alcoholic infusion of roots and herbs that bears his name and is integral to the Sazerac cocktail—sometimes gets credit. Legend holds that Peychaud served "medicinal" doses of spirits in egg cups—in French, coquetiers, perhaps corrupted into "cocktails." However, use of cocktail preceded his apothecary shop. An alternate explanation has French roots—in *coquetel*, a mixed drink popular in 18th-century Bordeaux that French officers introduced to Americans during the Revolution

Use of "cock" to refer to the spigot on a whiskey barrel figures in yet one more origin story: Draining nearly empty barrels, barmen combined the dregs, selling the admixture cheaply as *cock-tailings*. Or perhaps the term came from cock-ale, a jolt of bitters and spirits supposedly fed fighting cocks about to enter the ring, or the way a swallow made an imbiber perk up like a horse cocking its tail. Spirits historian David Wondrich in *Saveur* in 2016 traced the name to a prerace ginger suppository administered to racehorses.

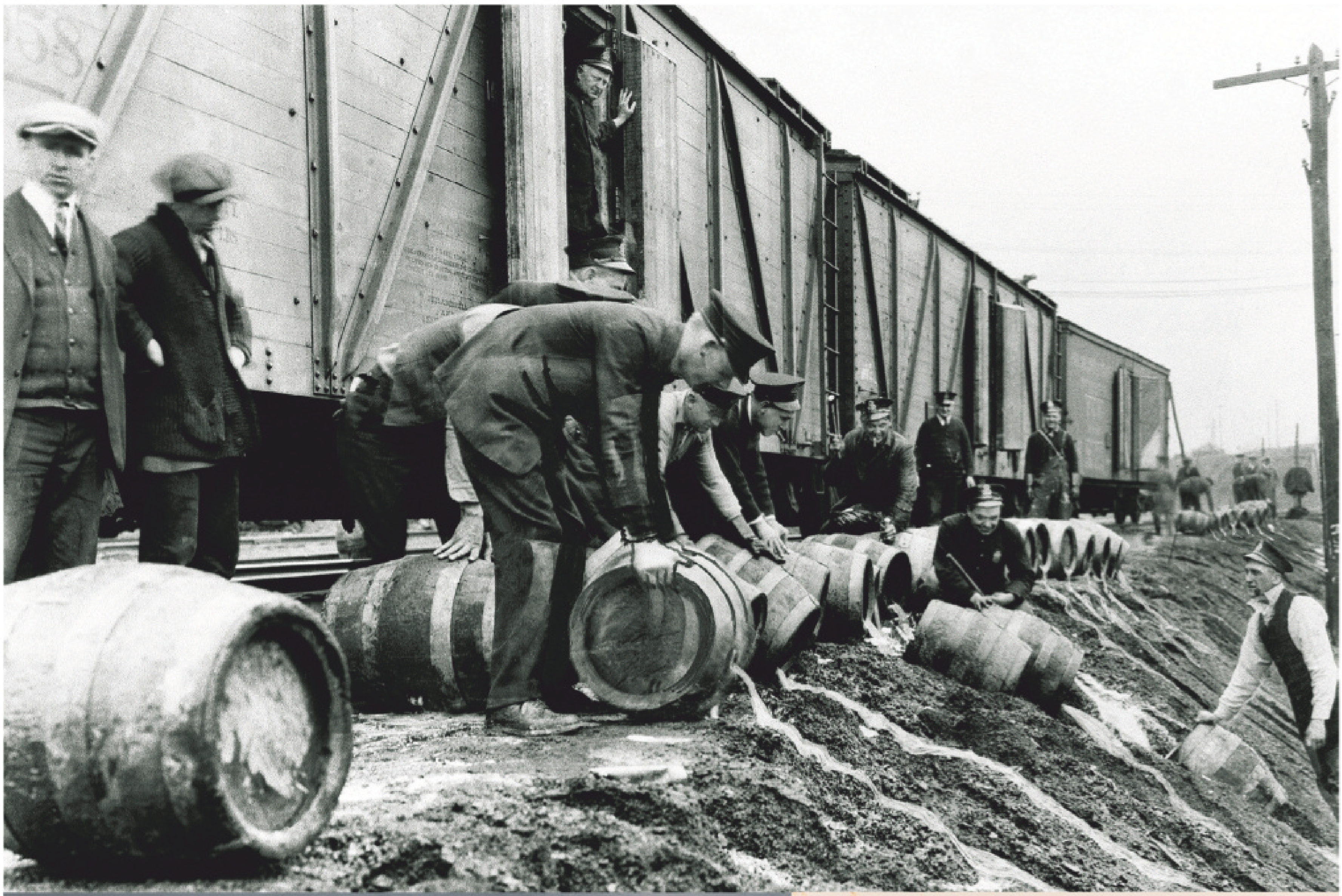
Wherever "cocktail" came from, by the 1800s Americans had the mixed-drink habit. In his 1848 *Dictionary of Americanisms*, philologist John Russell Bartlett lists 59 drinks like mint julep, sherry cobbler, and milk punch, collected by studying menus from fashionable bars.

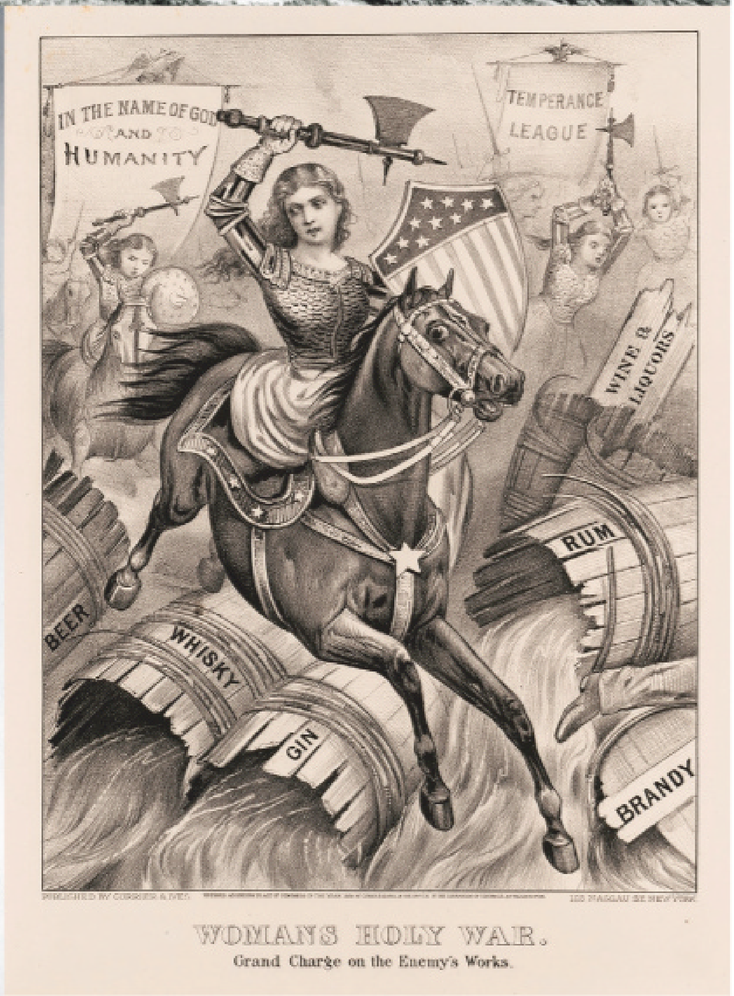
An 1862 booklet, *How to Mix Drinks, or the Bon-vivant's Companion,* by Jerry Thomas, offers 236 recipes—a few, like lemonade, intended for teetotalers. Many recipes are variations on themes. According to both Bartlett and Thomas, the cocktail at that time was still a specific mixture. A given recipe used brandy, champagne, gin, or whiskey, plus a little water, a large shot of bitters, sugar syrup, and possibly other flavorings. Several recipes added a dash of Curaçao, a liqueur made from oranges. The "Japanese cocktail" contained orgeat syrup (made from barley or almonds and orange flower water). The "Jersey cocktail" substituted cider for water. Thomas notes that many drinkers considered cocktails "good in the morning as a tonic."

Another popular kick-starter, especially in the South, was the julep—a tall iced glass of bourbon, gin, or brandy with mint leaves, sugar, and sometimes fruit, crushed or muddled. Bartlett lists 11 juleps, ranging from plain mint to pineapple and strawberry. Virginians claimed to have invented the julep, whose name came from the Arabic for "rosewater." Encountering the julep while traveling America in the 1830s, English writer Frederick Marryat declared that "with the thermometer at 100°" the julep was "one of the most delightful and insinuating potations that ever was invented." A julep in a smaller glass was a smash.

The cobbler combined sugar, lemon, and ice garnished by orange slices and berries with wine, usually sherry, served in a tall glass with a straw. Some mix-masters went with sauterne, red Bordeaux, brandy, or Champagne. Similar ingredients went into slings, served hot or cold and made, according to Thomas, using brandy, whiskey, or gin.

The flip was a mix of beer, sugar, and nutmeg, sometimes enhanced by beaten egg whites. Thomas says a barman prepared this drink by whipping egg whites to a froth in one pitcher and stirring the other ingredients in a second, then pouring the contents back and forth until thoroughly blended

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WOMANS HOLY WAR.
Grand Charge on the Enemy's Works.

Dark Days for Drinkers
Clockwise from top: The 1919 ratification of the 18th Amendment emptied kegs, gratified teetotalers, and horrified booze-loving journalist H.L. Mencken.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: EVERETT COLLECTION HISTORICAL/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO; LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; ARTHUR MILLER/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO

and plunging a red-hot poker into the mixture to heat it. The beaten egg whites' fleecy appearance led some to call flips "a yard of flannel." A simpler sipper, combining brandy or whiskey, sugar, and boiling water and often drunk after dinner, was the hot toddy, whose name is part of a University of Mississippi football cheer.

Skilled bartenders, such as those whose drinks are listed in Bartlett's dictionary, invented one-of-a-kind specialty cocktails. A "Moral Suasion" poured peach brandy, cognac, and flavorings over cracked ice. The "Knickerbocker" started with lemon or lime juice, adding rum, raspberry syrup, and a dash of Curaçao—the last also incorporated into the "Pousse Café," a multilayered cocktail in which carefully poured liqueurs' differing densities create two to seven varicolored layers. The "White Lion," akin to a Knickerbocker, also uses Curaçao, plus sugar. The "Dead Beat"—ginger soda and whiskey—was "taken by hard drinkers after a night's carousal," according to Bartlett. Other items he lists, such as bust head and bug juice—referring to cheap whiskey—and tangle leg, snap neck, and stagger juice—slang for dangerously potent alcohol—indicate that taverns were ready to serve straightforward shots of the hard stuff for those who just wanted a buzz. The ingredients for some of Bartlett's most enticingly named cocktails—"Fiscal Agent," "Virginia Fancy," "Vox Populi," and "Tippee na pecco"—are lost to history.

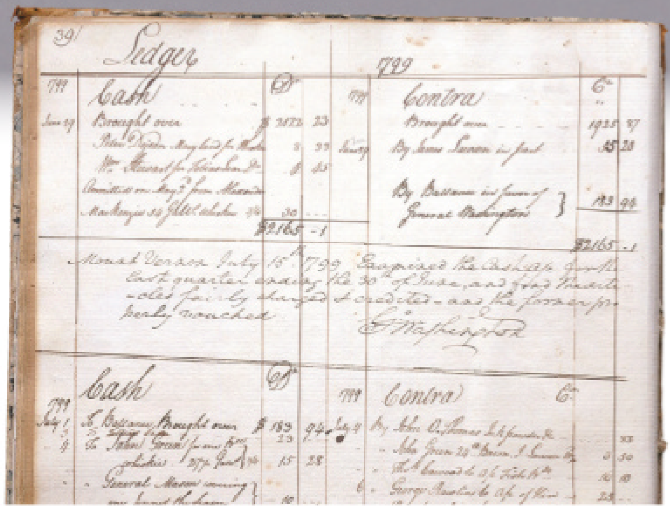
As cocktails were gaining in popularity in America, so was an anti-drinking movement spurred on partly by the Second Great Awakening of the mid-1800s. Methodists, Baptists, and others in the temperance movement, motivated by desire to protect families from alcoholic members, condemned "demon rum" and took the teetotal pledge to abstain from fermented drink.

By the late 19th century, the movement's endorsement of prohibition had become a national cause with strong political clout. That power brought about the 1919 ratification of the 18th Amendment, under which the United States outlawed production, transport, and sale of alcohol. Prohibition lasted until 1933, making bootleggers rich, causing speakeasies to multiply, and landing many recipes for pre-1920 cocktails in history's dustbin. ★

COURTESY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON'S MOUNT VERNON (2)

Whiskey by Washington

Thomas Jefferson and other revolutionary leaders distilled liquor, but George Washington was the only founding father to run a commercial distillery. In 1797 James Anderson, who managed Washington's estate, Mount Vernon, persuaded his employer to start turning his own and his neighbors' excess corn and rye harvests into alcohol. Operations started in 1798 at a site several miles from the main house. In 1799 Washington earned nearly $7,500 from whiskey sales, making his distillery one of Mount Vernon's most profitable enterprises. When Washington died later that year, production halted. The distillery burned in 1814 and fell into ruin for more than 200 years, but in 2007 a carefully curated reconstruction opened for business. Visitors can tour the distillery, watch whiskey being made 18th-century style, and buy a bottle. mountvernon.org/distillery



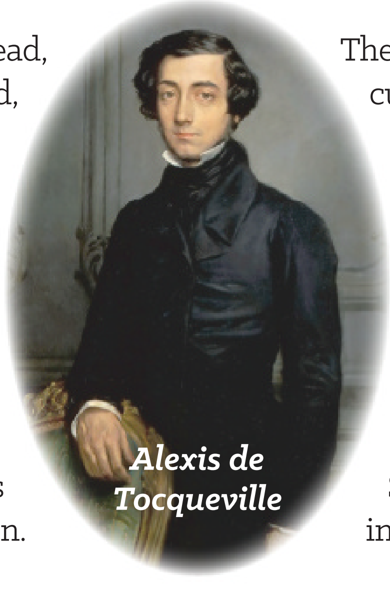
By George
Top, a copper still displayed at Mount Vernon; left, sample entries from Washington's distillery ledger.

Sky Stones

It took an explosion aloft to rev up American science

By John J. Geoghegan

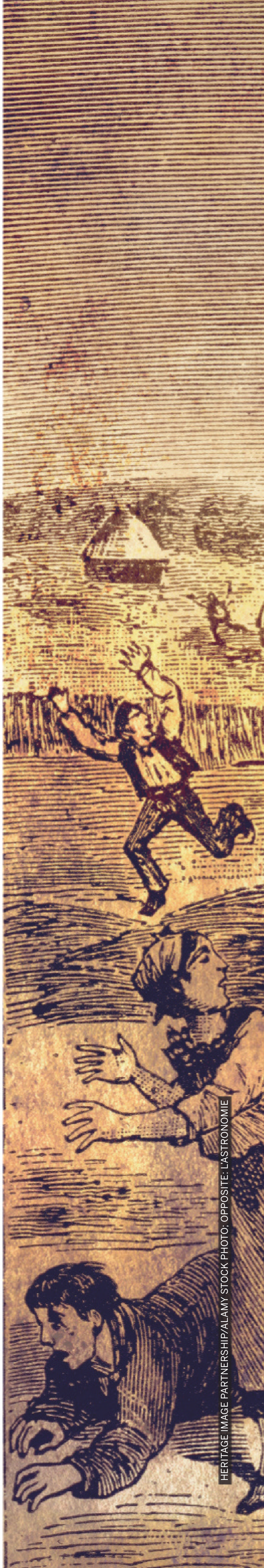
As a quiet winter's night in the Northeast was nearing its end, light blazed in the darkness. At half past six on the morning of Monday, December 14, 1807, a fiery mass traversed the sky north to south, rocketing into and out of sight in 30 seconds. In Wenham, Massachusetts, a woman named Gardner wondered "where the moon was going." In Weston, Connecticut, Judge Nathan Wheeler was making his usual early morning survey of his farm when "a sudden flash…illuminated every object." The jurist looked up to see "a globe of fire just then passing" followed soon after by three loud reports and lesser rumbles whose reverberations suggested a "cannonball rolling over a floor."

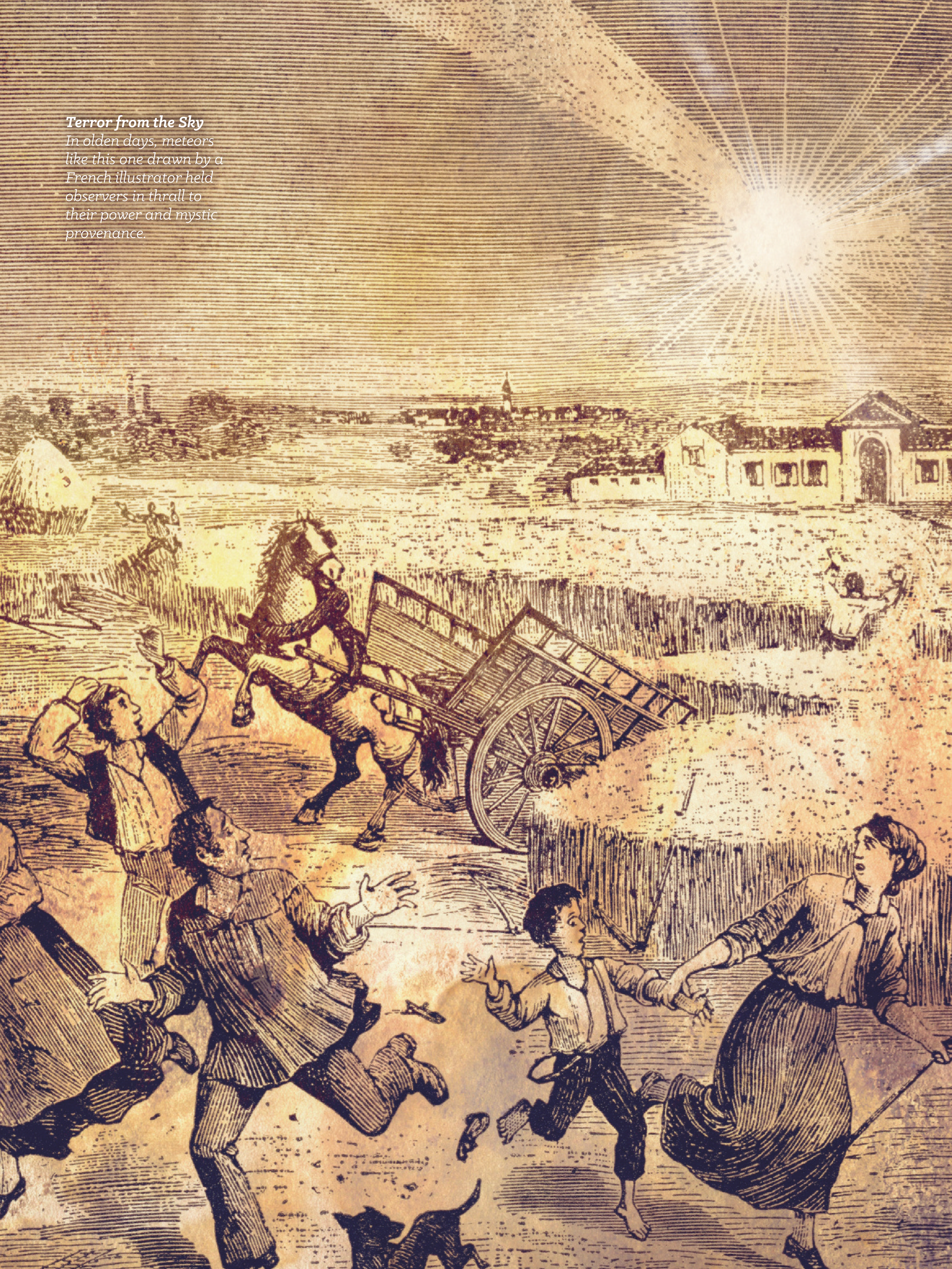

Alexis de Tocqueville

A meteorite had exploded overhead, rattling residences in New Milford, Connecticut, 20 miles away. Fragments of space debris rained on then rural Weston in the state's southwest corner. One stampeded a dairy herd. Another chunk buried itself a meter deep.

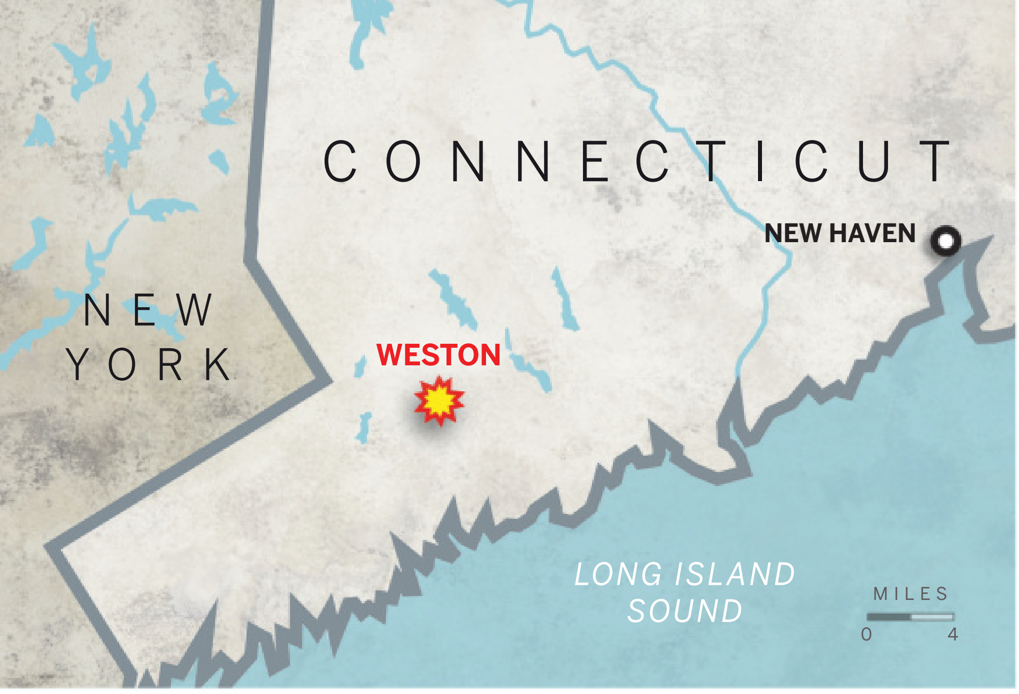
The Weston Fall, the first meteorite documented to have landed in the United States fascinated locals and their president, Thomas Jefferson. The meteorite strike deep in Connecticut also put American science on the world map.

The United States of the early 1800s was a scientific backwater much condescended to by Europeans. "Among civilized nations… few have made less progress in the higher science…than the United States," wrote Alexis de Tocqueville in *Democracy in America*. The young

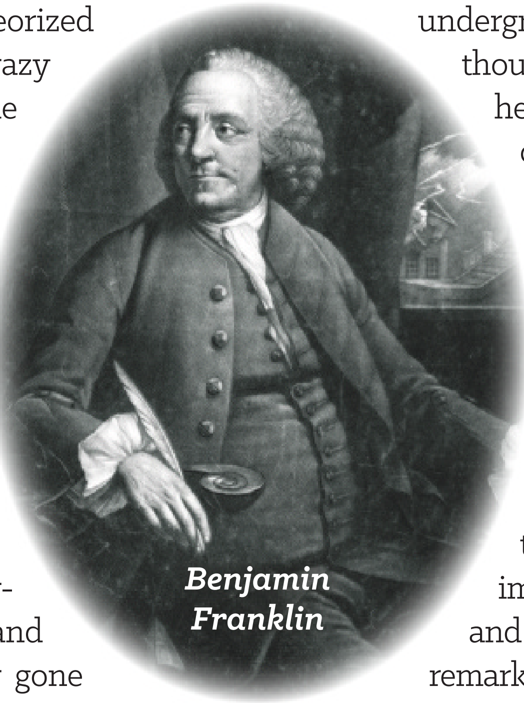

HERITAGE IMAGE PARTNERSHIP/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO; OPPOSITE: LASTRONOMIE



Terror from the Sky
In olden days, meteors like this one drawn by a French illustrator held observers in thrall to their power and mystic provenance.



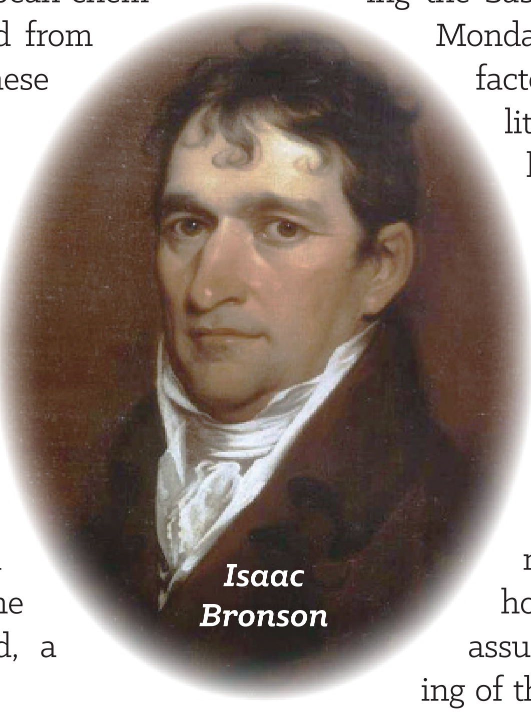
country boasted a few first-class scientific minds, like Benjamin Franklin. A founder of the American Philosophical Society, a center of scientific study, he theorized that meteorites might come from space—a crazy notion, according to many fellow citizens. The ancient, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Chinese had noted the phenomenon, sometimes regarding it as an ill omen.


Benjamin Franklin

"Meteorite" derives from the Greek for "thing in the air." As far back to 2,300 BCE, observers in southern Iraq had noted how a meteorite left a two-mile crater. By the Renaissance, however, the Vatican had decreed it heresy to claim stones fell from heaven because that suggested that God's creation was less than perfect. This tension between believers and scientists has waxed and waned but never gone away and remains strong even today.

Enlightenment thinkers initially hypothesized that meteorites were volcanic projectiles, a theory adjusted to locate the presumed eruptions as coming from the moon. Another thesis held that lightning in clouds fused dust particles into three-dimensional lumps, like geological hail.

An 1803 meteorite fall at L'Aigle, France, got sky watchers rethinking meteorites' origin because so many people saw the event. Analyzing meteorites' makeup, European chemists discovered the objects' geology differed from Earth's, lending credence to the theory these projectiles were not of this world.


Isaac Bronson

The Weston meteorite caused a sensation. Reported the *Connecticut Herald*, "The meteor which has so recently excited alarm in many and astonishment in all" brought with it the "apprehension of some impending catastrophe."

Benjamin Silliman, 29, was tapped to investigate the mystery object. A professor of chemistry at Yale College in New Haven, Silliman was the son of a farmer who had fought alongside George Washington in the Revolution. He was a native of Fairfield, a coastal town a few miles away.

Founded in 1701 to educate young men in theology, Yale College—"university" came in 1887—was one of the first schools in New England to schedule classes in "chymistry." Shortly after Silliman graduated in 1796, Yale's progressive president, Timothy Dwight, picked him to expand science curricula at the institution, at the time no center of science compared with Boston and Philadelphia. To learn chemistry, Silliman went for a year of advanced study in Philadelphia, London, and Edinburgh. He returned to Yale in 1806 as the college's first professor of chemistry and natural history.

Silliman, tall and handsome with dark hair and dark eyes, was known for his gracious manner and integrity; his undergraduate nickname was "Sober Ben." And though he worshipped at the altar of logic he held strong Christian beliefs. There was little chance of him upsetting Yale's theological applecart since he could appreciate both science and faith.

Silliman made it his business to investigate the Weston Fall after receiving a letter from Dr. Isaac Bronson, a friend and physician from nearby Greenfield who had witnessed the flame in the sky. Energized, Silliman, conversant with "meteorites and the phenomena that …attended their Fall," immediately "broke off every…engagement and immediately resorted to the scene of this remarkable event."

Treading lightly, Silliman invited fellow Yale Professor James L. Kingsley to join him in the enterprise. Kingsley was an astute choice. A classical scholar with knowledge of ecclesiastical history, Kingsley bore himself with religious faith that would balance Silliman's rationality should their findings stir controversy.

The two left New Haven by chaise the morning of Saturday, December 19, arriving later that day in Fairfield. Honoring the Sabbath by not traveling, they made Weston Monday morning December 21, eight days post-facto—in that era, swift. Weston had changed little since colonial times. Heavily forested, hilly, marked with granite outcroppings and rutted roads, the town was one of Connecticut's poorest and most isolated. Its 2,500 residents were subsistence farmers mainly growing onions and beets in fields so rocky plowmen referred to cobbles as "New England potatoes."

The fall was the talk of Weston. William Prince had been asleep when a hunk of meteorite buried itself within 25 feet of his house. He went outside but saw nothing and assumed he had heard a lightning strike. Learning of the meteorite at a town meeting that day he

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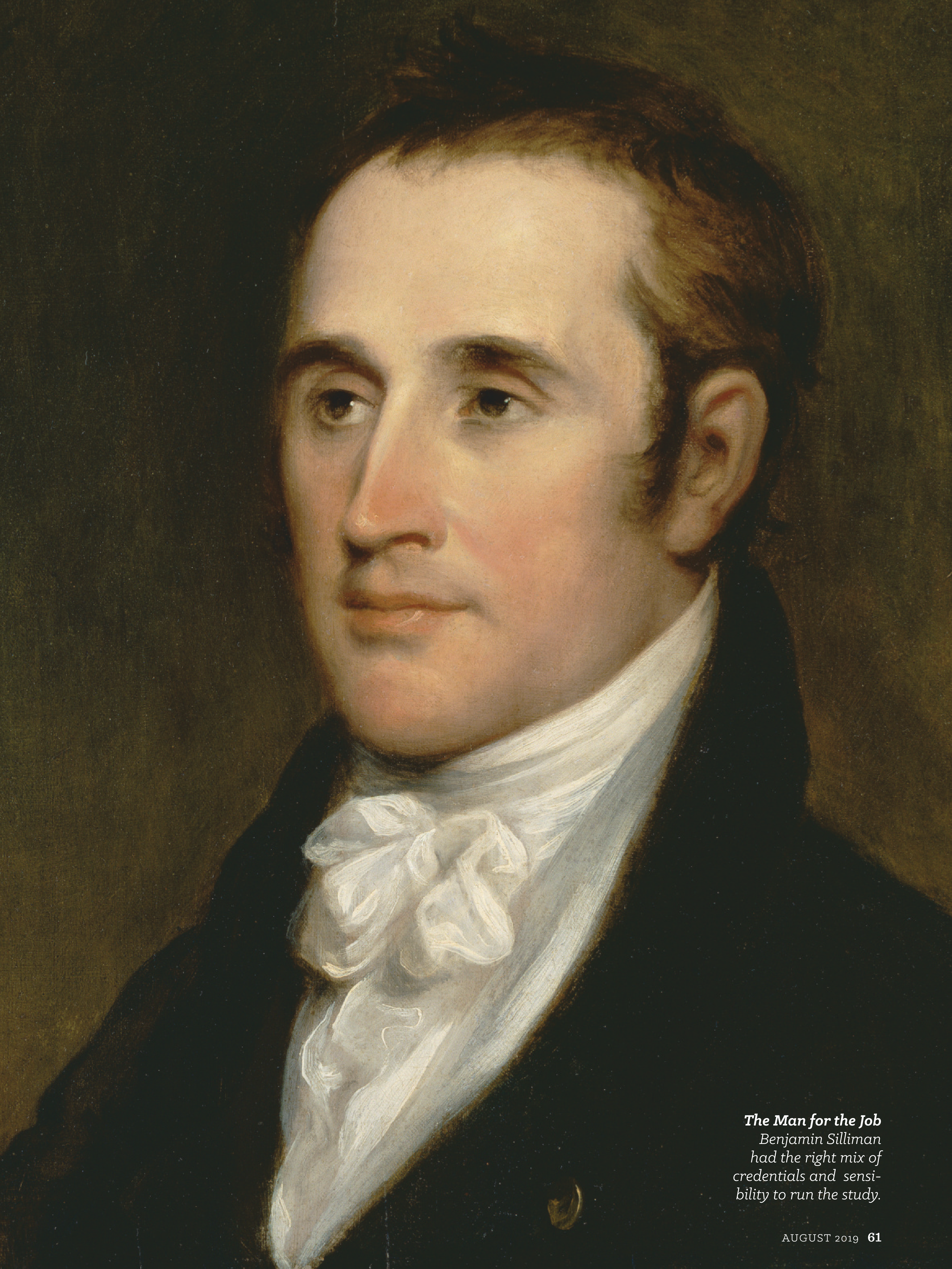


The Man for the Job
Benjamin Silliman had the right mix of credentials and sensibility to run the study.

looked again, finding a "noble specimen…two feet from the surface." Prince sold a 12-lb. fragment to Bronson; it was the source of the sample sent to Silliman.

Bronson introduced Silliman and Kingsley to townsfolk who led the men to six of the seven sites struck by fragments along a line six to ten miles long roughly matching the flaming object's trajectory. A piece that was estimated to weigh 200 lb. plowed a 100-foot trench.

Farmers knew their land well enough to recognize disturbed spots, making it easy to find some strike zones, such as one crater a foot wide and two feet deep. And meteorites, usually blackened by heat, contain a disproportionate amount of iron, making them heavy.

Merwin Burr had been standing near his house when a chunk weighing 20 to 25 pounds struck a boulder 50 feet from him. The impact so pulverized the falling piece, he told Silliman, that the largest fragment "did not exceed the size of a goose egg [but] was…still warm to [Burr's] hand."

Emulating the entrepreneurial Prince, a few Westonians put a price on their finds. Silliman had to purchase at least one specimen "for it had now become an article of sale," he noted. "It had pleased heaven to rain down this treasure…and they would bring their thunderbolts to the best market they could." Others held onto their heavenly souvenirs, "impressed with the idea that these stones contained gold and silver."

That wish did not pan out. For two days Silliman and Kingsley tramped the woods lugging sample boxes, scales, compass, and notepaper. Silliman took measurements with which he hoped to calculate the meteorite's weight, trajectory, and rate of descent. "We visited and carefully examined every spot where the stones had…fallen, obtained specimens [and spoke] with all the principal witnesses," he wrote.

Silliman deemed the account by Wheeler, a justice on the court of common pleas, as the most trustworthy of those he heard, characterizing Wheeler as "a gentleman of…undoubted veracity, who seems to have been entirely uninfluenced by fear or imagination." Silliman and Kingsley missed at least one fragment, a 36.5-lb. piece that was sold, to Silliman's disappointment, to Colonel George Gibbs, a wealthy mineral collector from Newport, Rhode Island. The largest sample Silliman obtained weighed six lb. He and Kingsley returned to New Haven to analyze their space bits.

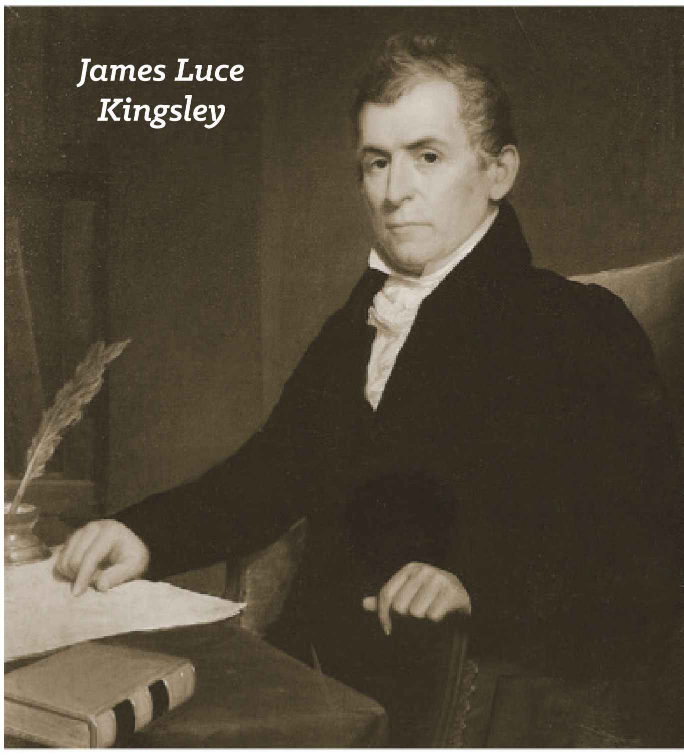
To satisfy public interest—and perhaps to stake a claim on academic immortality—Silliman rushed into print a two-part letter on his preliminary findings. The first portion appeared December 29 in the *Connecticut Herald* and was reprinted by other papers. Everyday Americans were not alone in wanting to know more about the stone from the sky. Coverage spread to England and France.

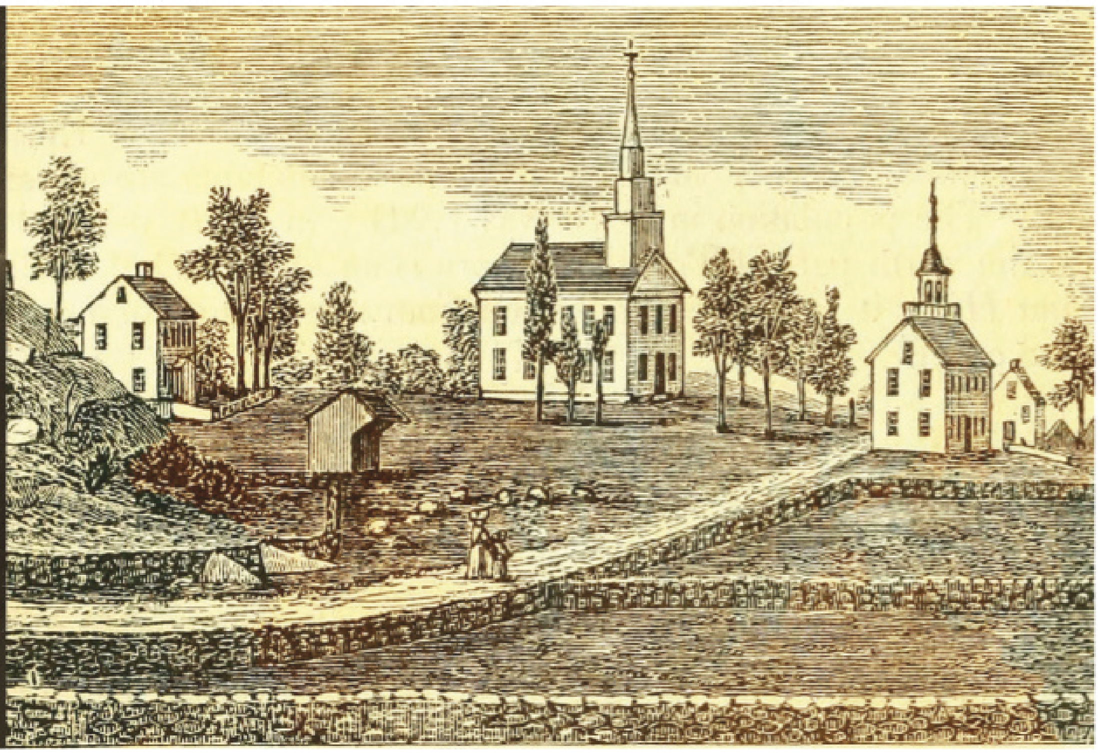
A March 1808 update of Silliman's report included one of the first chemical analyses of a meteorite. Silliman estimated the original meteorite to have been at least three hundred feet across, traveling 200 to 300 mph when it struck Earth. The object was "everywhere covered with a thin black crust, destitute of splendor," he wrote, adding, "The surface…feels harsh…produced probably by the intense heat…[and] the stone is thickly interspersed with black globular masses...the largest the size of a pigeon shot."

That "pigeon shot," which Silliman encountered when he broke open the stones, came to be called chondrules, a defining characteristic of a meteorite and not found in terrestrial rock. Silliman found nickel alloyed with iron, now known to be common in meteorites, as well as silex (silica or flint), magnesium, and sulfur.

The Weston fall was one of the few to be so geographically concentrated and widely witnessed, and the relative speed with which Silliman arrived on the scene meant he obtained the most accurate and comprehensive account extant of a meteorite

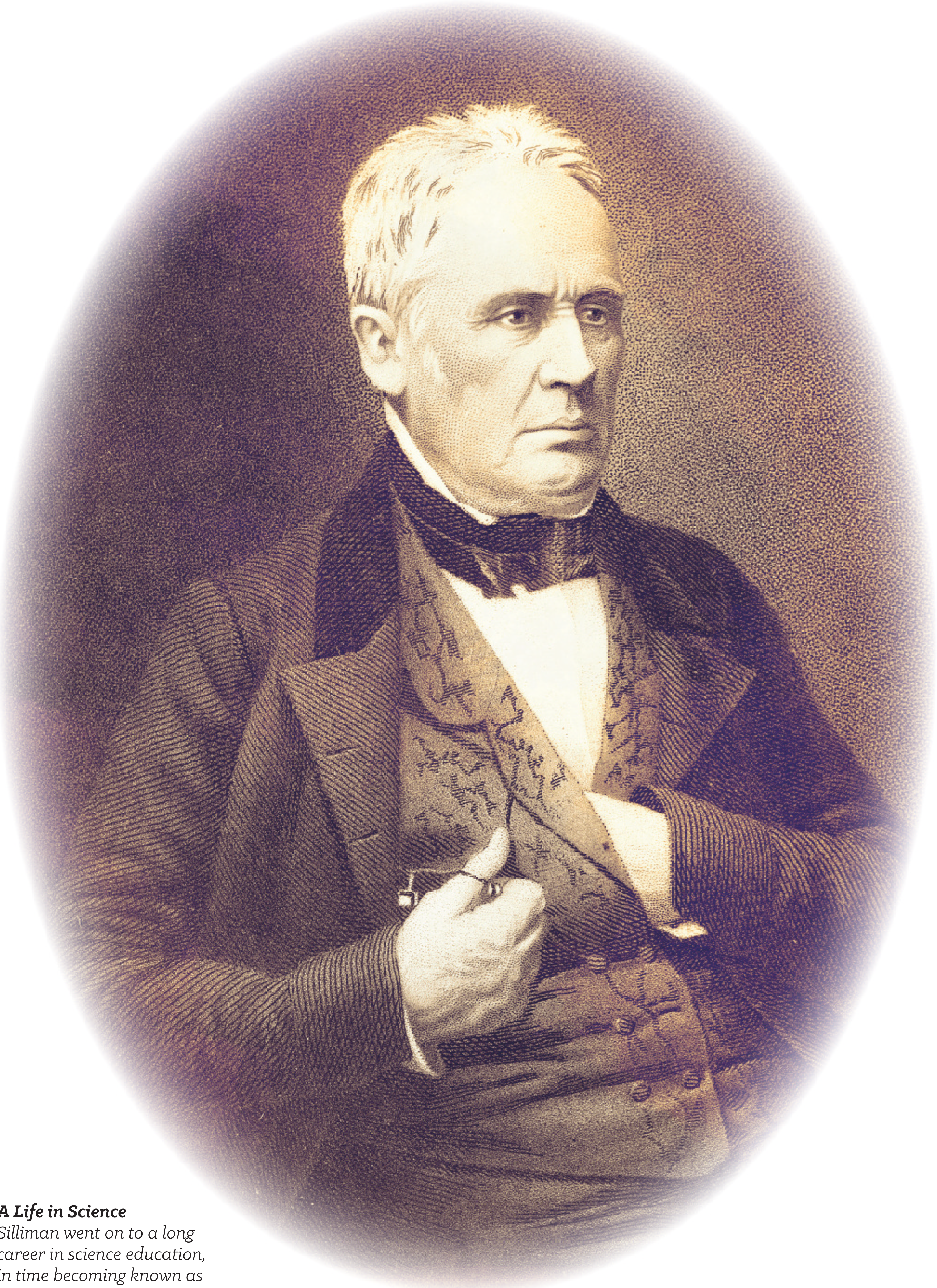
Stone and Setting
Weston, below, was showered by meteor fragments like the piece at right, held by Yale.


James Luce Kingsley



FROM LEFT: YALE UNIVERSITY; CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

PHOTO BY PETER CRISTOFONO/COURTESY OF HUDSON INSTITUTE OF METEROLOGY



A Life in Science
Silliman went on to a long career in science education, in time becoming known as the father of that specialty.

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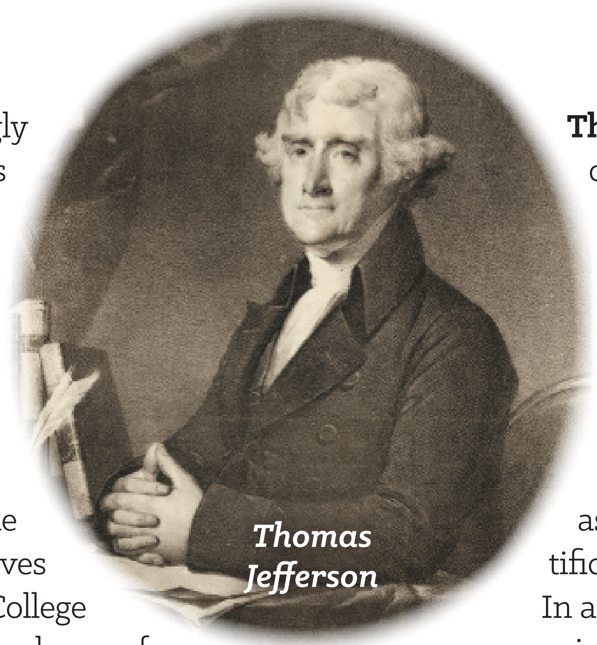

Thomas Jefferson

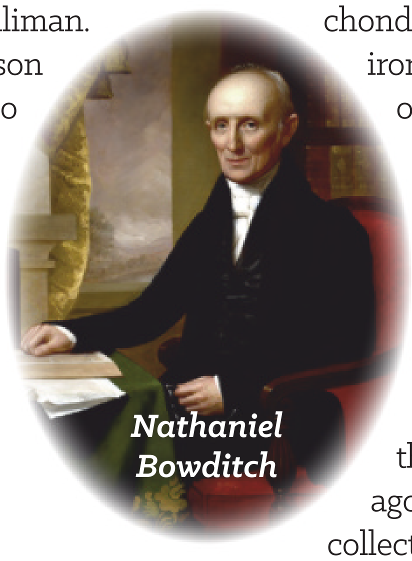
strike. The event itself was exceedingly rare; most meteorites burn up on entry, as evidenced by the tally of only 154 meteorites that are known to have landed in the United States since 1807.

Thomas Jefferson was midway through his second term as president when the Weston meteorite fell. He'd hardly won a mandate in 1804; for him to return to the White House, the House of Representatives had to break a tie in the Electoral College between him and opponent Charles Pinckney of South Carolina. Connecticut voters largely opposed Jefferson, a southerner pious New Englanders viewed as an apostate because he worked on the Sabbath and rarely attended church. In addition, Jefferson advocated on behalf of centralized federal control of foreign policy, an anathema to many in Connecticut, where Yale's President Dwight regularly railed at Jefferson's foreign policy as a threat to the college's solvency.

Two weeks after the Weston fall the indefatigably curious Jefferson wrote to a friend who had a sample of the object. "It may be difficult to explain how the stone you possess came into the position in which it was found," Jefferson wrote. "But is it easier to explain how it got into the clouds from whence it is supposed to have fallen? The actual fact however [*sic*] is the thing to be established."

Though he preferred botany to geology, which he dismissed as "too idle to be worth an hour of any man's life," Jefferson's obsession with fossils earned him the disparaging sobriquet, "Mr. Mammoth."

"We certainly are not to deny whatever we cannot account for," Jefferson said regarding the Weston event. However, his approach to the event diminished Yale and Silliman. Instead of relying on Yale's findings, Jefferson appointed astronomer Nathaniel Bowditch to learn everything he could about the stones that fell from heaven. Bowditch's inquiry confirmed Silliman's findings.

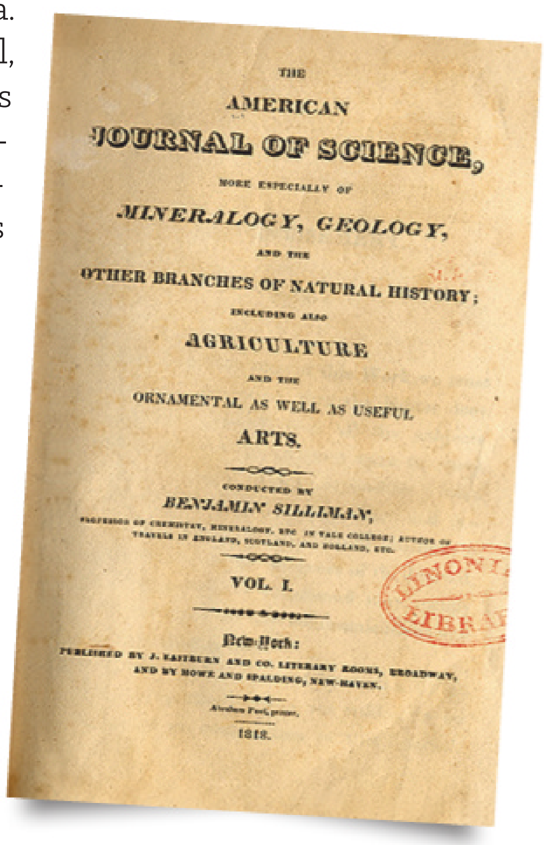

Nathaniel Bowditch

Silliman's report, co-authored with Kingsley, ran in the *Memoirs of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences* under the title

AN ACCOUNT OF THE METEOR,
Which burst over Weston in
Connecticut, in December 1807,
and of the falling of Stones on
that occasion.
BY PROFESSORS SILLIMAN
AND KINGSLEY.
WITH A CHEMICAL ANALYSIS
OF THE STONES,
BY PROFESSOR SILLIMAN.

The paper was republished by the American Philosophical Society and was read aloud at The Philosophical Society in London and the Academy of Sciences in Paris—the world's most prestigious forums, implicitly validating Silliman's report not only for quality but significance. In 1818, Silliman founded the *American Journal of Science*, now ranked as the oldest continuously published scientific journal in the United States.

In a 50-year career at Yale, he educated many young scientists, earning the sobriquet of father of science education in America. He married Harriett Trumbull, daughter of Connecticut's governor; they had four children. He married Sarah Isabella Webb after Harriett's death and died at 85 in 1864. A college at Yale bears his name and his portrait hangs in the National Portrait Gallery in Washington.


THE
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MORE ESPECIALLY OF
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CONDUCTED BY
BENJAMIN SILLIMAN,
PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY, MINERALOGY, ETC. IN YALE COLLEGE; AUTHOR OF
TRAVELS IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND HOLLAND, ETC.
VOL. I.
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AND BY HOWE AND SPALDING, NEW-HAVEN.
Abraham Paul, printer.
1818.

Staking a Claim
A report by Silliman and Kingsley put the event and American science on the map.

Scientists now believe that the Weston meteorite probably began its long journey 30 million years ago with a collision involving asteroids. Gravity pulled one hunk to Earth in 1807. That meteorite is classified as an H4 chondrite—H meaning "high in iron"—and was the first meteorite collected by Yale's Peabody Museum of Natural History when that facility opened in 1866.

Only 50 lb. of the 1807 meteorite's estimated 350 lb. mass can be accounted for. Some pieces likely collected dust on Weston mantelpieces until being thrown out; others may lie where they buried themselves that chilly morning long ago. Of the fragments of sky stone that Silliman collected, some saw use in his analysis; others went to fellow scientists and other institutions in exchange for samples from other meteorites.

The remaining Weston Fall sample is the fragment that Colonel Gibbs purchased soon after the event. Yale bought that space souvenir in 1825, along with the other contents of the Gibbs mineral collection. The Weston piece, roughly the shape of Australia, is on display at the Peabody Museum in New Haven, Connecticut. ★

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE; PEABODY ESSEX MUSEUM

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CHKP 55.51
CERN 53.12
Morgan Stanley
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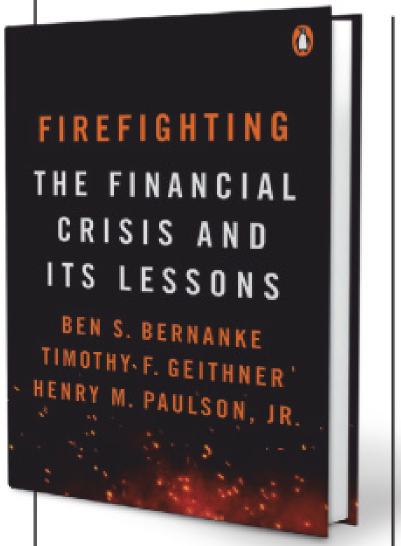
Ground Zero
The 2007-08 credit market collapse traced to Morgan Stanley, HQ'ed at Times Square.

POST NEARLY MORTEM



Firefighting: The Financial Crisis and Its Lessons
By Ben S. Bernanke, Timothy F. Geithner, Henry M. Paulson, Jr.
Penguin, 2019; $16

It's not unusual to hear someone say a workday consisted of "putting out fires." But few who toss around the phrase have spent months trying to control a conflagration like the one the 2007-08 credit market collapse caused. In this brief book a former Federal Reserve Bank chairman and two ex-Treasury secretaries explain how they kept the banking sector from tanking and taking along the national and global economies. For historians and survivors of the era's financial crises, this book offers a valuable insiders' view of what it took to avert a second Great Depression, notably controversial bailouts of the largest investment banks in the transition from the Bush to the Obama administrations. Business-class flyers will find *Firefighting* a transcontinental page turner.

Along with their thrill-a-minute chronicle, the authors try to rationalize rescuing major Manhattan investment banks. That defense may not succeed—not because the authors are wrong, but because they are addressing fellow insiders, not a public appalled by the notion that anything can be "too big to fail."

Credit between investment banks—which constantly make and take overnight or short-term loans to cover temporary negative balances—is a lubricant, like machine oil. Drain the crankcase, and the pistons freeze. In their apologia, the authors repeatedly note that America ended up making money on those emergency government loans, but even if that had not occurred the undertaking would have been necessary and worthwhile.

In explaining the crisis, the authors over-rely on the commonplace that humans make mistakes. Sure, but one would think bankers with billions on the line would take a bit more care. Wall Street's failure to hedge against multiple failures of mortgage-backed bonds reached disastrously beyond faux pas status.

The authors more effectively justify the subsequent imposition of capital requirements and other controls as a means of shrinking the chance and severity of collapses. That today's policymakers are ditching post-2008 reforms

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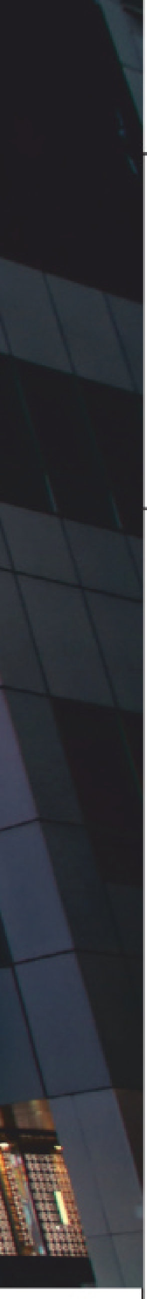
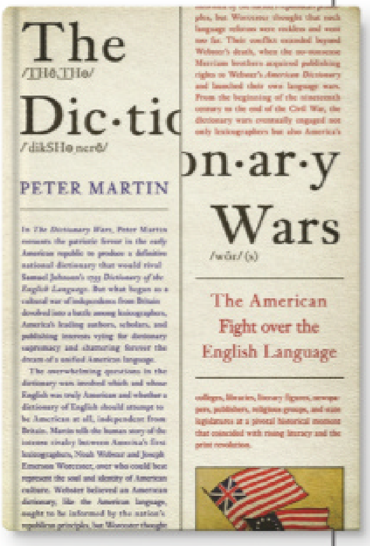


is hardly this trio's fault.

And their emergency work, while crucial to restoring the American economy, could not negate the pain of foreclosures and recession that sandbagged so many Americans.

We can be grateful to have this succinct, approachable tale of disaster deterred and its message that at a very wrong time it pays to have the right people on the job.***—Timothy Brennan is a professor in the School of Public Policy at the University of Maryland, Baltimore County.***

FIGHTING WORDS



The Dictionary Wars: The American Fight over the English Language
By Peter Martin
Princeton, 2019;
$29.95

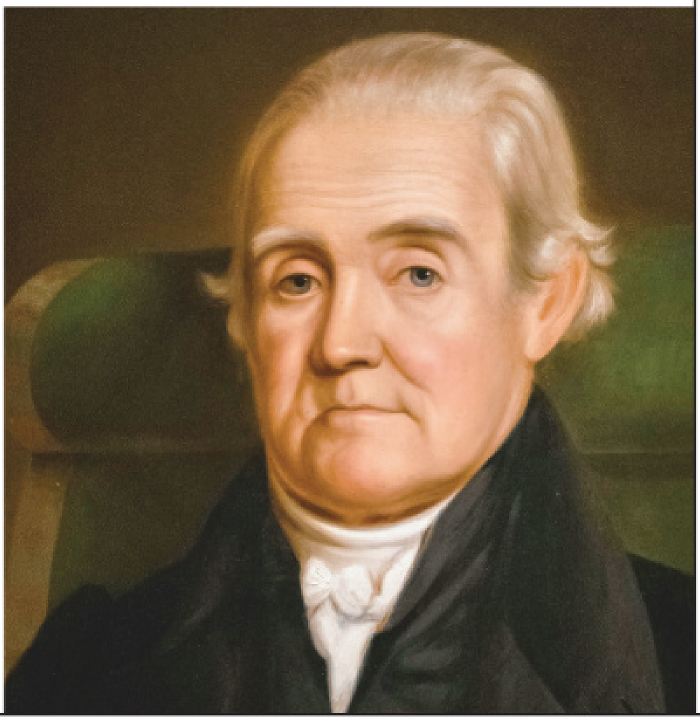
Americans and Britons now smile indulgently at differences in their shared language, spelling it "labor" or "labour" or pronouncing it "sked-yule" or "shed-yule." However, this amity is new. For more than half a century, such divergences stirred bitter dispute, with dictionaries embracing one option or another subject to rancorous criticism in academe and the popular press. Now comes the story of that quarrel in sometimes numbing detail from Peter Martin, a retired English professor and Samuel Johnson biographer who appears not to have left unread a single germane personal letter or published screed. Martin's thread would be easier to follow had he forsworn the habit of quoting selections well after making his point. Nonetheless, the tale he narrates is compelling, because to a degree the American nation's very character hinged on it.

By the time they declared political independence from Britain, the American colonies had already developed a distinctive version of the mother tongue, incorporating words such as moccasin and wigwam, of course, but also using "thanks," substituting "mad" for "angry" and making verbs of a host of nouns, including "dump," "notice," and "interview." Thomas Jefferson coined some 100 Americanisms, such as "belittle," as an act of patriotism.

But the most vehement and prolific advocate on behalf of the United States recognizing its own version of English was Noah Webster. "He became convinced that a national language could be an integral part of a comprehensive American revolution," Martin writes. In 1798, Webster began composing a dictionary he hoped would unshackle the new nation from the dictates of the great Samuel Johnson dictionary of 1755 and, in Martin's words, "settle the question of American linguistic sovereignty."

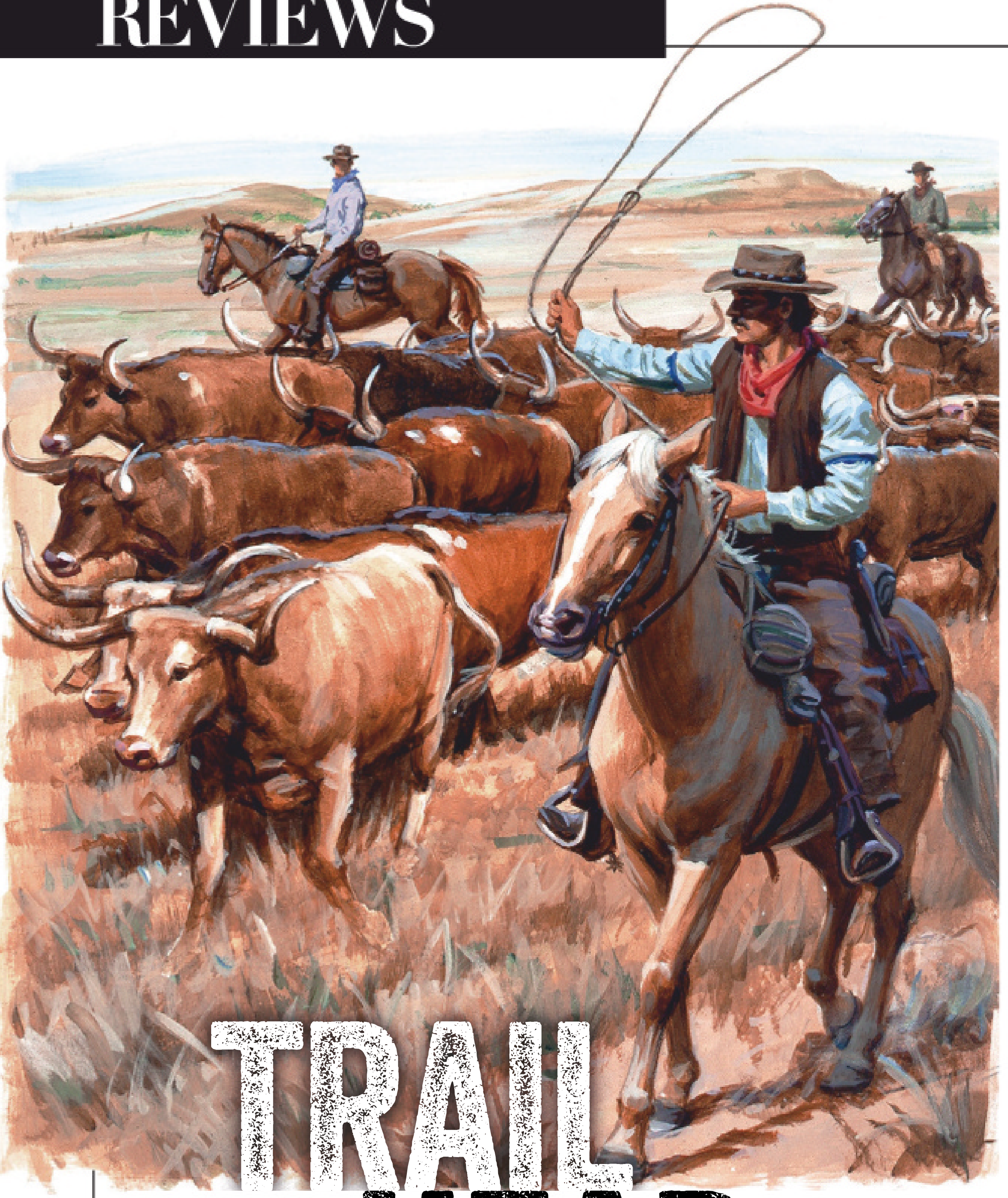
In 1806, Webster published his first effort, explicating 40,000 words, and in 1828 an unabridged version boldly proclaiming itself *An American Dictionary of the English Language*. But Webster's peculiar insistence on omitting words and meanings used primarily in Britain and on using uncommon but more phonetic spellings—"aker" and "wimmen"—opened the way for rivals, especially more skilled lexicographer James Worcester, to compile competing dictionaries, still American but with less rejection of British heritage.

Charles and George Merriman, publishers after Webster's death of updates to his oeuvre, fought a vicious commercial war against Worcester's works, eventually conquering the market—to such an extent that today even dictionaries by other publishers trade on the Webster name. In a continuing irony, each edition of *Webster's* moved closer to Worcester's more scholarly standards as the fire faded from the issue of whether Americans were to have their own English language. ***—Even with access to online resources,* American History *columnist Daniel B. Moskowitz regularly consults the dozen or so dictionaries on his shelves, including an abridged* Johnson.**



Word Worker
Noah Webster was intent on breaking American English away from its Old World origins.

ALAMY STOCK PHOTO



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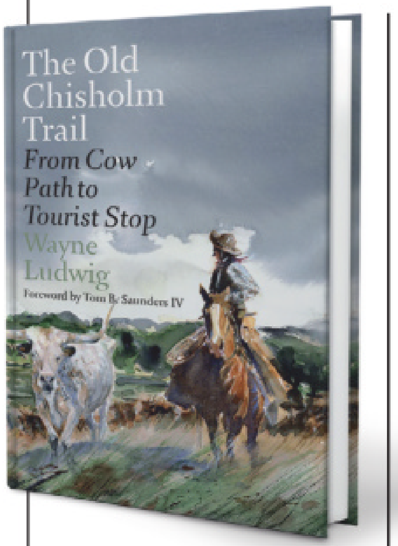
TRAIL HEAD

Winnowing History from Legend

Ludwig's volume is a study in sieving what is thought and said to get at what really happened along the Chisholm Trail.



The Old Chisholm Trail: From Cow Path to Tourist Stop
By Wayne Ludwig
Texas A&M, 2018;
$37

In a region swarming with supposed opportunity, strife between settlers and native peoples, and steadily fluctuating growth, many a drover pushed beeves down many a lonesome, dusty western trail. Supplying U.S. Army troops or reservation Indians, stocking the Western and Northern ranges, and hustling animals to markets in the Midwest, the cattle-trail era played a brief but mighty role in American history.

In the mid-1800s, more wild cattle were grazing on Texas grass than pioneers settling the young state. After the Civil War, drovers ran six to ten million head out of Texas to railroad terminus towns such as Abilene and Wichita, Kansas, revitalizing the Lone Star State's and the nation's economies. In 1884 alone, the value of American cattle and beef exports exceeded $41 million, roughly 95 percent attributable to Texas herds. As the West acquired railheads, the trails vanished, but well into the 20th century one overland route persisted, at least in the lore of dime novels, buckaroo ballads, and spaghetti Westerns.

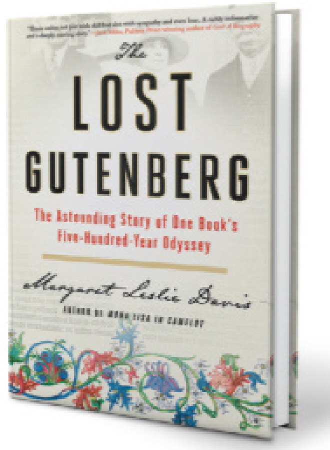
In *Old Chisholm Trail*, Fort Worth historian Wayne Ludwig attempts to reconcile maps, legends, and hearsay. After the beef industry quit using trails at the turn of the 19th century, boosters resolved to memorialize the routes. Good intentions paved the way to avarice, bogus markers and monuments, and many an inaccurate inscription. Ludwig struggles to resolve controversy over the much-beaten path that meandered from the Red River in Indian Territory north to Abilene. Searches for the trail literal and figurative have foundered on the homonymic names Chisholm and Chisum, each of which labels a different trail. Besides delivering a comprehensive history of the Chisholm between 1867 and 1875, Ludwig also chronicles the times that produced the trail phenomenon. He details Texas fever, a mysterious and devastating livestock disease originally blamed on longhorns, mourns the forced removal of eastern Indian tribes by way of the Trail of Tears, and, sieving first-hand accounts, portrays the lives of the cowboys on the plains. A detailed read, *The Old Chisholm Trail* provides modern insight into the buckaroo tales and cattle trails of old.***—Jessianne Castle writes in Clyde Park, Montana.***

GOOD BOOK

The "lost" in the title *Lost Gutenberg* is a drollery. No one, including author Margaret Leslie Davis, knows where the 45th of one of Johannes Gutenberg's earliest press runs of Bibles, whose path she does her best to document, was for many of the past 500 years. However, ever since that volume's printing sometime before August 15, 1456, followed by collation, binding, illuminating, and a half-millennium of hand-offs, somebody always has always had an eye on this treasure. At the end of the fascinating arc she chronicles, Davis's wistful joke is that the object of so much care and cash—if a Gutenberg came up for sale today it likely would go for $100 million-plus—winds up in a vault, the curious and qualified deflected to an online simulacrum. Book lovers will appreciate every element of *Lost*, from its elegantly referential dustjacket, creamy paper, and subtly serifed typeface to Davis's relentless research and appealing voice. Her narrative punctuates the history of Gutenberg and his achievements with nomenclature, such as "quires"—stacks of four sheets folded into eight pages to make "signatures" gathered and sewn into the building blocks of a book.

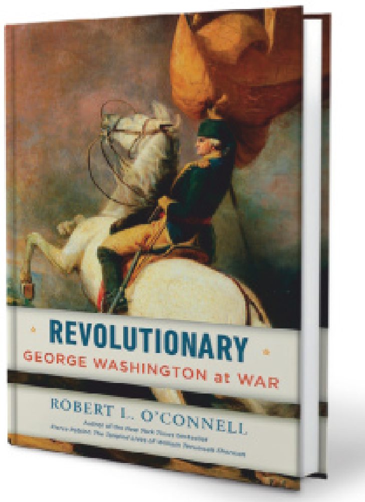
From Gutenberg channeling the zeitgeist Davis cuts to the stories of Gutenberg 45 passing through the hands of English nobles, a condiment and tableware mogul, a London lawyer, and, before a corporate owner swallowed the prized volume, an oilman's widow, all along the way gaining value and cachet. Estelle Bezold Doheny is Davis's main protagonist and she is a gem—a smart, foxy telephone operator whose vocal tones alone had wildcatter Edward Doheny falling for her. She wed and survived him, emerging as one of America's great book collectors as well as a doyenne of Los Angeles as the boomtown was getting culture in the early 1900s. In her last years, Doheny lassoed Gutenberg 45, main diadem of a fabulous library she bequeathed to an LA seminary. Other characters include British and American book dealers, known for spotting niches and riches and, no matter who buys, making money.

For a villain, Davis has the philistine Archdiocese of Los Angeles, which put Gutenberg 45 on the block in a sale that sent the treasure into confinement at Japan's Keiko University. About the only cavil to call on this cassoulet of curiosity, beneficence, science, and literature is Davis's tactic of toggling, sometimes shakily, between past and present tense. But read this book, fellow bibliophiles; you will not regret it. **—American History** ***editor Michael Dolan is the son, grandson, and great-grandson of bookbinders.***


The
LOST
GUTENBERG
The Astounding Story of One Book's Five-Hundred-Year Odyssey
Margaret Leslie Davis

The Lost Gutenberg: The Astounding Story of One Book's Five-Hundred-Year Odyssey
By Margaret Leslie Davis
PRH Tarcher Perigee, 2019; $27

REBEL GENT



Revolutionary: George Washington at War
By Robert L. O'Connell
Random House, 2019; $32

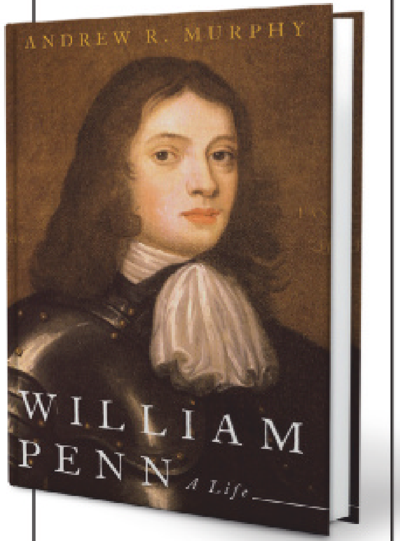
Yet another biography—but an ingenious one—posits George Washington's greatest feat as being not military or presidential skill but leadership of history's most successful revolution. Historian Robert L. O'Connell ends his narrative in 1783, and his scholarship breaks no ground, but few readers will object to this lively, opinionated account.

O'Connell's Washington grew up a loyal British subject and minor scion of the Virginia aristocracy. No intellectual, he shared goals with fellow virile young Southern gentlemen: get land, get rich, get military glory. By the time the colonies' relations with Britain soured, Washington had gotten all those. Historians credit courage and self-promotion over talent for powering the service in the French and Indian War that made Washington a hero to colonists, a reputation that later served him well. Retiring in 1758, he spent the interwar years as a wealthy planter. Indebted, like most of his ilk, to British agents, he shared the widespread opposition to Britain's post-1765 efforts to tax the colonies. In 1775, when the Continental Congress decided to choose a general to lead patriot forces, Washington made no secret of wanting the job. Other candidates promoted themselves, but he was the unanimous choice.

Some historians portray Washington as a leader of irregulars a la Fidel Castro or Josip Broz, aka Marshal Tito. O'Connell stresses that Washington saw himself as a European-style commander leading a disciplined army in the mass open-field maneuvers doctrinaire in 18th-century combat. As such, he remained an aristocrat to the core. In a delicious irony, revolutionaries from Robespierre to Lenin to Mao were educated intellectuals who rationalized cruelty and murder as necessary for the greater good. Unschooled and middlebrow, Washington abhorred but nonetheless tolerated ungentlemanly conduct by his soldiers. Few rebel Americans objected to persecuting colonial loyalists. No law of civilized warfare applied to Indians. O'Connell, laboring at his point, passes over much bad patriot behavior. Yet there's no denying that British troopers, steeped in brutalizing Irish rebels, treated Americans harshly.

A scholar must sweat to characterize Washington as a brilliant strategist, but it's a no-brainer to conclude that he was a brilliant politician who managed a ragtag army through a violent revolution, enduring many defeats yet never, even in his lowest moments, unleashing the malevolence subsequent revolutionaries loosed.

For eight years, he pleaded for support from a rattle-brained Continental Congress that responded with its usual bumbles. Generals from Cromwell to the current gang of strongmen took the obvious step of seizing power, but Washington never considered it. Even at the time European observers considered Washington's accomplishments of forbearance and performance as almost superhuman, and O'Connell makes a convincing case that they were right. ***—Mike Oppenheim writes in Lexington, Kentucky.***



William Penn: A Life
By Andrew R. Murphy
Oxford, 2019; $34.95

POWER OF THE PENN

Writings on prominent colonial figures often conjure harbingers of latter-day values and phenomena. This often-informative approach risks indulging in anachronism. Rutgers Professor Andrew Murphy avoids that risk in *William Penn: A Life*, a fully realized biography, sans stereotypes, of Pennsylvania's founder.

Penn enjoyed the standard background of a colonial proprietor. His paternal grandfather was an affluent merchant. His father was an admiral and a close friend of the Duke of York, who, as King James II, ruled after the death of his brother King Charles II.

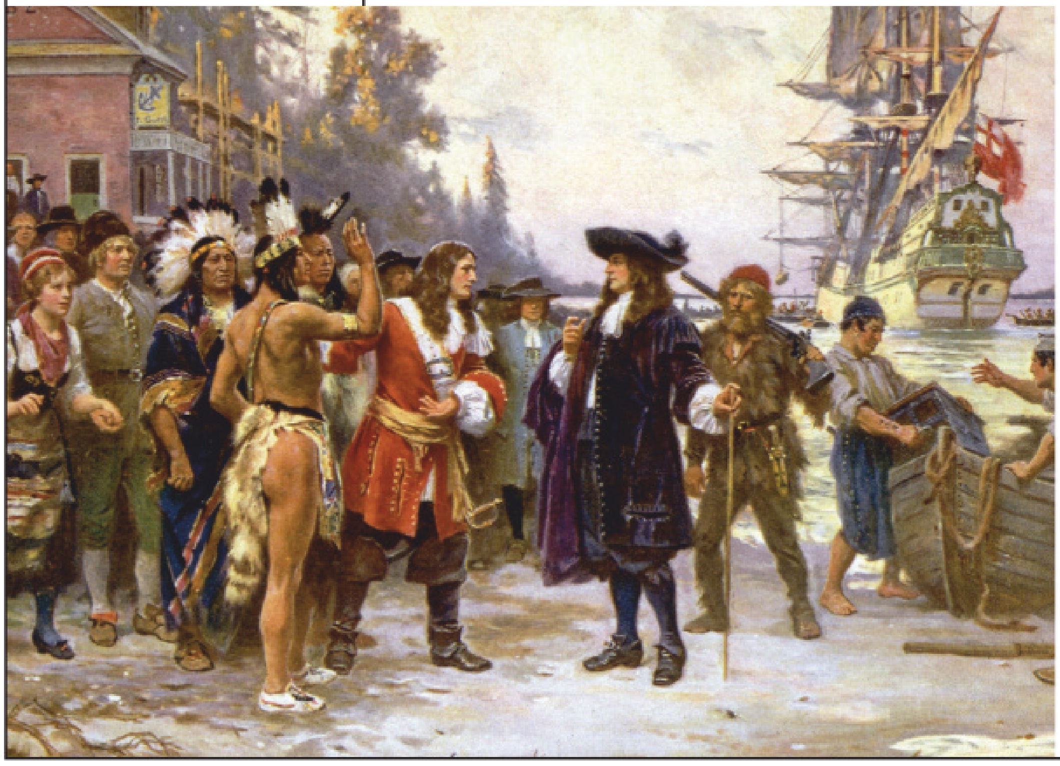
William Penn attended Oxford University, studied law at London's prestigious Lincoln's Inn, and made the Grand Tour. Prominence was expected of him; he attained it, shockingly, as a polemicist for Quakerism and as founder of a colony providing refuge for those hated Friends.

Penn's conversion and his New World venture derived, indirectly, from English attempts to assure the Church of England's hegemony by subjugating the Catholic Irish. He first met Quakers while managing his father's plantations in Ireland; their zeal so impressed him that he took up their creed.

Legal sanctions against his new faith led to a series of brief incarcerations, propelling Penn to endorse broader religious freedom and to back James II. Often believed to epitomize absolutism, James, a Catholic, imposed autocratic measures largely to circumvent a parliament intent on imposing Anglicanism. As Duke of York, James had facilitated Pennsylvania's growth. As monarch he would make Penn a member of the royal entourage.

Following the Glorious Revolution and its ouster of James in favor of William and Mary, Parliament unfettered non-Anglican Protestants, protecting Penn from future stints in prison on religious grounds. But he still did time. Ties to plotters angling to restore the exiled James led authorities to arrest him for subversion. Late in life debtor's prison ensnared him. He died in poverty.

Murphy shows important ways in which Penn did foreshadow contemporary American beliefs. However, he also shows that Penn was no prematurely modern American but in many ways a man of a different world. Readers can decide which are more fascinating: the similarities or the differences. ***—James Baresel is a freelance writer living in Front Royal, Virginia.***



Portraying Penn
Murphy avoids the pitfalls of anachronism by placing his protagonist in his world.

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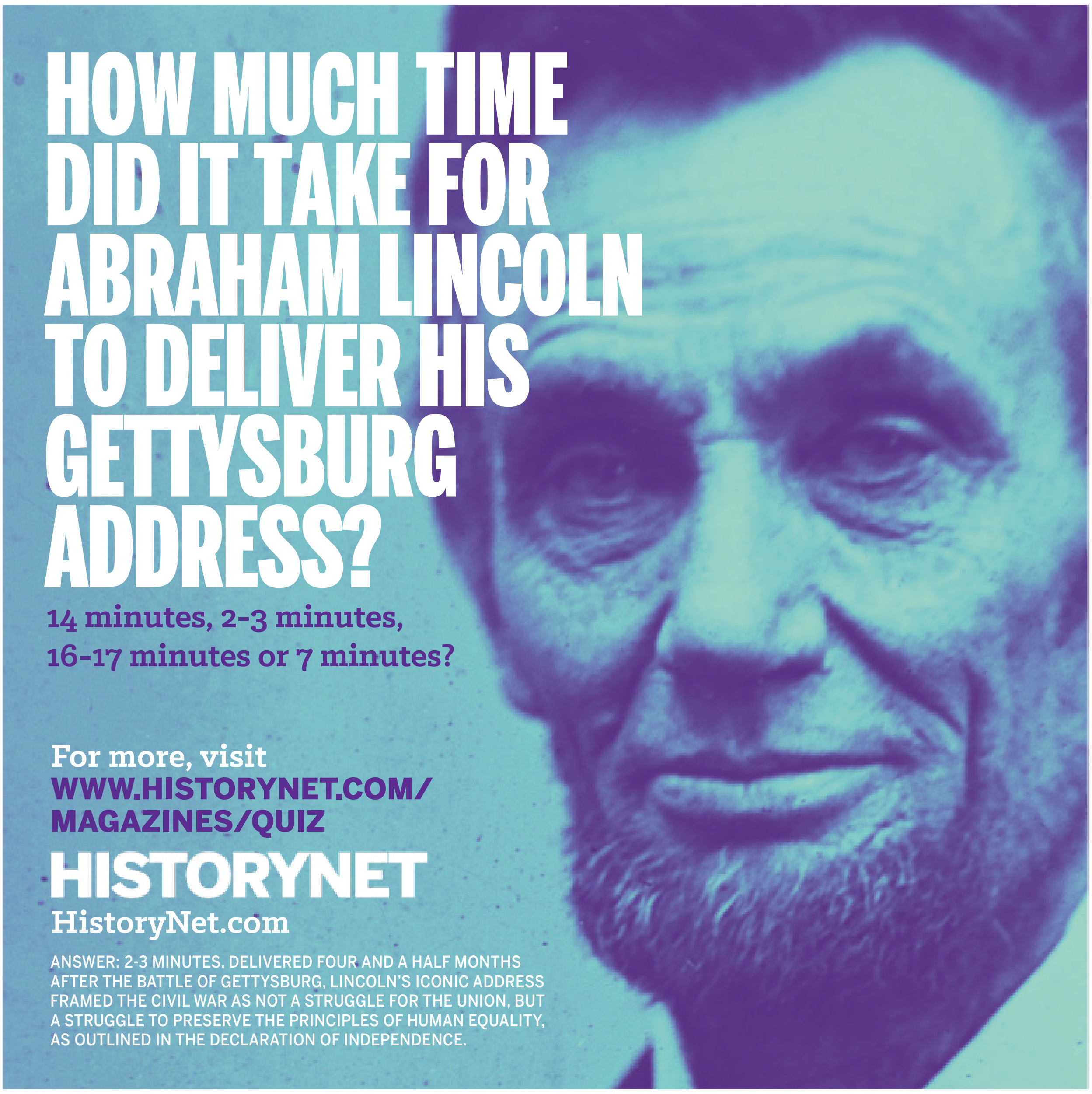
John S. Victory, Sr. US Army, Retired



HOW MUCH TIME DID IT TAKE FOR ABRAHAM LINCOLN TO DELIVER HIS GETTYSBURG ADDRESS?

14 minutes, 2-3 minutes,
16-17 minutes or 7 minutes?

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ANSWER: 2-3 MINUTES. DELIVERED FOUR AND A HALF MONTHS AFTER THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, LINCOLN'S ICONIC ADDRESS FRAMED THE CIVIL WAR AS NOT A STRUGGLE FOR THE UNION, BUT A STRUGGLE TO PRESERVE THE PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN EQUALITY, AS OUTLINED IN THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

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Crossing the Color Line
Born-Again Biblical Booster
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AN AMERICAN PLACE

THE NATIONAL BISON RANGE…

…an 18,800-acre haven for North America's largest land mammal, occupies pine-pocked grassland rolling west from Northwest Montana's snow-capped Mission Mountains. Three centuries ago, the future United States was home to at least 30 million American bison. Roaming from Oregon to Pennsylvania, herds provided Native Americans with meat and hides for robes, shelter, and bowstrings. By 1900 westward expansion, guns, and fences had eliminated all but around 100 of the massive ungulates. To preserve the species, Congress in a first approved federal purchase of land for wildlife conservation in 1908. President Theodore Roosevelt acquired parcels in Montana's Mission Valley from the Flathead Indian Nation and private owners. With $10,560 from donors in 29 states, the American Bison Society bought most of the range's initial 40 head from private owners. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service now manages 300-400 bison that thrive on fields of wheatgrass and fescue skirting high-water marks left toward the end of the last ice age by a glacial lake that occasionally filled the valley. The bison share their territory with bighorn sheep, deer, pronghorn, bears, elk, more than 200 bird species, and the 200,000 visitors a year who drive the Range's gravel roads to regard the shaggy-maned embodiment of the American plains. *—Jessica Wambach Brown writes in Kalispell, Montana.*

Homeward Bound
In 2007, 16 Bison Range residents (inset, shown with Montana's Mission Mountains) were relocated to Rocky Mountain Arsenal near Denver, Colorado, in an effort to establish a bison herd on that preserve.

TOM WALKER/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO; INSET: HELEN H. RICHARDSON/DENVER POST/GETTY IMAGES

Clarksville, Tennessee Honors Veterans with 5-Day Celebration in September

Clarksville, Tenn. is a community that appreciates veterans. The city borders the Fort Campbell Army Post, so appreciating military service is simply the way of life for both residents and businesses. Beyond the ingrained respect, the community publicly honors its heroes with an annual five-day Welcome Home Veterans Celebration. This year, during September 18-22, the community will host multiple activities to celebrate and honor veterans.

New activities on tap for 2019 include:

- **9/11 Never Forget Mobile Exhibit**, a tribute to all those who lost their lives on September 11, 2001. The memorial provides interactive education; including artifacts such as steel beams from the towers, documentary videos, and recordings of first responder radio transmissions. Interactive guided tours are carried out by FDNY firefighters who provide firsthand accounts of the day and its aftermath.
- **Traveling Korean War Memorial**, consists of 19 soldiers walking through a Korean rice paddy and three soldiers off to the side setting up a campfire.

Returning activities for the Celebration Week include:

- **Lee Greenwood Concert.** Enjoy this American music legend in a free outdoor concert.
- **American Traveling Tribute Wall** is an 80-percent scale version of the Vietnam Memorial Wall in Washington, DC and contains every name that is etched on the original monument.
- **Field of Honor – Veterans Tribute** flag display is part of a nationally recognized community program that demonstrates the strength and unity of Americans
- **A Wreath Laying and Massing of the Colors** will take place at the Wall.
- **A Valor Luncheon** features a key-note speaker and presentation from Quilts of Valor.
- **Welcome Home Parade** in historic downtown on Saturday. (Veterans, please register on the event website to participate.)

See all exhibits and the Lee Greenwood concert at Beachaven Vineyards & Winery, 1100 Dunlop Lane. Keep up to date with all activities or register for events online at **welcomehomeveteranscelebration.com** or contact contact Frances Manzitto by email at frances@visitclarksvilletn.com or phone at 931-245-4345.

AARP is the premier sponsor for all event activities. Clarksville is located 40 miles northwest of Nashville near the Tennessee/Kentucky border on I-24.

Welcome Home Veterans

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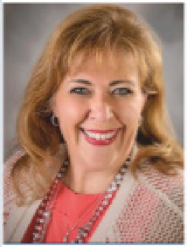

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